WEEK ENDING JAN. 30, 1926

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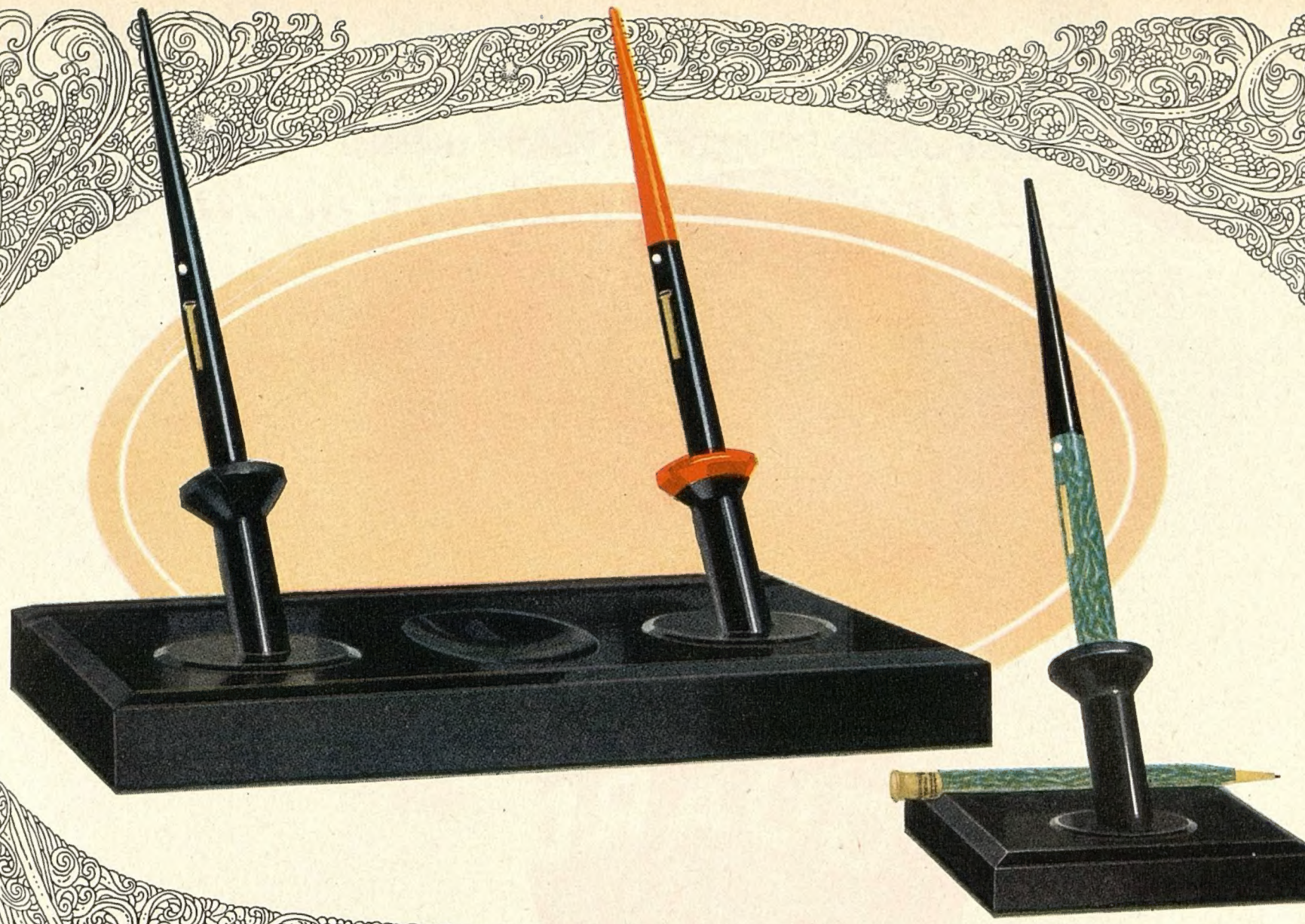
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Palm Beach Morn

In This Issue How *to* Choose What YOU Wear



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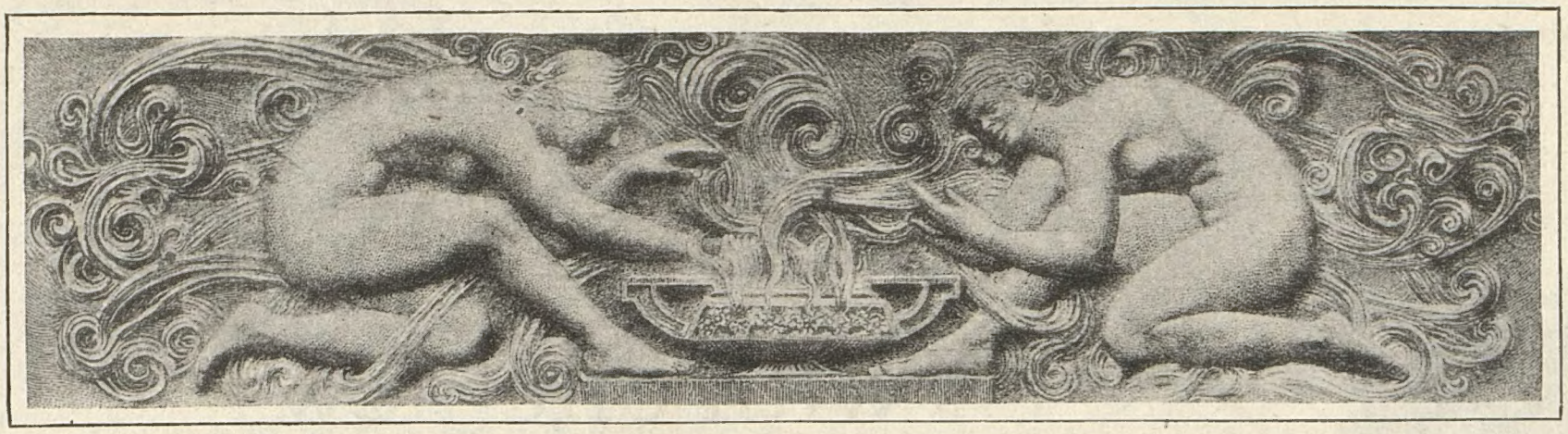

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The charm of COTY Face Powders *is a two-fold loveliness — that of beauty and that of fragrance. Their perfect quality and texture are joined with the matchless perfume of the* COTY *odeurs to give to women a powder of delicate exquisiteness — a delight to have and to use ——*

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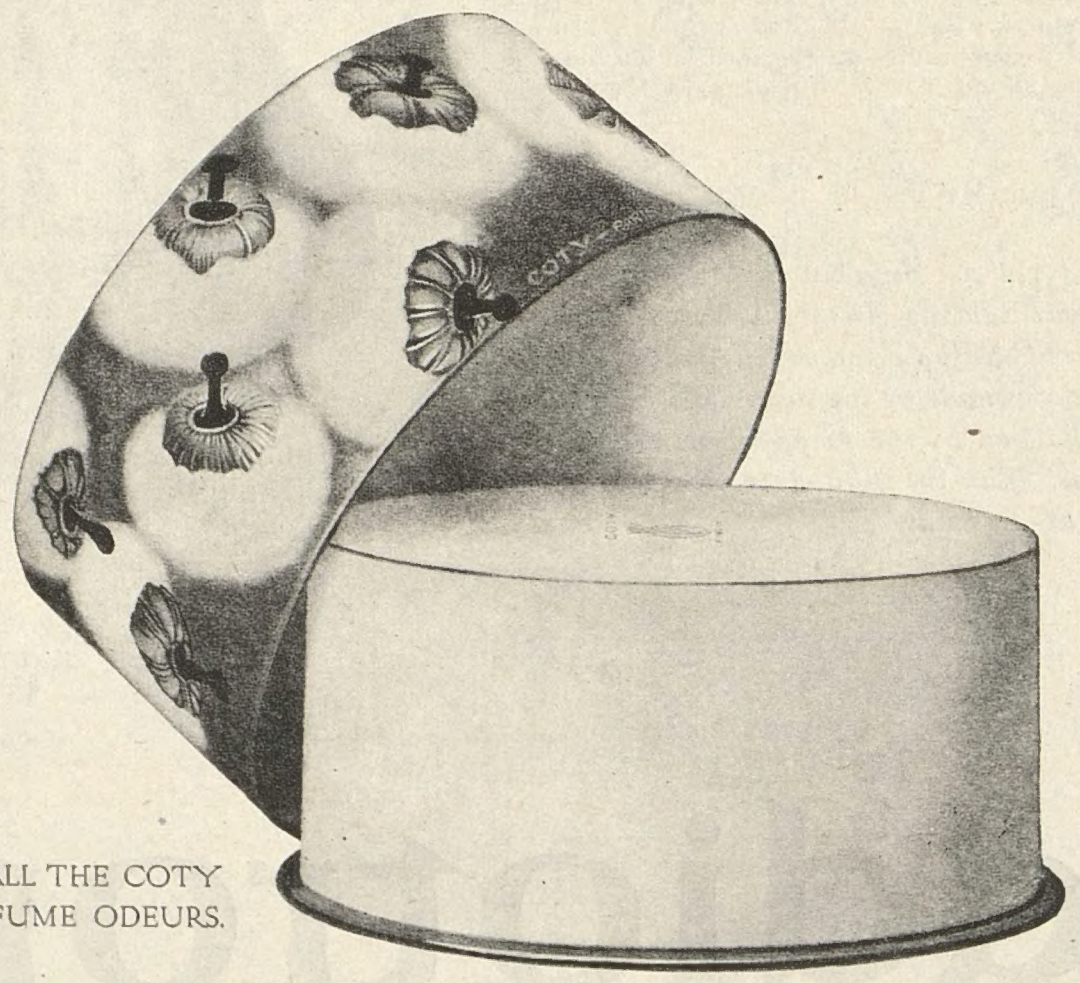

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A new booklet of Coty creations, interesting to all women — on request

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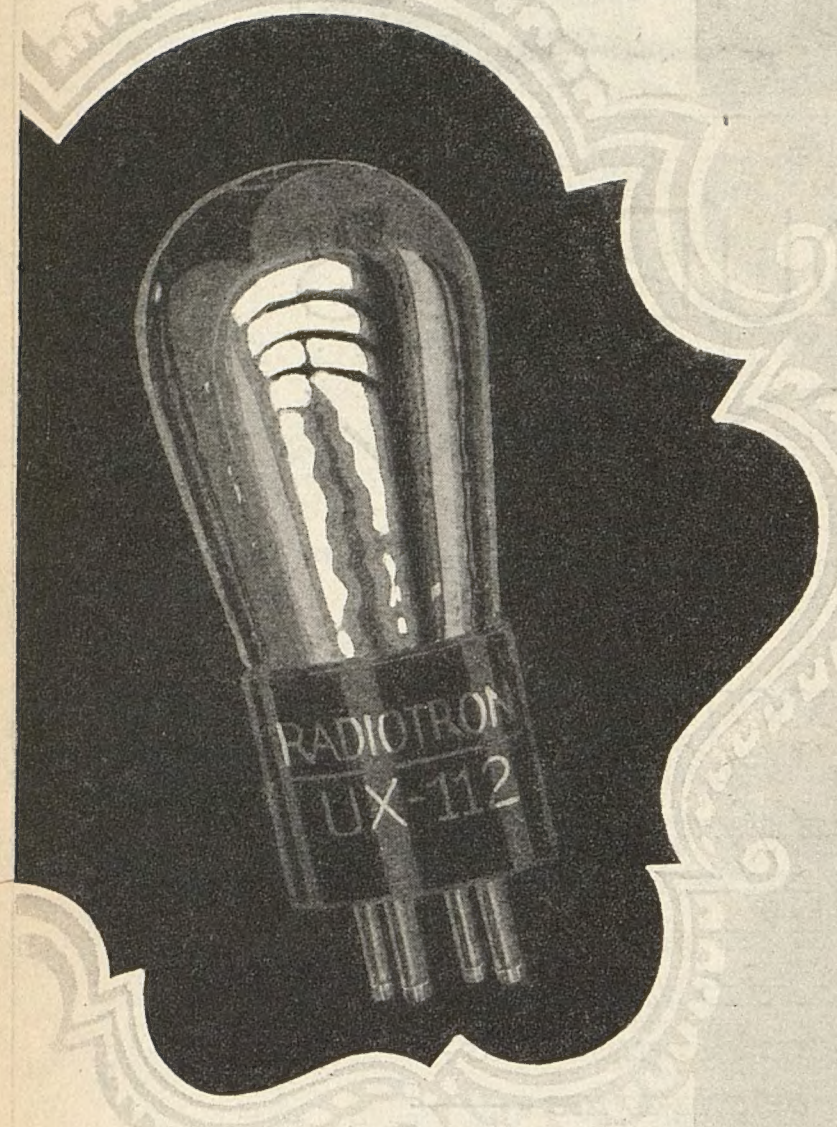

RADIOTRON *UX-112*

$6.50

DRIVE a car uphill beyond its power—and the motor knocks. Drive a radio set beyond its power—and the last tube chokes. But change one single tube in the set—and you have the power you need for *greater volume* and *finer tone.*

The new RCA power tubes add about fifty per cent greater efficiency to any radio set. They cost but $2.50, and need only an inexpensive adapter and a little extra current! Change the tube of the last audio stage to a new power tube, as any dealer will show you—and in ten minutes you have a new set.

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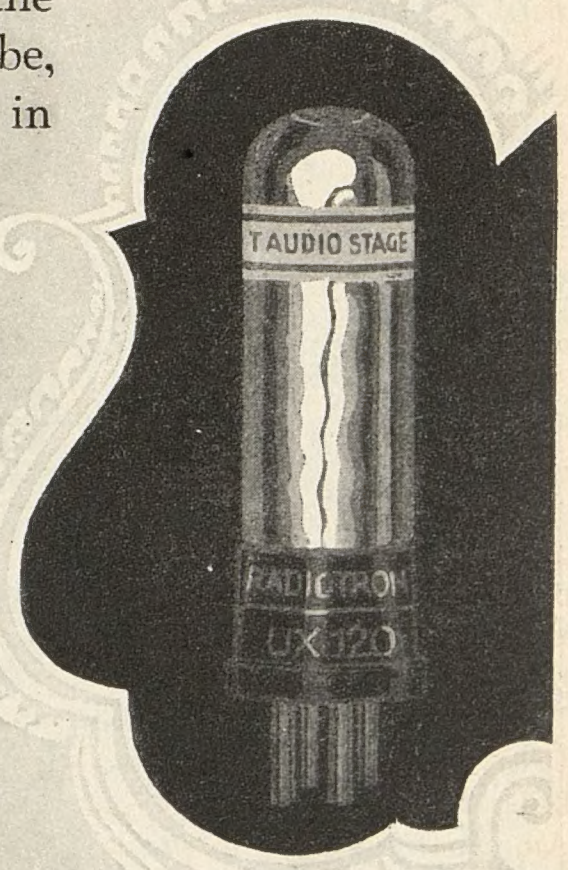

You would not use any but a Mazda lamp in your lighting circuit. Why use any but an RCA Radiotron in your radio set? They are made by the same skilled workers, backed by the same research laboratories. But the Radiotron is far more delicate to make.

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JAN. 30, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 2 No. 39

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

LIBERTY'S "POLICY"

From time to time we are asked by advertising agencies what our policy is, whom we are trying to reach. We thought at first of referring the questioners to the magazine itself as the best witness to our policy, but it was explained that lots of magazine publishers didn't have any policy, they simply went along on a hit-or-miss basis, hoping that something favorable would happen. So here is a brief statement of our business policy.

This is a five-cent weekly. However, it is not an imitation *Saturday Evening Post.* It has more woman appeal than the S. E. P. Mr. Curtis relies for his woman appeal on the *Ladies' Home Journal.* We come in between the two. Note our fashions, patterns, cookery, etc., all excellent, all expensive (to us), and all brief.

New York is the capital of the country in fashions, drama, letters, sports. Therefore the magazine is edited in New York; its material is purchased there. It is the capital in advertising. Our main advertising office is in New York. A "branch" office of almost equal size is in Chicago. We contemplate the placing of other large branches in strategic cities.

We have a young, lively magazine, but yet we appeal to the old as well as the young. We have larger type than our competitors, which makes reading easier for tired eyes.

We appeal to boys as well as girls. Just as no newspaper ever appears without a sporting article, so Liberty never appears without an article (usually two) on sports. To the old boys as well as the young ones, every Liberty contains an article of serious import on business, politics, economics. But it doesn't run 8,000 words or the equivalent of five or six newspaper columns. It runs from 5,000 words to 2,000 or a column and a half in a newspaper. For most articles that's long enough.

For the girls, young and old, of course love stories, as well as our women's departments. The best love stories by the best authors, which in this case means also the most expensive ones. Not as prim as they would have been ten years ago, but within decent bounds. One's taste must tell where the line should be drawn. We think it is proper to go about as far as the movies now do. Arresting problems are shown in the movies. We intend to show them.

And for the kids, the little ones—well, did you notice our Presidents contest in this issue? Nothing could amuse the kids more and at the same time they are imbibing a lot of American history. We know this one is a winner because we've tried it before.

We seem to claim to appeal to everybody, do we not? That is our ambition and our subtitle. Something in the book for every member of the family. So that when father lays it down on the library table, mother will pick it up, and after (or before) her the grown children and the little ones. There is nothing impossible in this scheme. Newspapers with which the management of Liberty has been associated long have had the same policy—something in the paper for every member of the family. The result, as those in the publishing business are aware, has been very satisfactory.

As to our circulation policy, we do not encourage mail subscriptions. We know that when the buyer lays down his nickel and takes the book home he will give it a better reading than if it comes in by mail all wrapped up. Especially around the first of the month. Therefore our magazine is finding its greatest circulation growth in cities and large towns, where there are stores and news stands, rather than on R. F. D. routes. For this reason we keep our editorial policy and appeal urban rather than rural.

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

Downward to Paradise.....By FRANK R. ADAMS 7
Beginning a story with a tantalizing heroine

How to Choose What YOU Should Wear.By BRENDA UELAND 12
Fashion secrets revealed by a famous designer

The Deception of An Honest Face.....By FRANKLIN FARGO 19
An interview with a hotel credit man

Three Galleys or So of Wise Cracks.....
By VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE and PETER GREIG 25

The Shadow.....By BEN HECHT 30
The strange tale of two magicians and a girl

Mannequin.....By FANNIE HURST 35
Ninth installment of Liberty's $50,000 prize serial

Let the Air Service Crash!....By COL. WILLIAM MITCHELL 43
Final article of a series by the Flying Colonel

Bunked into Success.....By HARRY REICHENBACH 47
Further startling confessions of a publicity man

What Makes a $50,000 a Year Man?.By WALTER DAVENPORT 50
Some inside stuff on big executives

Vive les Americains!.....By FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER 51
A tale involving the honor of Uncle Sam

He Knows He Is Going to Be Killed.....By DICK GRACE 57
Narrow squeaks in the game of stunt flying

News of the World.....By RALPH BARTON 59
A caricaturist has fun with current events

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 53..... 60

A Smile, a Bow, and a Close-up.....By QUINN MARTIN 61
Reviews of the week's most representative motion pictures

Nut-Cracker Answers and Bright Sayings..... 62

Listeners Ask Menus and Styles from Liberty's Radio Station.. 64

The Patriotic Game of Presidents..... 65
Continuing Liberty's Famous Contest

The Bridge Party Menu (Food Page)....By ETHEL SOMERS 66

Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin.By SID SUTHERLAND 67
Continuing the chronicle of a famous pugilist's career

Plaits Give Touch of Fullness to Slim Silhouette.....
(Fashions).....By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS 69

Distinctive Paris Styles Smart and Practical....By PATRICIA 70
Cover Design by Walter Beach Humphrey

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Good News for Laugh-Lovers

MR. DOOLEY, the greatest laugh-maker of them all, is with us again. FINLEY PETER DUNNE begins a new series for Liberty with a mirth-provoking story on PARIS DIVORCES.

JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY, famous head of the United States Steel Corporation, discusses success and the modern woman in YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT HER FOR YOUR JOB.

NEYSA MCMEIN, noted woman illustrator, contributes SAFETY IN NUMBERS. It's a startling explanation of Numerology, the new "science" of names.

CHARLES COLLINS contributes a stirring tale of the gruffest and finest of traffic cops in THE CAVE MAN ON THE CORNER.

There is also a sparkling short story by PHYLLIS DUGANNE and many other entertaining features.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York. Allow four weeks for change of address. Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Harvey Deuell, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1926, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Brushing your coat collar doesn't stop dandruff

IF YOU have dandruff, you're a slave to a whisk-broom. And so you brush, brush, brush—to save yourself embarrassment.

But it isn't necessary to be embarrassed, nor to play second fiddle to a whisk-broom—if you are willing to try the simple Wildroot treatment. For years Wildroot Hair Tonic has been famous because it *does* remove dandruff.

A very interesting thing happens with the first few applications of Wildroot. The accumulated dandruff loosens up and is temporarily more apparent—but soon disappears under regular treatment. This shows how quickly Wildroot works.

Get some Wildroot Hair Tonic at your druggist's today. *And stop brushing dandruff!*

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC for dandruff

IMPORTANT NOTE

It is incorrect to suppose that Wildroot grows hair. *Only a healthy scalp can grow hair.* Wildroot removes the very unhealthy condition of dandruff, and thus *prevents the loss of hair* that is sure to follow dandruff.

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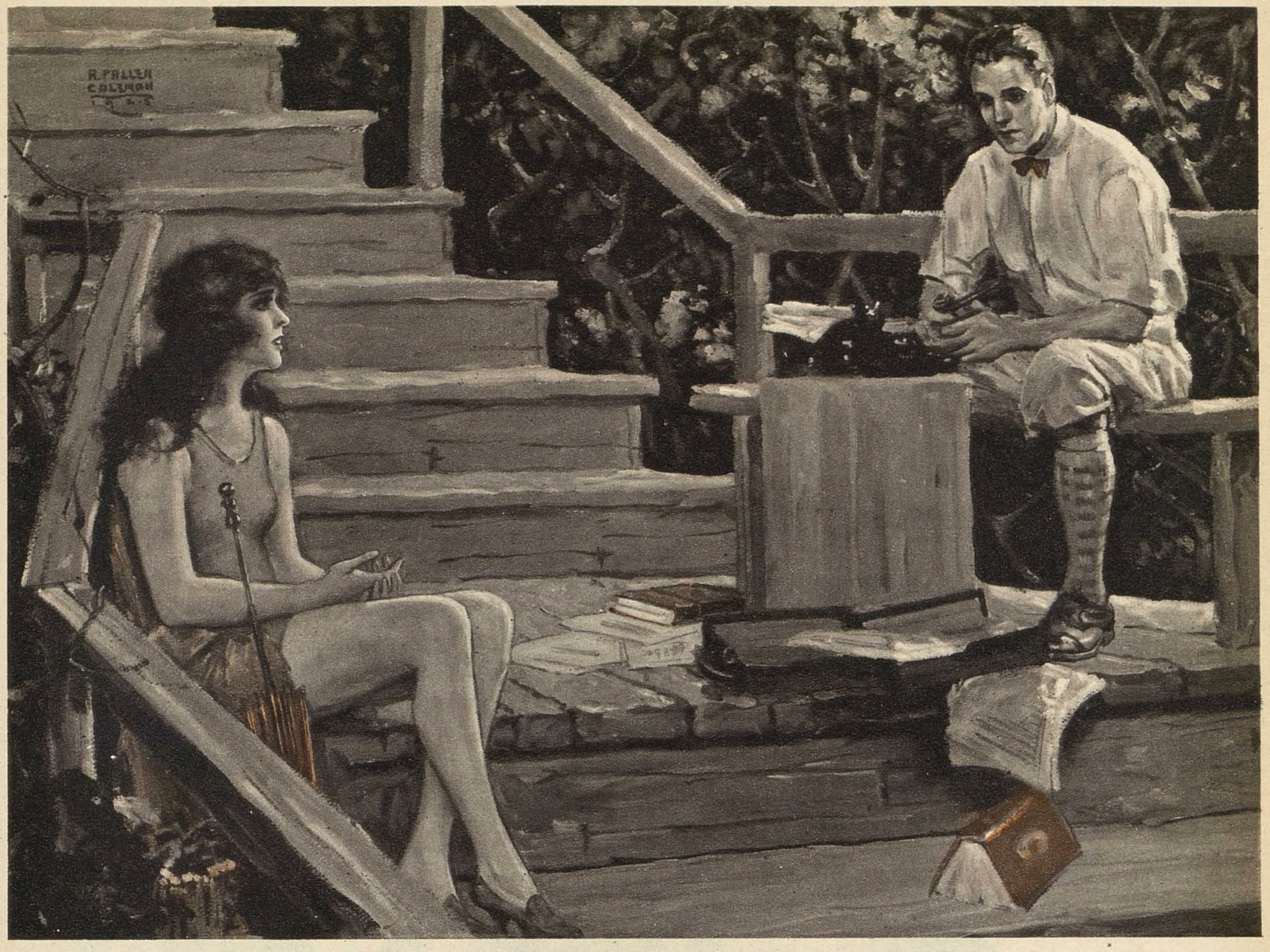

Sometimes passing on her way to the beach, she would pause for a few moments' conversation.

DOWNWARD *To* PARADISE

A Gripping Romance of Love and Mystery, Flying Fists and Flying Bullets

By FRANK R. ADAMS

Pictures by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

PART ONE

THE telegram had come while Dick was over on Fifth Avenue, at his publishers'. He was so tired from having finished the last revision of his novel that he was of two minds, whether to slit the envelope or not. If the message it contained was going to open up one more business worry, he preferred not to know until tomorrow.

But, of course, he read it. He could think of no friends who might be dying, and he had no relatives save his brother Carl, whom he could hear clicking typewriter keys in the next room. Still, there might be someone calling to him for help. The message:

If you remember, come. JANE.

Dick Lee stood a moment with the yellow slip in his hand, while the universe reeled around him. Four words on that paper meant that a man had died, that a woman had broken her heart to keep her word, that the gray in his own hair signified nothing now save that all of his youth had been compressed into five harsh years.

Finally Dick walked into the library, which they called "the office," and handed the telegram to Carl Lee.

"Hot dog!" Carl declared, as if the debris of the universe had been dug off from his chest. "When do we start?"

"*We* don't. I'm going alone this time."

"If you remember . . ." The phrase kept thrusting itself into his consciousness like a placard. "If you remember . . ."

Not for five years before today had he let

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DOWNWARD TO PARADISE
Continued from Page Seven]

himself remember intentionally. At all other times he had tried to forget, had stamped on the little vine tendrils that had groped back toward the painful places.

"If you remember . . ."

The car wheels repeated it, too, as the miles to Taveraak clicked back.

And, strangely enough, he found that the answer was that he had never done anything else but remember—that all those numb stretches in his mind which he had thought were dead had only been cut off by a tourniquet, and that now, when he let up on the pressure, they hurt like the devil.

The memory began with the futile, ego-blasting agony of a man who has lost a woman around whom he has centered his life.

HE was on that same train with his brother Carl, then, as now, his general business manager and buffer against the world.

Carl was being intentionally cheerful. "They say this lake up in the Catskills is a marvel of beauty and that it's far enough from the city so that it isn't fished out yet. Only wealthy people go there——"

"Listen, Carlo, if you must talk, say something. I've read the prospectus myself, and I'm not going there because of the natural beauties of the place, or for fishing or anything else. You selected the spot yourself, and I'm merely going along because I don't give a continental whoop what I do."

"All right, young fellow." Carl usually addressed his older brother as if he were a child who had been left in his care. There was some truth in this. "If you want to nurse your grouch, go ahead. But it seems to me that it is an unnecessary compliment to pay to a woman who isn't worth it."

"Maybe not worthy, but damnably lovely. Men don't love women for their qualities of Christian fortitude and one thing and another. They love them for being irresistible bundles of charm such as Evalyn Farway is. Finding out that the bichloride of asperin tablet one has just taken is only an inferior grade of strychnine doesn't alter the fact that one has been efficiently poisoned."

"Yes, but it's easier to recover from one woman than it is from five grains of suicide complex. Undertakers do not derive their principal revenue from customers who have been disappointed in loving as Lord Francis Shakespere has said before me in his cruder language. Of course in these days of ladies who shoot from the place where the hip used to be there is a slight danger, but any active man should be able to——"

"Subside, Carlo, I'd rather listen to the disintegration of this prehistoric railroad. I wish I could continue to treat the subject of man's unkindest kin with levity, but I can't be prodded into another single burst of speed. I know how damned honorable your intentions are, but I happen to feel like a soldier who has been fatally wounded and wants to sit and hold himself together for the few minutes that are left and not lose his title to manhood by crying out against God."

HE would have succeeded, too, but Derek drew a pistol and fired point blank. Carl dropped like a shot.

Carl, of course, knew that what Dick said was so and for the balance of the trip in the rickety, cindery day coach he let his brother brood practically undisturbed.

For two years Richard Lee had made Evalyn Farway the canvas on which he had painted his most wonderful thoughts, the ones that were too fragilely lovely to be exposed to the glare of publicity. The things he had said to her, written to her and about

her made of her a being, half legendary elf, half adored and tangible woman. Evalyn had grace enough to know that she had been crowned as few queens have been. As much as she could she loved back and for as long as she could.

Dick had written his plays about her and she had acted in them. He had put into her mouth the things he thought she was thinking about himself and the result was to make all the world kneel at her feet. And Dick himself worshiped the idol he had set up.

But she did not want to be as wonderful as she had to be under the steady ray of Dick's adoration. Probably it was partly because of repression that her revolt had been so cataclysmic when it came.

There was nothing, not even a note, for him when he called and found that she had gone. He would probably not have understood what it was all about and might have followed her, if it had not come out in the papers the next day that Evalyn had departed with another lady's husband and the latter was peeved about it.

The disaster which had befallen Dick was one which has toppled over on many a man, but Dick had been so sensitive and had molded all his living emotions so thoroughly to one idea that he suffered more acutely than most.

Evalyn Farway was not a conscious siren. She made no deliberate play for men's attention. There was no need anyway. She was young, she was femininely soft, she wanted to please, and she had eyes that seemed shafts leading to a lovely, gentle soul. Unfortunately what you saw in those eyes was only what you wanted to see. They were merely mirrors that reflected back your own emotions. Not that it mattered. Shallowness, even when you find it out, is no antidote for love.

Men adored her just as much after they knew. And with reason, too. The only trouble with Evalyn was that she was too lovely. No one man had any right to expect to hold her unless he were an emperor with half a world at his nod. And even then there would have been some young lieutenant of the Imperial Guard—!

That was all.

But haunted hearts hold ghastlier echoes than haunted houses. Murdered loves hang around the places where they were once enshrined, crying piteously and wringing their mangled hands over the empty ruins.

At Taveraak there was no bus or conveyance of any kind to meet them. The station agent said there would be several next month when the summer resort season was on, but it seemed too long to wait, so Dick and Carl hunted up the local liveryman, whose raftered, hay-scented barn now housed only a flivver, and induced him to tip forward in his Windsor chair and discuss transient accommodations.

"There's a place in town where I've boarded ever since my wife died. Vittles is good but plain and kind of monotonous."

"We wanted to be handy to the lake," Carl suggested.

"Well, in that case you could probably arrange with Janie MacLeish. Most of the other summer resort owners are too stuck-up to take in anybody out of season, but the MacLeishes do so poorly when the other places are open that I reckon they'd be glad to pick up a few dollars any time of the year."

CARL looked at his brother questioningly. What he meant was that a boarding house which was pretty generally shunned during the season was apt to be the limit and should they try it? But Dick gave him no comfort.

"All right." Carl shouldered the responsibility. "Unless you think there is some positive objection take us out there."

"Positive objection? Hell, no. I'm a friend of theirn—probably about the only one in this Peruvian lily white-livered town that dares to be."

There were other cuss words. The art of profanity is fading with the passing from our republic of the odor of harness, sweatbands, and manure. The Smithsonian Institution should send out an expedition to corral one small town liveryman before it is too late. It will not be difficult to preserve him in alcohol because the chances are that he already has the process well under way.

Yes, the MacLeishes would take them in and the MacLeish home, as seen from the point of view of a casual observer, seemed to have no drawbacks. On the contrary it was a very pleasant place, conspicuously neat and comfortable.

There was no attempt at furnishing it in the fashion of George Washington's day and none of the bric-a-brac appeared to be heirlooms. This at once recommends it to those who have frequented the New England and New York atmospheric resorts. There wasn't a spinning wheel or a settle anywhere in sight.

The two guests were given two separate but connecting rooms with a private bath between, with simple, modern beds and other comfortable furniture.

"What," demanded Carl, when they were alone, "is the reason this apparently scrumptious place has a black eye with the natives and resorters?"

He had asked the same question of Lew

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DOWNWARD TO PARADISE
Continued from Page Nine]

Pendleton, the liveryman, on the way out, but Lew had seemed to be full of conversation on every subject excepting that one.

"If finding out is going to keep you from fussing about me it is a godsend that we have happened to hit on a house with mystery."

"But I can do nothing, my dear Dr. Doyle, without your help. You're the downy bird who does the deducing. I only sharpen up the typewriter and set down what comes out of your hypodermic."

"Well, this time there is going to be no story. I don't give a good hurrah why people don't patronize this place. While I'm here I cheerfully hope that nobody comes near it."

DICK was wrong, of course, about his ability to block the query entirely out of his mind. Curiosity is a passion that actuates even Englishmen and no one can rule the word "why?" entirely from the vocabulary. Dick did think about the taboo that was supposed to rest on the MacLeish homestead and the query itched just enough to give him a healthy distraction from his real troubles.

On the face of it the household consisted of Mr. Andrew MacLeish, a semi-invalid, his daughter, Jane, and a rather dumb servant girl by the name of Cassie.

Andrew MacLeish dozed usually by the fire or, on sunny days, slept out in the open much as an old hound spends his last years disturbed by nothing more agitating than the dreams of rabbits.

Janie could not be dismissed with so casual a paragraph of characterization. The mystery of the house, if there really was any, doubtless centered around her as did everything else in the establishment.

Dick's first persistent impression of her was that he did not remember ever to have known a sweet, unmerry woman before. Dour, sour ones, yes, with engraved frowns or pouts, but Jane was neither a fanatic bigot nor a discontented spoiled child. On the contrary she seemed to be a pleasant, capable person of about twenty-five, well educated, not in the least morbid and motivated at all times by a sincere desire to serve.

But she never smiled. Sometimes she was pleased—one could feel that—but on her face the usual symptoms were absent. One looked in vain for the tilted corner of the lip and the dancing eye which ordinarily betoken even suppressed merriment.

Dick finally analyzed her expression as that of a person who has retired a long way behind his first line defenses, leaving dummy guns muzzling out toward the enemy. There had been a reason sometime a long while back for her to wear a mask to the public gaze and she had forgotten to take it off.

The unsmilingness of Jane's face really attracted attention to beauties of complexion and coloring which might otherwise have passed unnoticed. Her skin was very delicate and lovely, of a texture which even the perpetually groomed Evalyn Farway might well have envied. Chestnut hair grew abundantly on her well shaped head and was usually piled high in the old-fashioned mode. Her neck looked cool and her arms were, as Dick discovered when he accidentally touched one of them.

That time he gathered a further definition of her—namely: that her body while lovely was also an impersonal thing. Contacts meant little to the nerves beneath the skin. He felt that her flesh might burn or freeze without causing her any definite concern.

Again and again there crept into Dick's mind a gnawing conviction that here was an unfamiliar sort of a person, a character which, at least in his experience, had no parallel.

Even if he had not particularly remarked it himself, Carl's voluble pique at having found a woman he could not solve would have kept her unusualness before his attention.

"She refuses to flirt with me," Carl complained, "and I'm not used to that sort of treatment. When I spring my line she either looks completely puzzled or else acts as if she thought I really meant it. You'd think to talk with her that she was some one who had been

in prison while the principal events of the last five years have gone by. She doesn't know the new stuff at all."

Prison! That word supplied a clue to an analogy which had been lurking in the back of Dick's mind. Jane was like a prisoner who has put on a poker face to fool the jailers. Prison!

And yet that could not be. One knew someway that Jane MacLeish was not the sort of person who could ever have been in prison. The idea was inconceivable.

And yet that aloof, inscrutable detachment from current emotions—he had seen it on the faces of men working in uniformed gangs on the public highways, an expression as identifying as stripes.

The suggestion did not explain a thing. It only made the problem more baffling. Well, it was none of their affair anyway. The fact that it persisted in spite of numerous dismissals made it even more impertinent.

"I invited her to a dance in the village Saturday night," Carl next reported, "but she turned me down. I have an idea she wanted to go, too, but something stood in her way like a forbidding ghost."

HALF a dozen days after their arrival Dick began to have the urge to write something. He had thought that he would never again feel in that half receptive, mellow mood which is the forerunner of active creative effort.

Often he had written cynically of the ease with which a great heartbreak can be soothed, but he would not have accused himself of any such tendency to heal rapidly. Not that he thought of his lost Evalyn without pangs, but they were interesting pangs which might be translated to paper and later disseminated to an appreciative public.

The place itself was especially conducive to healing thoughts. The god who had created Taveraak Lake to be a jewel on the breast of the mountains could not have intended that the least of his creatures should long suffer intolerable pain. Nature laid a great soothing hand on aching minds and filled empty hearts with a warm sense of oneness with the universe.

Down from the MacLeish cottage to the white-sanded beach was a long stairway with a landing half way between where there was a seat for climbers who found the flight too long for one batch of wind. There on that seat he often sat and day-dreamed material that eventually had to be written down. It proved to be a good place to work, too, and Dick set up his portable typewriter there on an old soap box. Soon the contented click of keys brought a smile to the face of the listening Carl, who knew now that what he had feared might be a killing blow to his brother's genius had turned out to be no more than a passing sorrow.

Carl would have lots more time to devote to the pursuit of his own affairs now. Just at the moment the pursuit of his own affairs meant the pursuit of Janie MacLeish. Naturally. She was the only girl in the neighborhood, and Carl was one of those men who believed that women were meant to be loved.

He rather made a business of it in gentlemanly fashion. He practiced the arts of the heart after the manner of his Virginia ancestors, who were kin of Lighthorse Harry. A girl never had to walk home from an auto ride with Carl.

AND Carl got twice as much amusement out of Janie as he would have had if she had giggled and kissed him good night the second time they walked the beach in the moonlight.

They did walk the beach together frequently and there was moonlight sometimes. But that was all.

Dick, by not seeking her at all, was the one who really got to know her best. Sometimes passing on her way to the beach, if she found him smoking instead of working, she would pause for a few moments' conversation. She proved to have enough intelligence to understand what he was driving at and Dick often talked out a problem to her. She had the good sense to know that she was not expected to contribute anything but intelligent attention.

And in return he told her of things she wanted to know. She had an urge toward music, a very fair voice of her own, and an unsatisfied appreciation of the magic carpet of melody.

Dick was graphic enough to make her hear opera in terms of his spoken words. Without actually stating his discovery to himself he found that Janie and himself were very closely tuned to one another. There was an attraction between them that had no necessity for words. It was rather that quality of mental oneness which often exists in twins and has nothing to do with sentiment at all.

They got on famously. When Carl's banter harried her too much Janie always turned to his brother.

The spring passed on, summer came, but the Lees still lingered, the sole paying guests at the MacLeish home. Part of the lure was in the placid lake of Taveraak, another part was the undisturbed peace of the method of living, and still a greater part was the tang of Janie MacLeish herself, who was a dash of salt in a world of colorless women.

For Janie had begun to admit Carl and Dick to a sense of family intimacy that charmed them both into further efforts to please. It came to be a sort of a game to see who should be the first to make her smile. It seemed that she was thawing, that some fair day the ice would go out and the dormant warmth of her nature rise to the surface.

Often she made them laugh. There was no

lack of a sense of humor in the girl. She had incongruous, sometimes almost impious, ideas, which, uttered with her positive gravity of countenance, had a doubly telling effect. But she would not even smile at their sincerest efforts to amuse. She paid the tribute of retaliating repartee, but never acknowledged that their shafts were on target.

The opening dance of the season at the big hotel across the lake was the first affair they could induce her to attend with them. Before that she would not even go to a motion picture.

But to grace the hotel dance she consented. "Probably there will be none of the village people there and I have a gown my aunt sent me from Paris this spring. If you'll both take me I'll go."

"Afraid to be alone with me?" Carl bantered.

"No, Carlo, but I know Dick would be afraid to be alone with me. That's why we invited you."

"CHAPERON, huh? What's the idea? Dick hasn't made love to you and I've been doing nothing much else since we came."

"Maybe that's why. Do you want me to go?"

"We do."

"All right. I wonder if I can dance the new steps? It has been——"

"It doesn't matter. Any one can tell by looking at you that you can dance all the steps that have ever been invented."

Strangely enough Dick, who had made that statement, proved to be right. Janie was thistledown in the circle of an arm and she seemed to enjoy it more than any one would expect of one who habitually comported herself with so grave a demeanor.

And now suddenly, too, was Janie by the donning of one simple little frock from Paris become an entirely different and eight times as alluring a person.

That dress was an insidiously enchanting thing, a sleeveless silver slip of no pretentions to magnificence on its own account, that focused her femininity, gave the lie to her demure sobriety, and made her one of the most tantalizing contradictions among God's most inconsistent masterpieces.

The thing that it did, as women with clothes sense will recognize, was to heighten subtly and by homeopathic methods the cool charm of her fine-textured flesh. Men did not know this, perhaps Janie did not herself. But Dick and Carl and every other masculine person who beheld her knew instantly that Janie was a perfectly framed picture of "Heart's desire."

They had each danced with her several times and Dick was with her when the Van Vrieland party from the village came in. Young Derek Van Vrieland had brought several girls and young men over in his sedan. Janie saw them first. Dick felt her stiffen in his arm and he looked swiftly first at her face and then in the direction her eyes were staring.

"I didn't think they'd come," she almost moaned. "Dick, will you take me away."

"Surely, if you wish——"

"It's too late. Here they come. Promise that no matter what happens you won't try to fight them, please, please—quick."

"I'll do anything you say but——"

"I'll explain everything to you later if you'll promise now."

"All right."

"Pardon me." Young Derek was addressing Dick, sedulously avoiding the eyes of the girl at his side. "I shall have to ask you to take that person with you off the floor."

Janie felt the muscles under Dick's coat sleeve tighten and she pressed his arm to remind him of his promise.

"What if I refuse to do any such thing?" Dick inquired.

"I'll be only too pleased," the youthful squire retorted. "I've been waiting for some man to take up the quarrel between the Van Vrielands and the MacLeishes. I couldn't kill a woman. Tell me again that you refuse."

Dick still held his temper. "I am certainly not going to be ordered about by you," he began.

"Good." Derek hauled off promptly and swung enthusiastically on Dick's jaw. Dick, who had not expected hostilities to open up quite so swiftly and forcefully, was knocked to the floor.

Now Dick was not without some knowledge of ring tactics and he was only temporarily dazed. While he was lying down he probably forgot his recently given promise not to fight. Anyway he was scrambling to his feet for some purpose or other when a whirlwind broke loose in the immediate vicinity of the Dutch boy, as Carl, who knew nothing whatever about any promise not to fight, started in to give Derek one of the best little beatings of his life.

HE would have succeeded, too, but Derek drew a revolver and fired point blank at his opponent. Carl dropped like a shot. In less than a split second after that Dick had the presumable murderer by the throat and was swiftly choking the life out of him.

Janie came to him. "You said you wouldn't fight."

Dick grinned, the grin of a primitive man in the heat of battle. "This isn't a fight, He has given up already. This is merely anticipating the law."

"But you mustn't. Let him go for my sake."

"But——"

"Let him go, young fellow," Carl chimed in, getting to his feet. "The poor fish ain't dangerous. He missed me at one yard. It was the surprise of the explosion that knocked me down."

This had all taken place inside of half a minute and no one had thought yet of interfering. In thirty seconds more Janie, by a miracle of management, had extricated her two escorts from the crowd and had guided them out of doors and down to their boat.

"Take me home, please," she ordered.

What was the mystery that had cast its shadow over the life of the strange maid of the mountains? The concluding installment of Frank R. Adams' thrilling romance will appear in next week's issue of Liberty.

The Heartbreak *of a* QUEEN

ALEXANDRA of England, probably Europe's most tragic figure, is dead.

As the consort of the Prince of Wales, wife and widow of a powerful sovereign, and queen mother of a nation, she was reverenced throughout a vast empire and respected all over the world. Her personality was emblematic of royalty in its fullest flower—a true queen in character and spirit.

Yet, behind this lofty dignity, what secret sorrows lurked? What bitter disappointments, what storms of emotion were shielded by the calm exterior she presented to all except her most intimate friends?

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The Late Queen Alexandra.

From the chambers of her favorite suite at Sandringham comes the truth about this former Danish princess, who was once accounted the most beautiful in Europe and the acknowledged social leader of the world.

In the Next Issue of Liberty

will appear the first of a series of reminiscences written by a person who knew her as few persons, indeed, were privileged to. It is an intimate pen-portrait of a woman whom Destiny raised from obscurity and pinched financial circumstances to the pinnacle of affluence and fame.

And yet this story of a royal Cinderella is one of disillusion and defeat.

The narrative is written against the scintillating background of the Court of St. James's, which in the period of Alexandra's youth was the scene of the romantic adventures of her husband, Edward, the popular Prince of Wales, who was called the "Beau of Europe" for his flirtatious proclivities.

Edward presented a strange contrast to his consort. Perhaps he himself never realized what drama was being enacted behind the curtain of his consort's mind.

How to Choose What YOU Should Wear

Doris Reid, New York's Most Famous Dress Designer, Tells Exactly How to Select and Plan the Clothes Best Suited to Your Figure

By Brenda Ueland

IF you are not handsome, something to look at, a knockout, it's your own fault. You don't know how to wear your clothes.

"Every woman could be stunning if she knew how to dress," says Doris Reid.

Only four years ago this Doris Reid was a pretty manikin at Lucile's on Fifth Avenue. Now she receives a salary of more than $100,000 a year for designing clothes for a large New York wholesale house. It happened in this way:

After working at Lucile's for thirty dollars a week, she decided to go into business for herself. She lived in a room in a lodging house on Forty-fourth Street off Broadway. She asked her friends, young manikins and chorus girls, to give her some business. She remade their old clothes for them, turning old evening gowns into charming new negligees, and old negligees into dazzling new evening gowns.

To make a long story short, her talent was so remarkable that she soon had a large clientele and a staff of cutters and seamstresses working for her.

Among the young theatrical and screen beauties for whom she made clothes were Dorothy Gish, Viola Dana, June Caprice, Anne Harding, Mary Hay, Mrs. Al Jolson, Mrs. Paul Whiteman, Beatrice Lillie, Mae McAvoy, Helen Menken, Pauline Garon, Helen Ford. One could name others indefinitely.

Then, a few weeks ago, she was signed up by the wholesale house to design clothes for it exclusively.

"Beauty and distinction," according to Miss Reid, "are not due to classic features and a perfect figure. They usually depend only on clothes and arrangement. Few women know this.

"You go into a shop where a saleswoman shows you a dress. 'This is a lovely little model,' says the saleslady. 'It's so new. A Lanvin copy. I sold this model to three debutantes last week. Irene Castle bought the original in Paris. Gloria Swanson is wearing it in her new picture. Isn't it stunning? Those straight up and down things are going to be worn this season.'

"A Lanvin? That stunning Irene Castle bought one? You decide you must have it. But all the time, as you look at yourself garbed in this dress in the mirror, you wish disconsolately that you were a dizzy beauty like Gloria Swanson, or Irene Castle, or Peggy Joyce, or Ina Claire.

"Instead, you think sadly, you are only a plain, unnoticeable, prim-looking girl with a bumpy figure and an awkward looking neck. You regret the shape of your head, your face, everything.

"The joke is you are probably just as good looking as any of them. Perhaps better looking. But you don't know how to wear clothes. The Lanvin dress looks lank and awkward on you.

"If you knew how to wear clothes you would see at once how it could be hoisted, let down, taken in, etc., to make you just as attractive as the famous beauties. For Gloria Swanson, Ina Claire, et al., are not famous beauties because of their features or figures, but because they know how to wear clothes.

P. & A. Photo

Gloria Swanson is a living illustration of the beauty women can create for themselves by their choice of clothes. Compare this photograph with the drawing on the next page.

This drawing of a girl of the same figure and height as Gloria Swanson shows what an awkward effect can be produced by badly designed garments.

Look at Gloria Swanson! The Right Clothes Make Her a Beauty! But in the Wrong Clothes She's a Frump!

"Not long ago a girl came to me. She had no money, no job. Her only prospect was a place in a road company chorus. She was, I could see, a pretty girl. But she looked like the devil just then—shoddy, insignificant, mousey; one of those faces, as Oscar Wilde said, that once seen you never remember.

"ALSO because her clothes were unbecoming, she felt she was not worth looking at—a vicious circle.

"Well, I fitted her out with a costume. She is now a beauty in the Follies. This frock, since she felt handsome in it, made her walk with an arrogant carriage. She became a fascinating, easy, self-confident creature.

"Here is a game I like to play. While riding on a street car, I look at the line of women sitting across the aisle. Not one worth a second glance—neither handsome, chic, nor charming. Then in my imagination I dress each one. Except when a woman is very aged or terribly corpulent, I can make them all noticeably attractive, and a few I can turn into raving beauties.

"Expensive clothes is not the secret. Your clothes can cost thousands and you still can look like a tired school teacher. On the other hand, you can be dressed in rags and still strikingly attractive. How? By knowing how to put on your rags.

"You will doubt me when I say that beauty is clothes. But I can prove it.

"Gloria Swanson, we will say, is at present the personification of a dazzlingly handsome woman. Imagine a girl who is a dead ringer for Gloria Swanson in features and figure. But this hypothetical girl doesn't know how to dress (which Gloria knows how to do, and always did, even when she was a little girl hanging around studios trying to get odd jobs in the movies).

"The hypothetical girl wears a loosely fitting tweed sport suit with one of those stiff gored skirts that make you look as though you were on wheels. She wears her hair long and unbecomingly matted under a hair-net and stuck with a hundred invisible (so-called) hairpins. She wears glasses and that hideous kind of common-sense shoe that has the general shape of a kidney bean. She wears cotton stockings, or thick bullet-proof wool stockings; possibly black—if it is possible to imagine such a fool as all that.

"Well, this girl, this Gloria Swanson twin, who wears decent and even expensive clothes but doesn't know how to put them on, will go about the world feeling sad because she is so plain. She will wish she had not a turned-up nose (Gloria's nose) but a straight one; that she was not short (Gloria is only five feet one); that her lips were not so thin, but full and curved, and so on. Her clothes eclipse her entirely. She will be one of those girls her friends will speak of as being 'not in the least good looking, but a perfect peach.'

Drawing by Adolph Treidler

Doris Reid, who receives $100,000 a year because she knows what women ought to wear.

"I maintain that it is possible to eclipse the most beautiful face by a bad hair arrangement or one of those terrible hair cuts and neck shaves that make you look like a hammer. It is even easier to conceal by her clothes the fact that a woman has the most ravishingly beautiful figure in the world.

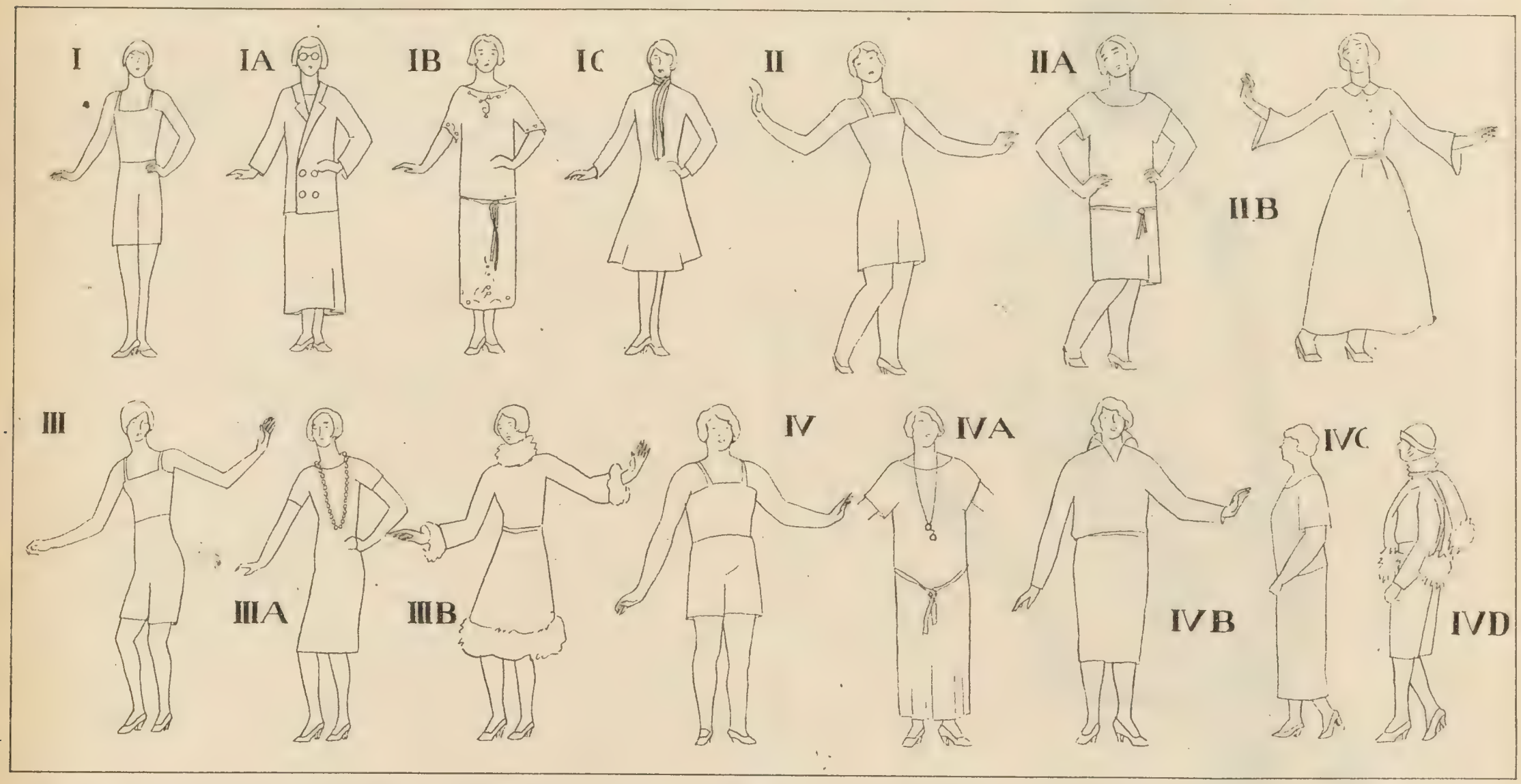
"Also, you hear people say of some girl, 'She is beautiful in any old thing she puts on, with her hair screwed back.' I assure you that when a girl is beautiful with 'her hair screwed back,' there is artistry in the way this girl screws it back. She instinctively knows it will become her. There is artistry in 'the any old thing' that she puts on. She knows how to put it on.

"But how to do it. How to do it? That is the question. Herein I lay down a few rules. Look at the chart!

"On the top row are four figures, representing four

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

These Drawings Tell the Story of the Right and Wrong Way to Dress



Drawings by Doris Reid

HERE are illustrated the various types of feminine figures. Select the one that most closely corresponds with your own. Then read the clear explanation given by Doris Reid in this interview. She refers to the numbers of the drawings and shows which dress lines are suitable to each type of figure and explains why.

[HOW TO CHOOSE WHAT YOU SHOULD WEAR
Continued from Page Thirteen]

average types of female figures. Figure I is, according to modern standards, a perfect figure: slim, well knit, small bust, small hips, long straight legs.

"Figure II is less good. Yet some famous beauties have this figure—and it is particularly common among charming red-haired Irish types—a slim lovely torso with a small bust; beautiful rounded long arms, a slim waist.

But she is too long waisted, and the lower part of the body, the hips and legs and ankle, is a little too heavy.

"Figure III. This is the tall and thin, languid, debutante slouch figure.

"Figure IV is the peg-top—broad shoulders, large bust, far too heavy above the waist. But the hips are small and the legs are excellent. This figure if trained down can be perfect like Figure I. There is much more hope for this figure with dieting than there is for Figure II. Because heavy legs, it seems, cannot be reduced.

"But I am not telling you how to make a bad figure good by dieting. I can only tell you how to make an imperfect figure attractive by clothes.

"FIGURE I. Of such girls you hear people say, 'Oh, she has such a stunning figure she can wear anything and be a knockout.' Look at Figure I A, in the ordinary kind of sport suit, with glasses and a certain kind of hair cut. She looks like the devil. Now look at Figure I B and see how she ought to look in a suit. You wouldn't know she was the same girl. In Figure I A a commonplace girl looking like a million others. In Figure I B a slim, light, trim, exquisite creature.

"The explanation is this: Most women and girls when they have a suit made let the tailor or the saleslady wish on them a loose, shapeless thing, the coat so long it beetles over the hips in a matronly way; the wool skirt gored and of such stiff material that you would never guess the lady is a biped. The shoulders are badly tailored, the shoulder seams sloping down over the arm; the arm holes large, the sleeves too long. Like as not, in the top of the coat there is some buckram stiffening, making a pronounced curve over the bust. The entire effect is bad.

"But look at Figure I B. This girl knew how to have a suit made. The shoulders are perfectly tailored, snug, tight. The shoulder seam is well up on the shoulder. The collar fits up close and snug to the neck. This double-breasted coat crosses high up on the chest. As a result, it gives a compact, neat, shapely fit through the bust and shoulders. The girl's bust looks small and trim and young—not matronly.

"Another thing, this girl (and she is one in a million) has sense enough to have her suit coat short—about six inches shorter than most women have their suit coats. What is the result? It divides her body into a slim, straight torso—narrow through the hips, where the snug jacket line comes—and it makes her legs look long. For this girl knows that long, straight legs are the mark of a graceful, aristocratic and distinguished chassis. Her skirt, since her legs are excellent, is very short and very skimpy. The skirt makes the narrowest possible silhouette, either by being tight (which is comfortable if it is short enough) or by having an inverted box plait in the front.

"Figure I B has sense enough to insist that her tailor make her suit tight, so that her delightful figure will be revealed, not concealed. Also, this tightness keeps a suit from looking masculine—for loose, stiff, masculine suits are neither graceful nor interesting on women.

"Figure II. This is the figure with the slim and perfect torso and heavy legs. In Figure II A this lady is dressed as she shouldn't be and as such ladies usually are dressed.

"As for the hair in these two comparative figures: Figure I A has a straight, triangular bob, hair that in its shape has no relation to the human head. Figure I D has a slow curl in her hair, cut so that it makes a round, athletic head—boyish but also girlish—the kind of head that should go with such a slim, graceful and agile body.

"A FEW years ago, out of Paris came the tube dress with a long waistline and a string belt, the belt draped around the hips. Also, the unfinished nightgownish bateau neck. I have always disliked this style. It has made millions of otherwise charming women look very plain and clumsy. And the style is still with us. Why is it so bad? Because it has, in the first place, absolutely no dash, no picturesqueness.

"Then the tube dress is tied in around the hips, which is the lady's widest circumference. So the lady from shoulders to hem (since the dress is not fitted in the least) looks as wide all the way up and down as she does around the hips.

"Then the bateau neck. It is particularly bad with a shingled head. Its raw, unfinished, sloppy, shapeless neckline, surmounted by a shorn head, with a broad expanse of neck showing—the effect is as unattractive as a man with a gob haircut.

"Besides, it seems to me, there has been too much of a general display of necks. The neck is rarely a beautiful thing. Yet women of all ages and with all kinds of necks have been

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Two delicious and popular hearty Soups! *Read how they differ*

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

revealing them. To reveal a neck is quite all right in very low cut evening gowns. But when necks—fat, thin, wrinkled, creased, plump—are shown in street dresses, wool dresses and house dresses, there is nothing particularly charming about them.

"Look at Figure II A. Here she is wearing the standard tube dress, with the bateau neckline, the string belt around the lower hips, a short skirt. Well, you see how she looks. Also the short skirt reveals her homeliest part, the too plump legs and ankles.

"Glance at Figure II B. See how delightful this same young woman can be. A basque or tight bodice which reveals the slim charm of her torso; her beautifully modeled shoulders, her small, tapering waist. Then the skirt is a full one and is quite long, perhaps with a scalloped hem. This skirt not only conceals the thickness of her lower body and her plump legs, but by its fullness accentuates the graceful slimness of her waist and upper part of her body.

"Also, instead of the shapeless neck, there is a small tight collar. Another thing about this costume—it is what is known as a robe de style, for which sort of dress Poiret is famous. A robe de style is a period dress. This one you see is reminiscent of other times, which adds to its charm and distinction. It suggests some pretty miss of Merrie England two hundred years ago.

"FIGURE III. This is the figure of a tall, thin woman with long arms and legs, a long neck and sloping shoulders. This kind of figure can look awkward and gangling and have a distinct scrawniness or it can look extremely elegant and aristocratic and graceful.

"In Figure III A she is in the everlasting tube, so chic in theory. A collarless neck. This lady also has very slick and extremely short hair. And here are the reasons she looks gawky:

"1. Her head is small and on the end of a long, weak-looking neck.

"2. Her close hair cut accentuates the smallness of her head and the length of the neck. She looks pinheaded.

"3. On top of that, the collarless dress accentuates the length of her neck and her weak and sloping shoulders. Now a swan-like neck may be nice in poetry, but actually it is not very pretty.

"Also, if Figure III A wears a straight, simple dress without a flare anywhere, and one that is girt only around the hips, even this tall, slim girl will look thick and broad beamed, since there is no indication in the fit of the dress that she is anywhere any slimmer than through the hips—her widest section.

"But in Figure III B we see her dressed charmingly. The hair perhaps is worn long, so that it can be piled in around the neck. The head looks larger and the neck shorter than in Figure III A. She should wear a collar to shorten her neck. If not she should wear around her neck either some pearls worn close around the throat, or a circlet of large beads, or perhaps a bright-colored scarf or silk handkerchief.

"This lady should also observe the following rule: If the bodice is close fitting, the skirt should flare or be full. If the skirt hangs straight and clings to the legs, the upper part of the dress should be made broader and more complicated in silhouette by the use of capes or scarfs or fur stoles. Because by this ruse this long, awkward woman will be no longer gawky but tall and striking.

"Figure IV. Here is the peg-top figure, the opposite extreme from Figure II. In general, women's figures are divided into these two types. That is, if you have a large bust, you are generally blessed with narrow hips and slim legs; but if you have a small bust (which is fashionable) you have a cross to bear in the way of large hips and heavy legs.

"Now for years we have heard bromides as to how stoutish women should dress. 'Never wear big checks. Always wear black or dark, inconspicuous colors. Always wear the plain-

est possible and the most straight-up-and-down clothes. Wear very long skirts, for short skirts cut off your height.' Now all this is terrible bunk. Compare Figure IV A and Figure IV B.

"Figure IV A is dressed as stoutish women think they should dress. All wrong. Only a slim girl with a perfect figure can wear such stark, simple clothes. If you are stout, such nightgown simplicity is immodest and shocking.

"A woman of the Figure IV build has one excellent feature—her narrow hips, her slim, straight legs. She should dress to make the most of them. Of course, Peg-Top should get thin. If she has the resolution to do so, she can be like Figure I. But if she doesn't get thin, here is a way she can look very smart and even dashing:

"On the upper part of her body, which is thick and too heavy, she should wear capes or flying fur stoles or big muffling collars. These will conceal her thickness and exaggerate the breadth of her shoulders, the slim length of her legs and her narrow hips.

"All I can say is, look at Figure IV C and Figure IV D.

"Figure IV C is the profile of Figure IV A, while Figure IV D is the profile of Figure IV B with a few softening lines around the shoulders. The first, with her low, loosely cut neckline, has a vast, matronly bosom like a middle-aged soprano. Figure IV D looks like a young Hussar.

"The best kind of collar for a stoutish woman is the one in Figure IV B—a roll collar with a long V neck. The collar should mount up the neck in the back and at the sides. It should not lie flat and away from the neck; and the V should be long and narrow. The reasons: This kind of collar makes the neck look less short and dumpy. Also it conceals the excessive thickness of the shoulders and the bust.

"FIGURE IV should always wear skimpy and clinging skirts. For, as I have said, her best, slenderest and longest lines are from the hips down.

"Also, she should always wear jackets and coats that stop short at the hip bone. Then the entire length of leg is brought out clearly and gracefully.

"Now while Pep-Top can look very dashing and gallant and light on her feet in tight skirts surmounted by short coats, capes, furred jackets, high roll collars and such things, in evening gowns she must, of course, look matronly, since in decollete there will be no disguising her avoirdupois. To be a real charmer on the ballroom floor, she will have to get thin.

"In conclusion, here are a few general rules:

"Most women err in wearing clothes and hats that are over fancy—all a mess of beading, lace, bits of fur, ruching, jewels, flowers, feathers and grasses. The result is that the more complicated the fancy junk with which you bedeck yourself, the less noticeable and stunning you become. It is a sort of camouflage. You merge into the background of all other women who are an incoherent mass of fussy and pointless detail—the women who lack distinction because they never think about their clothes intelligently.

"The woman who stands out is the one who has a fine color sense, who knows enough to wear only one or two colors in a costume, and colors that enhance each other. And then the woman who knows how to be simple. By simplicity I do not mean a tube dress in navy blue serge or black satin; but I mean a simplicity that makes the woman, whether she is in vermilion or beige, in fur capes and plumed hats, or in a stark and unadorned tailored suit, stand out a coherent and picturesque figure.

"As for hair, I am sure short hair will prevail. Because wherever a mode has had good sense back of it, it has prevailed. Except for women with very long necks, who like to have their hair piled in around the neck, I am for short hair.

"IF you have a 'pie face' (Figure IV B), wear your hair brushed forward on your cheeks. If you have a hatchet face, wear long bangs to the eyebrows and have the side hair brushed off the face, thus shortening your face and giving it its full breadth.

"If you have short hair, wear a dress with a collar or beads up around the neck or a silk scarf collar.

"Don't wear dresses that are 'straight up and down.' One part of your costume should fit closely to the body, the other part stand out from it.

"This gives contrast that makes the slim parts of your body slimmer, and that is what you want.

"And last of all, I repeat, don't have your clothes incrusted with small, spotty junk, such as beads, fancy buttons, uninteresting embroidery."

Before closing, I must tell you how this Doris Reid herself looks. She is small and slim (Figure I). Her hair is taffy colored and short, showing her ears—not the bleak haircut so popular among the girls just now, and resembling only too often the daguerreotype of a hired man. Rather it was gracefully curled and blowing about her head, a la Percy Bysshe Shelley. She wore a pale green velvet dress with a tight basque, long sleeves, and a scarf collar. The basque was divided into harlequin lozenges of green and paler green. The skirt was very short and flared widely with dash and grace.

She seemed to me — with her straight nose and black arched eyebrows—to be a beauty.

But perhaps it may have been only her get-up, after all.

THE END

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The lower and more graceful closed bodies are finished in rich and attractive colors.

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Reduction of bulk was accomplished by further notable advances in all-steel body construction, in which Dodge Brothers have led the world from the very beginning. Naturally there is a proportionate gain in operating economy—with *increased safety* and *durability*.

New prices now available from any Dodge Brothers Dealer

Any member of the great Dodge Brothers Dealer organization—the finest and most aggressive in the world—will gladly give you all the interesting details.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

You Can't Tell a Crook by Looking at Him!

The Deception of An Honest Face

The Revelations of a Hotel Credit Manager Who Studies 100,000 Countenances Each Year

By FRANKLIN FARGO

ABOUT the time that the pinched midriffs of the Floradora Sextette were acclaimed the ultimate in feminine pulchritude—back in the dear, dead, departed days of the early nineteen hundreds—the face of a crook was, in fact, his fortune.

If he happened to be endowed by nature with an open and engaging countenance, he could live indefinitely by his wits—provided he was reasonably lucky and didn't visit the same hotel twice. For hotels, with their open-handed fashion of exchanging currency for paper documents, which in banking circles are known as checks, have long been vulnerable as points of attack for confidence men and persons of similar predatory habits.

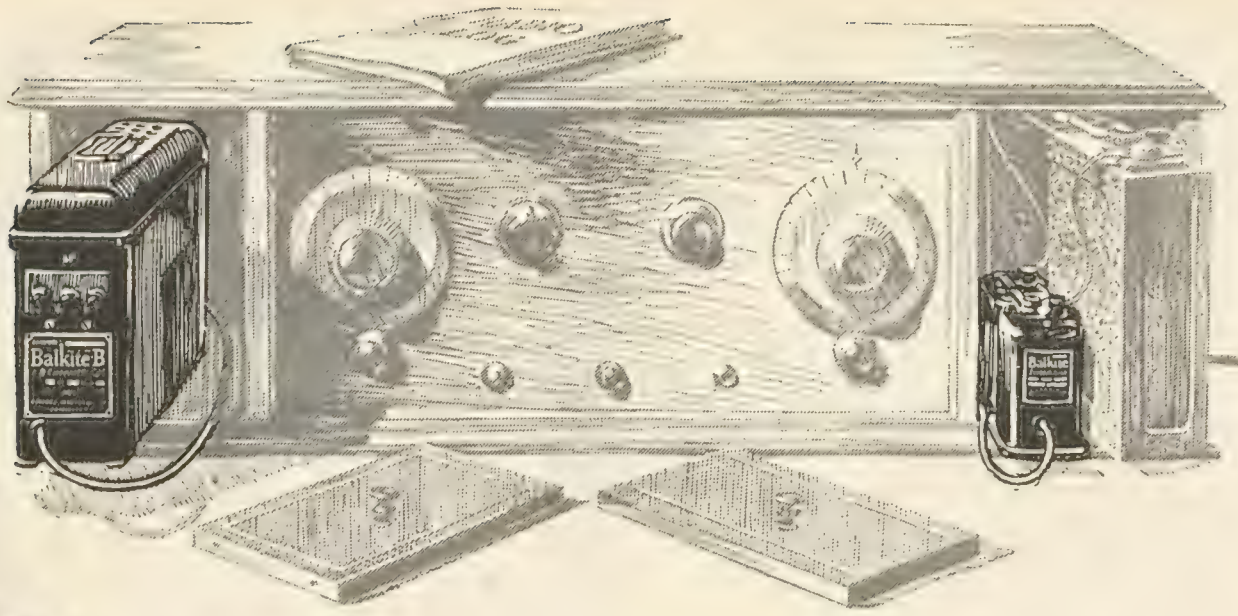
In consequence, hotel proprietors of yesteryear kept out of the bankruptcy courts by a process which is still a subject of interesting speculation to the present generation of bonifaces.

Perhaps, the forgers and bad check artists yesteryear were not as numerous as at present. Perhaps they had not learned so perfectly to control their facial expressions. But whatever it may have been that protected the inn keepers of days gone by, it's a cinch that no such stroke of beneficent providence protects them now; and the complement of that situation makes the possession of an honest face by the average honest individual about as valuable financially as a Russian ruble.

If you are an average individual, you are doubtless averagely honest. It is doubtful that you are entirely honest. You probably have lied to your wife (or husband) upon occasions; in all likelihood, you have been forehanded in at least one or two business deals; and the personal property tax collector may not know all about the contents of your safe deposit box.

Be that as it may, you have never robbed a bank, nor cashed a bogus check, nor—if

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]



Convert your receiver into A LIGHT SOCKET SET *with* Balkite Radio Power Units

Now you need wait no longer for a light socket set. Balkite Radio Power Units—the Balkite Trickle Charger and Balkite "B"—enable you to make a light socket set of your present receiver.

The Balkite Trickle Charger converts your "A" battery into an automatic "A" power unit that furnishes full "A" current from the light socket at all times. Balkite "B" replaces "B" batteries entirely and furnishes "B" current from the light socket. As an added convenience you may purchase an automatic switch that cuts out the charger and turns on Balkite "B" during operation.

This popular light socket installation is the last word in radio convenience. It is extremely simple to install, economical both in initial cost and in operation, and is so compact it will fit in practically all present battery compartments. Revolutionary in the convenience it gives, yet it is composed entirely of units that have demonstrated their success over a long period of time.

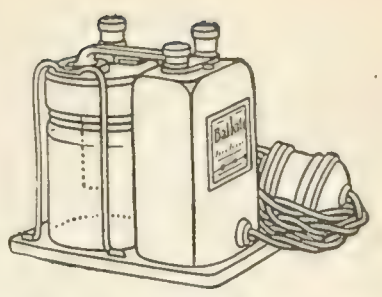
Noiseless—No bulbs—Permanent

All Balkite Radio Power Units are entirely noiseless, have no bulbs, no moving parts, nothing to break or get out of order. All are permanent pieces of equipment. Their current consumption is ridiculously low. All operate from 110-120 volt AC current, with models for 50, 60 and other cycles. *All are tested and listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.* If you already own a receiver, equip it with Balkite Radio Power Units now. If you buy a new receiver, buy it Balkite equipped from your dealer.

The Balkite Railway Signal Rectifier is now standard equipment on over 50 leading American and Canadian Railroads

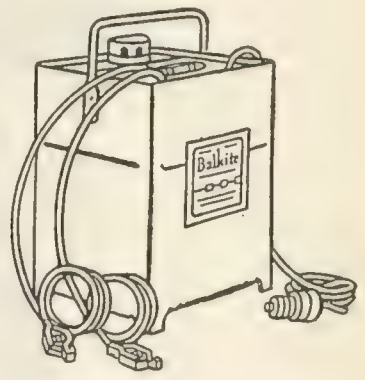
FANSTEEL

Balkite *Radio Power Units*



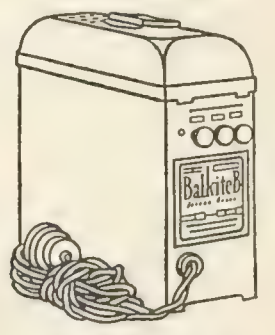
Balkite *Trickle Charger*

Converts any 6-volt "A" battery of 30 ampere hours capacity or more into an automatic "A" power unit that furnishes "A" current from the light socket. With 4-volt and smaller 6-volt batteries may be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added to cut down the charging rate. $10. West of Rockies, $10.50. In Canada, $15.



Balkite *Battery Charger*

The popular rapid charger for 6-volt "A" batteries. Noiseless. If your battery should be low you merely turn on the charger and operate the set. Special model for 25-40 cycles. $19.50. West of Rockies, $20. In Canada, $27.50.



Balkite "B"

Eliminates "B" batteries and supplies plate current from the light socket. Keeps the "B" circuit always at full power. For sets of 6 tubes and less. $35. In Canada, $49.50.

Balkite "B" II

Supplies plate current from the light socket. Will serve any standard set. Especially adapted to sets of 6 tubes or more. $55. In Canada, $75.

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Sole Licensees in the United Kingdom: Messrs. Radio Accessories Ltd., 9-13 Hythe Rd., Wellesden, London, N. W. 10

R-M-A

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

you're a woman—obtained a new shirtwaist by the simple, but criminal expedient of lifting it surreptitiously from a bargain counter.

And so you may think it reasonable to suppose that your essential honesty must be expressed—at least in some measure—in your face. Most people think so, but most people are mistaken.

If you will believe Mr. Holt L. Wilson, whose business it is to scrutinize the countenances of upward of a hundred thousand persons annually, and decide in a fraction of a minute whether they have evil designs upon his employer's bankroll, such a thing as an honest face has never existed.

Mr. Wilson is usually to be found in a corner of the lobby of the Hotel McAlpin, New York. The McAlpin accommodates about six hundred thousand guests a year, and accepts more than six million dollars worth of their checks as a mere matter of routine. It is Mr. Wilson's job, as credit manager, to see that the McAlpin doesn't get stung.

"At one time," Mr. Wilson said, "there may have been such a thing as an honest face. I cannot speak with any degree of authority concerning the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, but I am sure of this one.

"YOU may as well try to guess the distance from Beersheba to Timbuktu by looking at a map of Mexico, as to attempt to tell by inspecting the countenance of a man or woman nowadays, whether he or she is honest or not.

"Of course, most persons are honest, particularly those who patronize hotels of this general character. If it weren't so, we'd be in a pretty mess, for hardly a day goes by that I do not O. K. about four hundred checks. These checks involve a total risk—if I may call it risk—of approximately $479,000 a month.

"It may surprise you to learn that only about two-thirds of one per cent of these checks (amounting roughly to $3,194) come back. And of this number eighty per cent—about $2,555—is eventually collected. The remainder is insignificant when it is remembered that we accept six million dollars' worth of checks a year all told. Many mercantile houses show far greater credit losses.

"It is odd—but it is nevertheless a fact—that the most honest people often appear to be the most crooked. The average citizen has heard so much talk about bad checks that he has a natural hesitancy in asking a hotel to accept a draft, no matter how good he may know it to be. He feels as if something about the transaction exposes him to suspicion, and he is, accordingly, nervous and shy.

"He may fumble in his pockets after a business card, or letters of identification, even before you ask him; and his eyes may look everywhere except into your own. You may even detect a nervous catch in his voice, and a drop or two of perspiration upon his brow.

"If we were to adopt these indications as evidence of his integrity, we would certainly yell for the police—and probably be responsible for locking many honest citizens of Oshkosh, Sheboygan, and other suburban points in the hoosegow, while the confidence men operated at the cash registers behind our backs.

"The stock in trade of the best confidence men is the ability to

look you straight in the eye, to shake your hand in a dignified but cordial manner, to address you in a pleasant voice, and, of course, to maintain a perfect poise. They know human nature far better than most hotel cashiers.

"Indeed, a confidence man who does not possess these prerequisites of his calling, comes afoul the law at a very early stage in his career and devotes his talents thenceforth to the less difficult practice of porch climbing.

"I doubt very much if the day will ever come when bad check artists do not attempt to prey upon hotels. But it also seems to me that confidence men are doomed to wage a losing fight, for as fast as one of their devices succeeds to any great extent in making inroads upon the hotels' exchequers, methods are devised to checkmate it.

"THERE was, for example, a time when the honeymoon stall was good for thousands of dollars. About all it's good for at present is the credit manager's yawn.

"A couple of exceedingly attractive appearance would register at a hotel and having remained for several days would appear at the cashier's window with embarrassed faces. It would appear from the conversation of the purported bridegroom that the firm had neglected to forward his pay check, doubtless because they had failed to receive his letter advising them of his present address. On that account, they were temporarily embarrassed for funds. Would the hotel cashier accommodate the young husband by cashing a check? The cashier usually would—after a quick, appreciative glance at the piquantly pretty and entirely innocent face of the bride.

"Needless to say the check would eventually be returned marked with the familiar legend 'No Account' and the cashier would emerge from the experience in a less trustful frame of mind toward the externals of feminine loveliness.

"This piece of trickery has been given over by confidence men for two reasons: It eventually becomes familiar to all hotel employees from bell boys, chambermaids and floor clerks up to officials of the highest rank. That was reason Number One.

"REASON Number Two is that confidence men who operate with women are exceptionally easy to trace—especially if the women in question happen to be attractive enough to compel the attention of masculine eyes. Pullman porters and train conductors remember them and so do clerks of hotels. Women, furthermore, are unable to travel with as little baggage as men; and for a thief to take a trunk with him across the continent amounts to the same thing as blazing the trees and putting daubs of whitewash on all the flagstones. A trunk can always be followed through the records of the express or the baggage offices.

"The business-card stall is likewise out of date. This hoary method of obtaining money under false pretenses disappeared at about the same time that the job printers began to strike off ornamental pieces of pasteboard for one dollar and twenty-five cents a hundred. And membership cards in various fraternal organizations are hardly any better certification of the bearer's integrity—because such certifications of membership often are lost and fall into evil hands.

"No one, unless they devote hours to the enterprise, could possibly describe all the cock-and-bull stories which are advanced as reasons why hotels should distribute their funds among check writers in general.

"Missing heirs who desire to return home and claim their inheritance, impecunious scions of millionaire Western cattle men, who are awaiting a belated remittance from father; luckless customers of stock brokerage houses who must post additional margins or be closed out at enormous losses; real-estate operators who face the sacrifice of gigantic profits if they cannot instantly bind an option by the payment of a few hundred dollars in cash—all pour their tales of woe (or should I say 'woeful fictions'? into the hotel credit man's ear. It is the latter's duty, of course, to be courteous, but skeptical.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

These Cold Days

your face needs after-shaving care

ON YOUR WAY to the office, when a mean wind whistles round the corners, does your newly shaven face feel tight and drawn, and just a little wee bit sore?

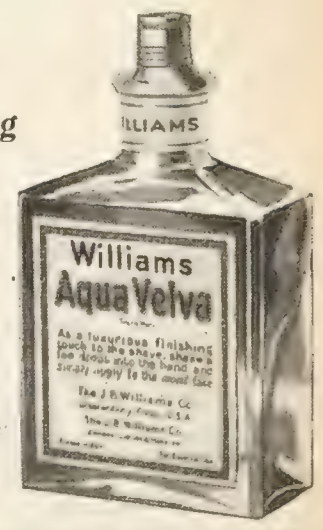
That's not the fault of the shave. Your skin needs the 5 distinct helps given by Williams new product—Aqua Velva.

Here's what it does

1. It gives the skin a tonic, invigorating tingle.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards from sun, wind and cold.
5. It conserves needed moisture in the skin (*powders absorb this and leave the skin dry*). Aqua Velva keeps it as soft and smooth as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Try this cold-weather face comfort free; send the coupon below for a 150-drop test bottle. Aqua Velva costs 50c for the large 5-ounce bottle (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

For use after shaving



By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

Address:

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 111-C, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

_____

_____

Lib.—1-30-26

[THE DECEPTION OF AN HONEST FACE
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

"Hotels now conduct their business in close association with their customer's banks. If a patron has a bonafide banking connection, the latter is relatively easy to establish. Wherever delay results—and such delays are almost always exceptionally slight—the hotel is glad to carry the guest upon its books until the requisite formalities have been complied with. I should say here that in some States it is a penal offense to pass a bogus check in payment for a hotel bill.

"An inquiry is usually made by telegraph, but since it is possible in some cases for an unscrupulous man to assume the identity of a responsible person with whose name he happens to be familiar, the hotel has other and secret means of identifying statements of this sort on short notice. Where opportunity exists, however, a photostatic copy of the customer's signature made instantly is sent to his bank for identification, and when this identification has been made, the guest has established a permanent source of credit and the hotel is glad to accommodate him to any reasonable extent.

"The highest class of bad check artists is familiar with this system and is attempting industriously to render it ineffective.

"I REMEBER one instance where I might have been imposed upon to the tune of several hundred dollars; and I may add, parenthetically, that no one who reads what I have to say need ever attempt to repeat the process.

"A young and very courteous fellow approached my desk one morning and tendered a draft on a western bank.

"'You are not acquainted with me,' he said, 'and so I won't ask you to cash this check, but I wish you would put it through your bank. After it's cleared, you can advance me the money without any risk.'

"This seemed an entirely reasonable request and I was glad to be of service. Had the young man appeared the next day, I might have been suspicious, but almost a week elapsed before he showed up and asked courteously if his money was available. Investigation revealed that the check had not been returned, and it seemed to me that sufficient time had gone for it to have been rejected if it was no good. So, after gazing at the young man's open and engaging countenance, I was on the verge of instructing the cashier to pay him when I noticed a change in his face so I held him up. About twelve hours later, the check came back. Had I made a more thorough investigation I would have learned that the young man had timed his visits so as to allow the maximum time to elapse before a collection report could be received.

"The young man never returned.

"Another exceedingly artful dodge was perpetrated upon a friend of mine, who is also a hotel credit man. On a Saturday afternoon, just after the close of banking hours, a man of imposing presence charged up to his desk, and mopping great beads of perspiration from his brow, confided that through an error on the part of his bookkeeper the money for his payroll had not been made available. He presented a check on which the firm's name had been printed; and since the concern was a large and prosperous one, and the man had a variety of cards and letters describing him as the general manager of the enterprise, the whole transaction appeared quite legitimate. So, relying upon these superficial indications, my friend initialed the draft and the money was paid. The check, of course, turned out to be bogus.

P. & A. Photo

Mr. Holt L. Wilson, who cashes about six million dollars' worth of checks a year for guests of the Hotel McAlpin, New York City.

"I have often been asked whether women are more honest than men. It is exceptionally rare, indeed, to find a woman who is a bad check artist. I suppose it is fear of detection which makes them cautious. It is obviously much harder for a woman to spend

time in jail than for a man. In any event, I have never known a woman to write a worthless check for more than twenty-five dollars.

"Another apparent indication of honesty on the part of both men and women is the tendering of a check in payment of a hotel's bill. Some checks which are given us in this manner are returned, of course.

"Very frequently the persons who issue them are unaware that they are worthless. Some people are careless about their bank balances. When they go on trips, they frequently have to spend more money than they contemplated. For these and many other reasons, checks given in payment for hotel bills are often returned.

"A COURTEOUS letter is almost always sufficient. Perhaps, however, the most important reason why hotel credit men have little to worry about in connection with drafts of this particular character is that no crook is ever content barely to subsist at a hotel's expense. He must have money for many other purposes besides his living expenses.

"For one thing, he must consider his necessity for constantly fleeing from the law. And it follows that a few days' board is a matter of little or no importance.

"I would like to make it plain that there is really no reason why a guest at a hotel should hesitate to ask the management to accept a check, if he gives the management sufficient time to verify his credit.

"I am sure that all well-intentioned people will agree that there is nothing offensive in asking for references.

"The average stay of a guest in a New York hotel is about two and one-half days. The city has, of course, an enormous transient population.

"It is obvious that only a very, very small percentage of the persons who patronize hotels can be known in a personal way to the management. And so to ask a hotel to cash checks indiscriminately for persons of whose integrity it can have absolutely no means of being certain, is equivalent to inviting it to open its safes to whoever cares to reach into them.

"Such a financial debacle would not be borne by the hotel alone. Losses through bad checks become a part of the hotel's overhead, and overhead expenses must all be borne by the charges which the hotel makes for its rooms. It follows that an honest person has an actual money incentive in co-operating with the hotel's credit department.

"I hope what I have said will not be construed as pessimistic. While there is no such thing as an honest face, there is certainly such a thing as honesty. Our bad check losses are growing less and less each year. This may be due to the improved credit systems, but I prefer to think that it is due to another factor—that the generally improved economic condition of the country offers less and less incentive to dishonest persons.

"Dishonest merchandising is no longer profitable. Similarly, men who have sufficient general competence to be successful bad check artists are discovering that they may be more prosperous and much more happy by turning their talents to legitimate pursuits."

THE END

"THE VANISHING AMERICAN"

The Trade Mark of Romance

Paramount Pictures

© Copyright Reinthal & Newman, N. Y.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

Races pass and leave the old, old story of strife and song. The Indian passes in this our time, within the Reservation gates; a figure as sinister as a bloody arrow, but filling the eye and the heart with his tragedy. "Adieu, *Vanishing American*, adieu—may you find the Happy Hunting Ground of your camp fire dreams."

This epic of the Indian has already been acclaimed by hundreds of audiences as ranking with The Covered Wagon in scope, power and human interest.

Here is a picture of enmity and gallantry and fierce love-making in the very shadow of danger. The vision of Paramount, Zane Grey, Director George B. Seitz and Supervisor Lucien Hubbard searched out and composed all this for you, The Paramount organization pursuing, as it always does, the ideal material for the greatest shows that human beings can desire.

* * *

Like stately ships magically appearing one after another on the horizon, and slowly coming in full view, came *The Covered Wagon, The Ten Commandments, Peter Pan, The Pony Express, A Kiss for Cinderella, That Royle Girl,* and now *The Vanishing American,* sailing the sea of more than one or two seasons' brief popularity, and even so being but leaders of a great fleet cruising literally to the admiration of all lands and peoples.

Wherever you find the name PARAMOUNT you've found The End of the Trail to the Greatest Show in Town.

Personalities of Paramount and their Paramount Pictures

Lois Wilson

—is the winsome teacher of the country school in The Vanishing American. Those who remember her wonderful performance in the Covered Wagon will watch eagerly for this new role. Other Paramount Pictures featuring her are: Welcome Home, Rugged Water, and Irish Luck.

Richard Dix

—plays the title role of The Vanishing American. He makes a magnificent Indian, combining the lion and the fox in plot and deed! Other Paramount Pictures in which he is appearing are: The Ten Commandments, The Lucky Devil, and Womanhandled.

Zane Grey

—is the envy of even best-selling authors. He wrote The Vanishing American. The vast number enjoying the book are keenly expectant of its Paramount picturization. Other Paramount Zane Grey Pictures are Wild Horse Mesa, Light of Western Stars, and The Thundering Herd.

Noah Beery

—plays the official in charge of the Indian Reservation. Villainy and smiles go together, and the more you hate the character the more you admire the actor. Other Paramount Pictures in which he is seen are: Light of Western Stars, Wild Horse Mesa and Lord Jim.

Raymond Griffith

—is the touchstone of mirth. Indifference becomes smiles, and smiles a volley of laughter when he appears. Make a list of his Paramount Pictures and enjoy them. Start with: The Night Club, Paths to Paradise and A Regular Fellow.

Betty Bronson

—leaped into fame as the Peter Pan girl. Today her success in A Kiss for Cinderella has outranked even Peter Pan. Other Paramount Pictures in which she appears are: The Golden Princess, Not So Long Ago, and Are Parents People?

Produced by
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
Adolph Zukor, President
New York City

Paramount Pictures

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"

Osborn Brushes

Women Everywhere Are Turning To These New Osborn Brushes

In all larger cities, as well as throughout all the States, stores everywhere report an ever-increasing demand for these New Improved Better Wearing Osborn Household Brushes.

Careful housekeepers find that Osborn Brushes are better made—of the best materials—that they are correctly shaped and that they *do* make housekeeping easier. Yet they cost less than ordinary brushes.

All Osborn Household Brushes have the Osborn *Blue Handle*. Every brush comes to you fresh and clean in a dust-proof container bearing the Osborn name. For your convenience and to save you annoyance, they are never sold by house-to-house canvassers or agents.

Sold by foremost department, hardware and drug stores everywhere.

If you experience any difficulty in getting Osborn Brushes from your local stores, we will be very glad to fill your order direct. Write for illustrated booklet "A".

THE OSBORN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
INCORPORATED
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Floor Dust Mop $1.90

Osborn Floor Mop is made of selected yarn which picks up the dust and holds it until shaken. It reaches into the corners and under the furniture; contains no chemicals or oil that will injure the floor or cause dust to collect.

A FEW POPULAR NUMBERS OF THE COMPLETE OSBORN LINE

Osborn Split Duster, $1.25
Especially convenient for chair and table legs. Selected yarn contains no chemical or oil to injure furniture or leave film of oil.

New Osborn Wall Brush $1.85
Soft bristles easily remove surface dust without injuring the finest wall decorations. Long handle and perfect balance make it easy to use.

Osborn Cloth and Upholstery Brush $1.60
High quality bristles give real brushing service and long wear. Shaped to fit the back. Extra stiff bristles near the handle for removing spots. Useful for tapestry or upholstery, too.

Osborn *Blue Handle* Household and Personal Use Brushes are sold *only* through selected retail stores

Other Osborn Blue Handle Brushes

Refrigerator Brush
Vegetable Brush Bath Brush
Dust Pan Brush
Dish Mop Radiator Brush
Split Hand Duster
Floor Duster Bottle Brush
Sanitary Bowl Brush
Percolator Brush Skirt Brush
Pan and Pastry Brush
Cloth Brush Nail Brush

YOUR MONEY BUYS MORE WHEN YOU BUY AT THE STORE

Three Galleys or So of Wise Cracks

Some Hard-Boiled Comments on Current Customs

By

VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

and PETER GREIG

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

"O *TEMPORA! O MORES!*" exclaimed Cicero, the great Roman, viewing with alarm the trend of the times and the decay of customs among the younger generation of his day. But what would he say if he were alive in America now? Could his remarks be printed?

Do you remember the time when no lady smoked in public? And now a man can't light a cigarette without fear of looking effeminate.

And do you recall how, at a private dinner party, the smoking was deferred until the ladies had retired from the table? In those days the men wouldn't light up before the ladies. Now they can't, because the dear things usually get there first.

Do you remember mother's at-home days, when everyone who called left little cards which the maid collected on a silver tray? Now the maid collects the cards the following morning from under the sofa and behind the piano on a little black metal pan with a brush.

And all the pother there was as to whether a man was impolite if he did not raise his hat to a lady he knew when riding a bicycle! Now a man riding in an automobile will lift his hat to a lady he has never met before.

And it used to be very ill mannered if he so far forgot himself as to ask permission of a young lady to call on her. Now it's just waste motion. If she doesn't remember to date him up he can always be reasonably sure she'll give him a ring at the office in the morning.

REMEMBER when dance programs were laid in a heap on a table beside the entrance to the ballroom? And a band in pink uniforms threw their Hungarian souls into waltzes and two-steps, with an occasional lancers to make things informal and reckless?

And men wore Inverness capes for full dress and patent-leather pumps and carried in the pockets of their evening clothes a pair of white gloves? Now what would you find in the pockets of a man's dress suit—if, indeed, he owns one?

And remember when women had straight-front corsets? And *wore* them? And had not yet discovered that they had equal earning capacities and complexes? And the up-and-down motion in dancing was achieved by hopping—not shaking? Why, dancing was done almost entirely with the feet in those far-off days. Not so far off at that: 1906—only twenty years ago!

Manners maketh the man, said old William of Wykeham. But what he should have said was, Man makes the manners.

Certainly times have changed since 1906, and of course manners have changed also.

Now bobbed hair is a sign of the times. Twenty years ago it was a sign of typhoid fever.

Then grandmother grew old gracefully. Now she grows young peppily.

But manners are no worse than formerly, in spite of those who invariably view with alarm. Manners do not decay. They only change to keep pace with our changing needs. Manners are the outward manifestation of our sense of obligation toward each other. And our sense of obligation is continually changing.

A man doesn't hold open a door for a woman any more—not because he is willing to be rude but because he no longer recognizes an obligation for him to do so. She has shown him that she can open the doors to business opportunities without his help. So he figures she can struggle along with the swinging door of a department store unaided.

And chances are if he did hold it for her the woman would neglect to thank him. She does not recognize her obligation to do so. And the shock would probably paralyze her.

AND there never has been any hard and fast rule for good manners. What constitutes perfect behavior at an Embassy Ball would look a little stilted on a football field. And what passes for perfect etiquette at the fish market would be somewhat conspicuous at court.

Time as well as place must be taken into the reckoning. Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest people uneasy is the best bred in the company. The bull in the china shop was probably the point farthest south in good manners. However, if Lord Chesterfield were to spend a weekend on Long Island he would not be an unmitigated asset to the hostess. And the author of today's Book of Etiquette would have

[Cont'd on Page 27]

The Mystery of Woman in 1906 (*For solution of mystery see page 27*).

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

TO millions of American motorists who shift into second on hills, who step on the gas with poor results, who believed that some day a car would be built to change all this and still sell for less than a thousand dollars, the New Star Six answers the demand. ¶ With a 40-brake horse-power motor, quick acceleration, high gasoline mileage, comfort and quality in the beautiful Hayes-Hunt body, this newest six offers great value.

Prices: **New Star Six:** Touring $695; Coupster $745; Coupe $820; Coach $880. **Improved Star Four:** Roadster $525; Touring $525; Coupster $610; Coach $695; Sedan $805, f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

been yesterday's social *Bête Noir*. The difference between a gentleman and a boor is that a gentleman is at home in any place without appearing to own it—and a vulgar man acts as though he owned every place without appearing at home in it.

One test can always be applied to the gentleman in any age—the same which is applied to milk wagons going downhill: the ones which carry the least load make the most noise.

Manners are consideration for the feelings of others. No well mannered man would, for instance, dangle an oil can in the home of a Senator.

A gentleman, it has been said, is one who is never unintentionally rude. In other words, a gentleman is never rude—except intentionally. Thus, if you step on a lady's foot you are no gentleman. However, if you kick your wife you are one—provided, of course, you do it intentionally.

New inventions and changed conditions are largely responsible for our changed manners. The typewriter, the telephone, the war, athletics, automobiles, coeducation, and prohibition have all played an important part.

For example, whereas a man used to take his pen in hand, he now takes his typewriter—well, you know.

IN 1906 young girls in New York and other great cities were not allowed at public balls unless attended by a chaperon or elderly companion. Even if a girl were willing to take one along these days, where would she find a companion willing to pass for elderly? And how would she pry her away from her mah jongg table? And what chance would the girl stand next to a veteran who had learned to hold her liquor glass before she had even learned to hold her bottle?

The books of etiquette in those days said that the young girl must allow her elderly companion to enter the room first and then walk beside her to greet the hostess who stood at the head of the room. Today if the young girl managed to find the hostess at all, what greeting could she make which the hostess (writhing by to the strains of Papa Love Mamma) could hear above the saxophonetics?

And what would the young girl say if her elderly companion instructed her not to dance more than three or four times with the same man for fear she would get herself talked about? Let her who is without a dancing partner cast the first stone. . . And that she must not sit on the stairs with her young man. Doubtless she would reply that the dining room was overcrowded—there was a gang in the kitchen (to be nearer the base of supplies), that somebody (probably the hostess) was already in the conservatory, and where could she go for a little necking, except the stairs?

In 1906 a typewritten note asking one to a party would have been regarded as an insult. Now, thanks to the telephone, you wonder why your hostess went to all that trouble. In fact, with the increased use of the telephone for purposes of invitation, parties aren't prearranged any more. They are simply accumulated, like hash.

Twenty years ago it was bad form not to call and leave cards on a hostess after a party. Failure to perform this act of courtesy implied a distaste for the entertainment. Today the visiting card has almost completely disappeared except in the life of the local butter and egg man. You call your hostess on the telephone and tell her what a divine party it was as soon as convenient after your recovery.

The origin of the social call dates from the Stone Age, when the head of a family used to leave a roughly carved block of stone at the door of another as an expression of good will and friendship. This was handy in case he changed his mind on the way over as to the nature of his visit.

The death toll of the automobile should certainly include the old-time custom of calling.

Remember the old half-finger handshake with the arm extended upward and the wrist bent? Athletics put it out of business. Can you imagine Helen Wills and Molla Mallory greeting each other that way on a tennis court?

Twenty years ago a man wore gloves at a dance or held a handkerchief between his right hand and his partner's gown in back. But during the war there were no gloves available at camp. And probably no clean handkerchiefs either. And since the war there have been no backs to women's dresses to worry about.

Where's the Mystery of Woman in 1926?

IN the war splendid young men, amateur soldiers, were nursed and tended by splendid young women—amateur nurses. The Mystery of Woman and the Conceit of Man both received body blows from which it is to be hoped they will never recover. There had to be a new basis for the relations between men and women and this new basis is frankness.

Who shall say that it is less worthy than the old? Or that the new manners which have sprung from it are worse than the ones which went before?

Formerly a young man proposed to a young lady on his knees. He still does. Only then he was on them. Now she is. Isn't that much more sensible? Not to mention pleasant?

The young man used to ask father's permission to sit in the parlor with his lady love. Now it is father who asks permission to sit there a little longer and listen to the radio.

Our point of view is more liberal, so our manners are more free today. Give me my liberties, cries the flapper, or give me Freud.

No longer do young folks hold each other at arm's length in the business of living. They are closer together at school, in college, in the office, and on the golf links and diving platforms. It is only natural for them to snuggle up a little closer in the dance—at the prom—on the beach—or in the taxi.

It all works out about the same in the long run. The flapper at her necking party does not get into any more trouble than her mother did, because she has learned at an early age what it is all about and how to take care of herself. The responsibility has merely been shifted from the mother to the girl herself.

It is curious that most of the outcry against present-day manners and customs should come from men.

But if women expected men to behave as formerly the outcry would be even greater. Suppose you asked a gent to carry his top hat into the drawing room when he came to call and then expected him to balance it, together with a small piece of bread and butter cut very thin, while he drank a cup of tea?

Or expected him to take along your mother every time he invited you to an opening at eleven dollars a seat?

THE END

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746 A Daughter of Eve. Frank Harris
865 Main Street Tales. Anderson
866 The Untold Lie, etc. Anderson

ANCIENT LITERATURE

94 Trial and Death of Socrates
96 Plato's Dialogues (Friendship, etc.)
157 Plato's Ideal Republic
622 Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates
497 Legends of Greek and Roman Heroes
498 Greek and Roman Mythology
499 Dictionary of Classical Mythology
365 Lyric Odes of Love. Horace
366 Odes of Roman Life. Horace
65 Meditations of Marcus Aurelius
736 Morals of Human Conduct. Seneca
576 Encheiridion (Manual). Epictetus
671 Moral Discourses. Epictetus
832 Catullus: Classic Poet and Lover
867 Cicero Revealed in His Letters
581 Lucretius on Life and Death
891 Lucretius on the Nature of Things
896 Augustan Poets of Rome
899 Rome Seen by Tacitus and Juvenal

BIOGRAPHY

305 Merciless Machiavelli. Macaulay
5 Life of Sam Johnson. Macaulay
393 Frederick the Great. Macaulay
22 Tolstoy: Russian Novelist. Garnett
33 Brann: Smasher of Shams
312 Laurence Sterne: "English Rabelais"
343 Diary of Columbus in 1492
429 Jonathan Swift: Dean of Satirists
522 Thomas Paine: American Liberal
523 B. Franklin: Printer and Statesman
704 Diderot: French Savant
705 Charles Lamb and His Friends
769 Life of Thomas Jefferson
340 Life of Jesus. Renan
51 Martyrdom of Bruno. Turnbull.
69 Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas
55 England's Mightiest Intellect: Spencer
123 DuBarry: A King's Mistress
183 Life of Jack London
323 Life of Joan of Arc
128 Julius Cæsar's Amazing Career
147 Oliver Cromwell and His Times
712 Shelley and His Loves
713 Byron and His Loves
718 Great Women of Antiquity
975 Cleopatra and Her Loves
976 Casanova and His Loves
977 Pope Alexander VI and His Loves
824 Torquemada: Spanish Torturer
139 Dante: Poet of "Inferno."
141 Life of Napoleon. Finger
328 Jos. Addison: First Journalist
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394 Boswell's Life of Johnson
395 Cellini: Fiery-Hearted Sculptor
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213 Ellis: His Plea for Sane Sex Life
530 Camoens: Portuguese Soldier-Poet
839 Anatole France: Laughing Cynic
529 Walt Whitman: Bard of the West

DEBATES

43 Marriage vs. Divorce. Greeley-Owen
122 Spiritualism. Doyle-McCabe
129 Rome or Reason? Ingersoll-Manning
130 Christianity. Ingersoll-Gladstone
171 Meaning of Life. Harris-Ward
206 Socialism. Seligman-Nearing
208 Birth Control. Sanger-Russell
234 McNeal-Sinclair on Socialism
341 Famous Lincoln-Douglas Debate
652 K-K-K Destructive? Evans-Zangwill
723 Soviet Govt. Nearing-Russell
762 Optimism or Pessimism? Frank-Ward
883 Capital Punishment. Darrow-Talley
884 Prohibition. Darrow-Holmes
910 Is Life Worth Living? Darrow-Starr
911 Is Humanity Progressing? Darrow-Starr

DRAMA (ANCIENT)

316 Prometheus Bound. Æschylus
760 Agamemnon. Æschylus
418 Bacchantes. Euripides
500 Medea. Euripides
502 Hippolytus. Euripides
560 Electra. Euripides
906 Iphigenia at Aulis. Euripides
647 Clouds (Satire). Aristophanes
758 The Frogs (Satire). Aristophanes
759 Birds (Satire). Aristophanes
801 Knights (Comedy). Aristophanes
817 The Acharnians. Aristophanes
842 The Wasps (Satire). Aristophanes
834 Peace (Satire). Aristophanes
511 King Œdipus. Sophocles
623 Electra. Sophocles
562 Antigone. Sophocles
901 Œdipus at Colonus. Sophocles
880 Octavia. Seneca
889 Agamemnon. Seneca
882 Thyestes. Seneca
863 The Brothers (Adelphi). Terence
869 Woman from Andros. Terence
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850 The Captives. Plautus
852 Pot of Gold. Plautus
858 Three-Coin Man. Plautus

DRAMA (MISCELLANEOUS)

90 Mikado (Comic Opera). Gilbert
226 The Anti-Semites. Schnitzler
766 Gallant Cassian. Schnitzler
308 She Stoops to Conquer. Goldsmith
335 Land of Heart's Desire. Yeats
337 Pippa Passes. Robt. Browning
371 Empedocles on Etna. Arnold
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384 Four One-Act Plays. Strindberg
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462 Everyman: A Morality Play
416 God of Vengeance. Asch
539 None Beneath the King. Zorrilla
572 The Beggar's Opera. John Gay
619 Tragical Dr. Faustus. Marlowe
378 Maid of Orleans. Samuels
31 Pelleas and Melisande. Maeterlinck

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO

423-424-425-426 Representative Men: Studies in Biography (4 vols.)
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542 Power and Behavior
543 Experience and Politics
544 Poet and Nature
545 Character and Manners
546 Love, Heroism and Prudence
547 Spiritual Laws and Circles
548 History and Intellect
549 Nominalist-Realist, Gifts, Over-Soul
550 Art and Self-Reliance
551 Beauty and Worship
552 Fate and Illusions
553 Wealth and Culture
742 Selected Poems
179 Gems from Emerson
338 A Guide to Emerson
714 Emerson: Man and His Works

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND WRITING

25 Rhyming Dictionary
514 Hints on Writing Poetry
78 Hints on Public Speaking
82 Common Faults in Writing English
681 Spelling Self Taught
682 Grammar Self Taught
683 Punctuation Self Taught
822 Rhetoric Self Taught
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821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
855 How to Write Letters
639 4000 Most Essential English Words
734 Book of Useful Phrases
192 A Book of Synonyms
326 Hints on Writing Short Stories
496 Hints on Writing One-Act Plays
342 Hints on News Reporting
437 Hints on Scenario Writing
764 Hints on Writing Book Reviews
894 Hints on How to Advertise
708 Science of Language
696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
697 4000 Words Often Mispronounced
902 Dictionary of Foreign Phrases

ENTERTAINMENT AND AMUSEMENT

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847 How to Play Card Games
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876 Curiosities of Mathematics

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35 Maxims of La Rochefoucauld
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77 Great Men's Sayings About Women
304 Great Women's Sayings About Men
155 Maxims of Napoleon
180 Worldly Epigrams. Bernard Shaw
181 Rugged Epigrams. Thoreau
106 Brilliant Thoughts. Geo. Sand
228 Brief Bits of Insight. Huxley
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643 Terse Truths About Life. Bacon
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707 Love-and-Laughter Epigrams. France
738 Poor Richard's Almanac
890 Epigrams of Nietzsche
929 Maxims of Love. Stendhal

EVOLUTION AND GEOLOGY

467 Evolution Made Plain. Mason
321 History of Evolution. Fenton
686 Records of Evolution. Fenton
694 Evidence for Evolution. Fenton
695 Embryology and Evolution. Fenton
568 Darwin and Evolution. Fenton
597 Ernst Haeckel: Evolutionist. Fenton
49 Lectures on Evolution. Haeckel
191 Evolution vs. Dogma. Shipley
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826 More Animals of Ancient Lands
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71 Poems of Evolution (Anthology)

FICTION (MISCELLANEOUS)

23 Great Stories of the Sea
145 Great Ghost Stories
420 Short Stories from the Spanish
489 Yiddish Short Stories
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803 Costa Rican Tales
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352 Tales of 13th Century. Morris
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102 Sherlock Holmes Tales. Doyle
355 Aucassin and Nicolete: Lovers. Lang
107 Dream-Woman; Yellow Tiger. Collins
595 Happy Hypocrite. Max Beerbohm
285 Euphorian in Texas. Geo. Moore
307 A Tillyloss Scandal. Jas. Barrie
232 The Three Strangers. Thos. Hardy
182 Daisy Miller. Henry James
215 Miraculous Revenge. Bernard Shaw
577 The Lifted Veil. George Eliot
58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio
672 Illicit Love, etc. Boccaccio
673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
674 Falcon, and Other Tales. Boccaccio
909 Amorous Tales of the Monks
161 Country of the Blind. H. G. Wells
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942 Great Detective Stories
943 Masterpieces of Mystery
944 Masterpieces of Adventure
945 Tales of Oriental Life
946 Tales of Desert Places
955 Italian Tales of Heroism and Romance

FRENCH PROSE LITERATURE

15 Atheist's Mass, etc. Balzac
143 Time of Terror, etc. Balzac
318 Christ in Flanders, etc. Balzac
344 Don Juan; Passion in Desert. Balzac
675 Bernhardt's Philosophy of Love
665 Bernhardt's Love Letters to Sardou
676 Bernhardt's Love Letters to Berton
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319 Comtesse de Saint-Geran. Dumas
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198 Majesty of Justice. France
219 Human Tragedy. Anatole France
828 Wisdom of Ages, etc. France
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230 Fleece of Gold. Gautier
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541 Brightly Colored Tales. Gourmont
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104 Battle of Waterloo. Hugo
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134 Misanthrope (Play). Moliere
229 Ridiculous Women (Play). Moliere
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85 Attack on the Mill. Emile Zola
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888 Memoirs of Madame de Stael
871 Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise
438-439 Secret Memoirs. Pompadour
938 Tales of Passion and Cruelty

HALDEMAN-JULIUS, E.

396 Embers (A Play)
72 The Color of Life (Satire)
334 Caught, and Other Stories
454 Unworthy Coopers; Comtesse Jones
463 The Art of Reading
464 Is Progress an Illusion?
461 Iconoclastic Literary Essays
460 Miscellaneous Rationalistic Essays
908 Brief Burlesques and Epigrams
678 Haldeman-Julius: "Woolworth" of Books
809 Intimate Notes on E. H.-J. Mrs. H.-J. (Nos. 334, 396, 454 in collaboration with Marcet Haldeman-Julius.)

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136 Childhood Diseases. Dr. Weaver
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875 Facts About Diabetes. Dr. Wilder
726 Venereal Diseases. Dr. Greer
903 Facts About Syphilis. Dr. Pusey
74 Physiology of Sex Life. Dr. Greer
14 What Girls Should Know. Sanger
653 What Boys Should Know. Fielding
654 What Young Men Should Know
655 What Young Women Should Know
656 What Married Men Should Know
657 What Married Women Should Know
536 What Women Past 40 Should Know
864 Confidential Chats with Husbands
689 Woman's Sexual Life. Fielding
690 Man's Sexual Life. Fielding
691 The Child's Sexual Life. Fielding
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137 Home Nursing. Sister Matilde
81 Care of the Baby. Dr. Grulee
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812 Introduction to Heredity. Fenton
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189 Eugenics Made Plain. Ellis

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596 History of Modern Mexico. Parker
898 Short History of Japan
509 Ancient Regime in France
515 Fall of Louis XVI of France
606 First French Republic
757 Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte
878 Empire of Napoleon Bonaparte
892 French Restoration and Reaction
150 Lost Civilizations. Finger
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580 History of Polar Exploration
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469 The Egypt of Yesterday
605 Indians of the Pueblos. Seymour
754 History of the New York Indians
755 Five Civilized Indian Tribes
756 Story of the Sioux Indians
627 Short History of the Jews. Wood
797 20 Years Among African Negroes
34 The Mystery of the Iron Mask
201 Satan and the Saints. Tichenor

IBSEN, HENRIK

16 Ghosts
80 Pillars of Society
154 Epigrams
295 Master Builder
302 Wild Duck
354 League of Youth
303 Rosmersholm
350 Hedda Gabler
353 Doll's House
436 Life of Ibsen

JUVENILE READING

397 Irish Fairy Tales
44 Æsop's Fables
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
158 Alice in Wonderland. Carroll
188 Munchausen's Daring Adventures
391 A Dog of Flanders. Ouida
392 The Nurnberg Stove. Ouida
399 Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor
400 Ali Baba; Aladdin and His Lamp
482 Five Weeks in a Balloon. Verne
485 A Voyage to the Moon. Verne
483 Privateersman. Capt. Marryat
516 Book of Real Adventures. Finger
538 Merry Tales of Robin Hood
559 Robinson Crusoe. Defoe
561 African Jungle Tales
716 Mother Goose Rhymes
807 African Negro Folk Tales
836 Bluebeard, Cinderella, etc.
844 Voyage to Lilliput. Swift
620 Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan
558 Great Pirates. Charles J. Finger
398 Irish Folk Songs and Tales

KIPLING, RUDYARD

151 Man Who Would Be King, etc.
331 Finest Story in the World, etc.
332 Man Who Was, etc.
333 Mulvaney Stories
336 The Mark of the Beast, etc.
357 The City of Dreadful Night
912 God from the Machine, etc.
913 Black Jack, etc.
914 On the City Wall, etc.
222 The Vampire, and Other Poems
783 Mandalay, and Other Poems
795 Gunga Din, and Other Poems

LITERARY CRITICISM

646 Spirit of Brazilian Literature
732 Spirit of Yiddish Literature
777 Revolt in German Drama. Loving
527 Guide to Æschylus' Plays
473 Significance of Euripides
474 Significance of Sophocles
475 Significance of Æschylus
519 How to Enjoy Rabelais
288 Chesterfield; Rabelais. Sainte-Beuve
411 How to Enjoy Cervantes
503 Strindberg: Literary Enigma
422 Dante as an Artist. Goldberg
109-110 Dante, and Waning Classics
770 Talks with Lamb, Coleridge, Goethe
434 Significance of Georg Brandes
531 Brandes' 19th Century Literature
431 Literary Stars of Scandinavia
611 H. L. Mencken. Goldberg
843 George Jean Nathan. Goldberg
845 Introduction to Geoffrey Chaucer
223 Swinburne: Voluptuous Poet
10 Percy Bysshe Shelley. Thompson
933 Skeleton in the Closet. Darrow
814 Carl Sandburg: Chicago Poet

MAUPASSANT, GUY DE

6 Love, and Other Stories
199 Tallow Ball
292 Mlle. Fifi, and Other Stories
886 Piece of String, and Other Stories
887 The Necklace, and Other Stories
915 Mad, and Other Stories
916 Night in Whitechapel, etc.
917 Room No. 11, and Other Stories
918 Man With Blue Eyes, and Others
919 The Clown, and Other Stories
920 Queer Night in Paris, etc.
921 Mme. Tellier's Establishment, etc.
922 Wife's Confession, and Others

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

48 Truth, and Other Essays. Bacon
70 Roast Pig, etc. Charles Lamb
235 Essays of G. K. Chesterton
175 Science of History. Froude
7 A Liberal Education. Huxley
84 Love Letters of Portuguese Nun
89 Love Letters of Geniuses
95 Confessions of an Opium-Eater
194 Lord Chesterfield's Letters
289 Diary of Samuel Pepys
367 Essay on Conversation. Quincey
472 Strange Notes of Samuel Butler
487 Sartor Resartus. Thos. Carlyle
513 Travels of Marco Polo
649 Defense of Cosmetics. Beerbohm
773 Pictures of Travel. Heinrich Heine
881 Areopagitica. John Milton
221 On Women, etc. Maeterlinck
86 On Reading. Georg Brandes
75 On the Choice of Books. Carlyle
63 Sensible View of Poetry. Shelley

MUSIC AND FINE ARTS

859 The Enjoyment of Music
403 History of Music. Sheehan
476 Manual of Gilbert-Sullivan Operas
507 How to Enjoy Wagner's Music
569 Substance of Gotterdammerung
495 Substance of Verdi's Rigoletto
494 Substance of Wagner's Siegfried
459 Substance of Das Rheingold
458 Substance of Tannhauser
457 Substance of Wagner's Lohengrin
456 Substance of Bizet's Carmen
455 Substance of Strauss' Salome
441 Substance of I Pagliacci
440 Substance of Cavalleria Rusticana
410 Substance of Die Walkuere
413 Need for Art in Life. Holborn
387 History of Painting. Sheehan
466 History of Sculpture. Sheehan
468 History of Architecture. Sheehan
287 Whistler: Famed Brush and Tongue
233 Literature and Art. Goethe
934 Realism in Art. Clarence Darrow

PHILOSOPHY

613 Ancient Philosophers. Randolph
614 Religious Philosophers. Randolph
615 Modern Philosophers. Randolph
802 European Philosophers. Randolph
813 American Philosophers. Randolph
11 Nietzsche's Philosophy Explained
19 The Significance of Nietzsche
39 A Guide to Aristotle. Durant
159 Guide to Plato. Durant
443 Guide to Francis Bacon. Durant
642 New Atlantis. Francis Bacon
508 Guide to Bergson. Thomas
520 Guide to Spinoza. Durant
470 Guide to Kant. Thomas
571 Kant's Critical Philosophy
641 Significance of Kant. Durant
700 Guide to Schopenhauer
573 Gist of Herbert Spencer
772 Significance of Spencer
64 Eucken's Life and Philosophy
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
322 Buddhist Philosophy of Life
210 Stoic Philosophy. Murray
347 Guide to Stoicism. Stock
421 Yoga Philosophy of Hindus

(*Continued on next page*)

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768 Philosophy of German Idealists
820 Stirner's Philosophy of Individual
165 Discovery of Future. H. G. Wells
212 Life and Character. Goethe
737 Thoughts on Meaning of Life
138 Studies in Pessimism. Shopenhauer
364 Art of Controversy. Shopenhauer
575 Essays in Ethics. Schopenhauer
763 Burton's Study of Melancholy
564 Volney's Ruins of Empires

POE, EDGAR ALLAN

12 Tales of Mystery
108 Fall of the House of Usher
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290 The Gold Bug
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940 Tales Grotesque and Weird
941 Tales Psychological and Gruesome
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731 Critical Excerpts from Poe
32 Poems, with Introduction and Notes
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144 Was Poe Immoral? Whitman

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810 Great Mexican Poetry
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743 Great Christian Hymns
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351 Whitman's Memories of Lincoln
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121 Arabia
116 China
113 England
114 France
479 Germany
979 Greece (Mod.)
388 Hindustan
401 India
117 Italy
115 Japan
505 Jungle Negroes
118 Russia
478 Sanskrit (Hindus)
348 Scotland
120 Spain
825 Turkey
380 Yugoslavia
119 Ireland

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258 King Henry IV (Part II)
259 King Henry VI (Part I)
260 King Henry VI (Part II)
261 King Henry VI (Part III)
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264 King Richard III
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61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150
151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180
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722	723	724	725	726	727	728	729	730	731	732	733	734	735	736	737	738	739	740	741	742	743	744	745	746	747	748	749	750	751
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842	843	844	845	846	847	848	849	850	851	852	853	854	855	856	857	858	859	860	861	863	864	865	866	867	868	869	870	871	872
873	874	875	876	877	878	879	880	881	882	883	884	885	886	887	888	889	890	891	892	893	894	895	896	897	898	899	900	901	902
903	904	905	906	908	909	910	911	912	913	914	915	916	917	918	919	920	921	922	923	924	925	926	927	928	929	930	931	932	933
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The SHADOW

The Strange Tale of Two Magicians and Their Love for a Beautiful Girl

By BEN HECHT

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

THE Marvelous Sarastro, whom I had known for many years as an amiable and accomplished magician of the vaudevilles, reached across the little restaurant table and seized my wrist in his graceful fingers. We had finished our coffees, and I was, through the smoke of a cigar, wondering why Sarastro had insisted on dining with me.

"You are thinking," he said, "why we are here, eh?"

I nodded.

"It is because I wish to say good-by to you," he went on. "I am leaving tomorrow for Paris. There is in Paris a man I am going to kill."

I attempted to be casual and pointed out to Sarastro he did not look like a murderer.

"Hate," he said, "is not an emotion which one wears on one's sleeve. It is a soul. When it enters a man, he may live on, he may laugh, work, and go about, and there will be no difference to those who are his friends; but his soul has only one color, his nights have only one dream. For twenty years I have dreamed only one thing—to kill a man."

The Marvelous One of the vaudevilles stared at me as if reading my thought.

"When I have told you my story you will not doubt me," he said softly. "Here, you see, is my ticket for Paris; here my passport." He laid these on the table with a flourish. "And here"—he tapped his heart—"is the purpose of my journey."

"Tell me about it, then," I said nervously. One cannot help feeling a slight shock even at the possibility that an amiable and talented friend has decided to become a murderer.

"His name," he began, "is Enrico Panini. He is now in Paris. I have been waiting for twenty years for his name to appear. He has hidden from me for twenty years. But I knew that he is a vain man and that some day I would read that Enrico Panini was again on the stage. He is a magician. Yes, a greater magician than I. He is perhaps the greatest magician in the world—just as he is the most evil man that has lived."

The waiter cleared our table. I ceased to ask questions. Leaning forward, his eyes burning curiously, the Marvelous Sarastro told me his story.

"I was a young man," he said. "I traveled with a carnival. We wandered in gilded wagons from village to village of southeastern Europe. In those days I was more than a magician. I wore black tights and a little black jacket that came to my waist, and carried a magic sword at my side. I was able to read the stars, to foretell the future, to reveal the past. And I was known as the Black Seer.

"Then, one day, we came to a village in Malo-Russia. It was spring. A young woman came into my tent. She was blind. An old peasant led her by the hand. But she was beautiful. I had never seen anyone so beautiful. I did not need to read the stars in order to know that she was not the daughter of a peasant.

"That evening, while the gypsy music was playing and the carnival torches flickering in the spring winds, I fell in love with this blind girl. Her name was Vanya. I fell in love with her and took her away from the old peasant. He told me her story. She had been abandoned by her father, a rich and dissolute nobleman of the district, because she had been born blind.

"We were married, and she went away with me. She loved me as a man is seldom loved.

"We traveled together from village to village for a year, and we were happy. And then, one evening as I was standing in my black box on the platform in front of my tent watching the crowd of peasants listening to the announcements of the barker, I saw a man looking at Vanya. It was her custom now to sit on the platform beside my black box.

"On the next evening he was there again. And again he watched her. And on the third night he came again. I had decided to say nothing to Vanya, but in our wagon that night she spoke to me.

"'There is someone who comes and keeps

looking at me,' she whispered. 'Have you seen him?'

"I had never lied to Vanya. But this time I lied. I said it was nothing—her imagination. The carnival moved. We were in Bavaria, and we came to another village. And he was there. This time I acted. I dressed quickly in the tent and sought him out.

"HE was polite. A man of the world. He gave me his name. Enrico Panini. And his reason for following us? Ah, he said, he was interested in the young woman, the blind young woman. He was a magician, a very famous one, and he could find much better employment for Vanya—as his assistant. I told him she was my wife. And he smiled. The smile of Panini is deep in my soul. It is an acid that has eaten away my life.

"He became our friend. He attached himself to the carnival. He took us to dinners, talked, laughed. He was brilliant, engaging, and he was something more. He was evil. Under his smile and behind his clever words, I felt this. And then Vanya told me. He had made love to her.

"She was frightened when she told this to me. I soothed her. I hunted up Panini and denounced him. He smiled. He apologized. He disarmed me. He even pleaded to be allowed to remain as our friend—Vanya's and mine. It was enough for him, he said, to be near us.

"WE fought. I overcame him for a moment, despite his superior strength."

He would ask no more.

"Three months passed. We were in Bamberg. The carnival had prospered. We were now almost like a fair, and we decided to play in Bamberg for two weeks. Panini was still with us.

"THEN, one morning after I had left to arrange my tent, I returned to the little *pension* where Vanya and I had gone to live during our stay in Bamberg. I returned unexpectedly. I opened the door. I saw Vanya with her arms around Panini, kissing him and murmuring passionately, 'Oh, how I adore you!'

"I could not move. And then something horrible happened. Panini spoke. But it was not in his own voice. It was in my voice, my own voice, as if it had come out of my throat. It was Sarastro making love to Vanya. It was more than my voice; it was my manner, my every gesture, my every sigh and inflection. Terror held me for an instant. And then I leaped forward. I understood.

"Vanya fell from his arms. Her scream almost drove me mad.

"'Panini!' I cried. And, like an echo, he answered me, his finger pointing at me, 'Panini!'

"We fought. I overcame him for a moment, despite his superior strength. But madness was in me. I dragged him in front of Vanya.

"'My love, my own!' I shook her back to life. I leaned over and kissed her. At the touch of my lips she awoke and screamed.

"'It is I!' I cried. 'It is your husband, your darling!'

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

"But she beat me with her fists, crying, 'No, no! ... Go 'way! ... Go 'way!' And, as she fought in terror in my arms, Panini rose beside her.

"'Vanya,' he whispered, 'my beloved, my own.'

"She stood for a moment staring with her sightless eyes at both of us. I could feel every nerve, every one of her senses but her sight, straining first toward me, then toward him. Then she collapsed. I caught her as she fell, and when I looked up he was gone. My shadow had slipped from the room.

"She wept through the night. I struggled to remove her terror. But it was futile. I spoke to her of our past, of many intimate little things that had been between us. Yet she continued to shrink when I touched her.

"WHEN dawn came, I led her out of the house. I had all my money in a bag. We fled like two creatures hounded by a nightmare. We went to Munich. She was never out of my sight. She grew ill. She began to waste. Neither of us spoke of the terror. But I would wake up at night and find her standing beside the bed staring at me, her beautiful sightless eyes opened wide, her hands trembling. I would pretend to be asleep as her delicate fingers traced my face. I would pretend, when I awoke, that the nightmare was over—that what had happened could never happen again.

"But it happened again. We felt secure. Four months had passed. She had almost recovered from the terror. She was not even afraid to remain alone while I went to the cabaret to perform. But one night a strange sense haunted me. Before I knew what I was doing I was running through the streets, running to Vanya, as if drawn by a mysterious power.

"I opened the door noiselessly. It was early evening. In the room beyond, I heard a voice. It was Vanya speaking.

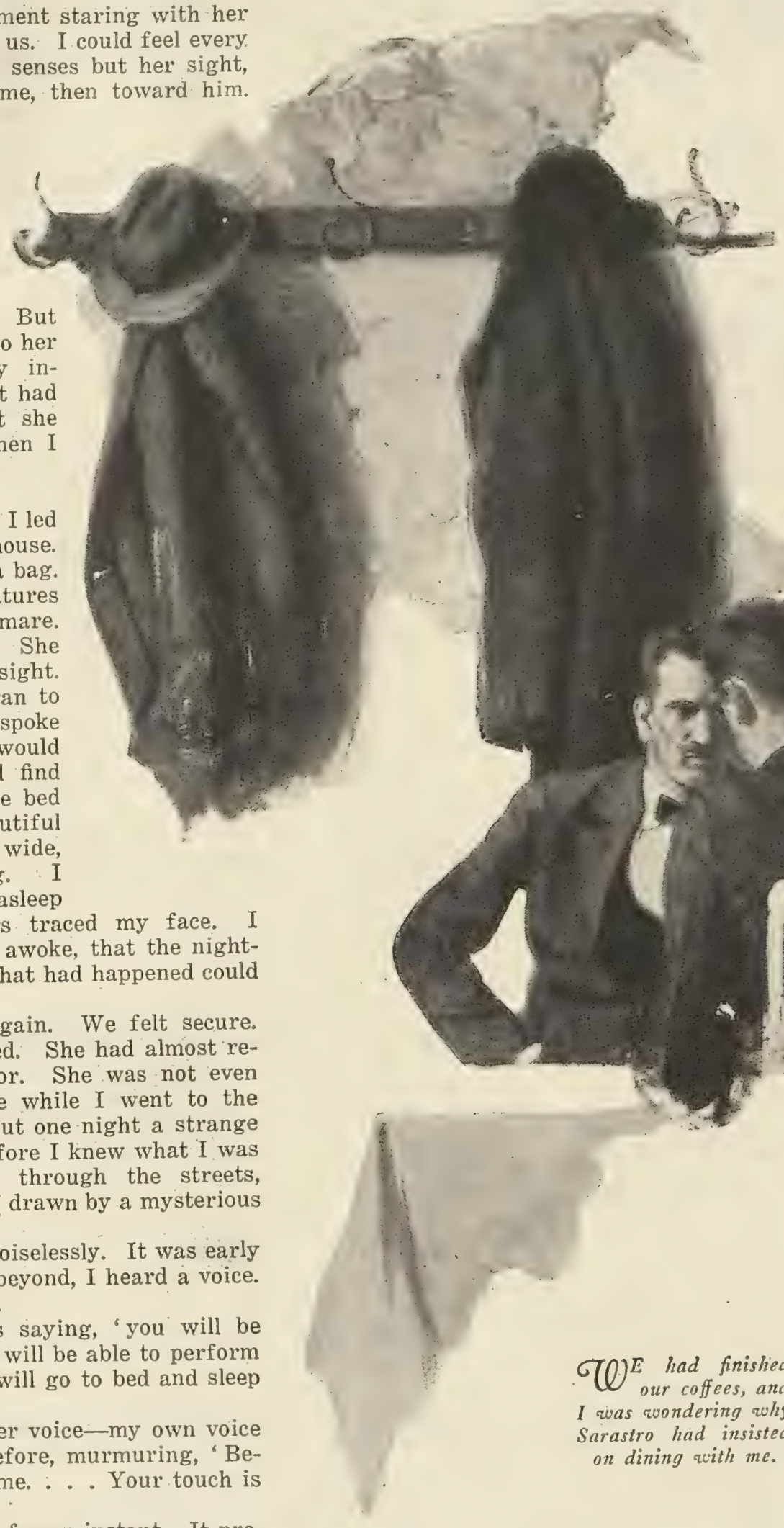
"'Beloved,' she was saying, 'you will be better tomorrow. You will be able to perform tomorrow. Come, we will go to bed and sleep a long time.'

"And I heard another voice—my own voice—as I had heard it before, murmuring, 'Beloved, your kiss cures me. . . . Your touch is a balm. . . .'

"The terror held me for an instant. It prevented my cry from leaving my lips. And then, when I had recovered, I did not move. I made no noise. A single thought burned in my head. I must save Vanya. To rush in, to denounce him, would be to bring the madness back to her. I must save her from this terror. I must let this woman whom I loved with every sense of my soul and body remain with him . . . as if it were I. As if there were no Panini.

"I waited. It is not for me to tell you what filled my heart as I waited. I knew he would leave before I was expected back. I heard him creep away. I entered the room. Vanya was sleeping. A smile was on her face.

"I said nothing in the morning. I tried to laugh and be happy. I even did something more. I carried on the conversation I had heard—his conversation. It was to save her. But I was like a man struggling with a nightmare. I made excuses which enabled me to remain at her side. But I had to be careful, for fear of alarming her.



WE had finished our coffees, and I was wondering why Sarastro had insisted on dining with me.

"A week later we went to Berlin. Another year passed. Again security seemed certain. I was employed in the theater and in the cabarets. We were prosperous. Happiness returned, a happiness that in my mind held a continual heartbreak.

"And then came the end. I returned one evening from the theater. I entered Vanya's bedroom. She was sitting by her sewing table, smiling to herself. I greeted her happily.

"At the sound of my voice she sprang to her feet. Not a word escaped her. She stood facing me, horror in every fiber of her person. Then she sank to the floor. I lifted her to the bed. She never spoke again. She died in the morning. I buried her.

"But there was nothing she could have told me. I knew. I knew the moment I stepped into the room where she sat. He—this devil—had blundered. My presence had somehow betrayed him . . . or betrayed me.

"I buried her, and for a year I did nothing but hunt for him. Hate guided every one of my thoughts and movements. Then the hate sank deeper into my soul and permitted me to go on living—as you have seen me. Living and waiting. I knew his name would appear. I knew it was folly to hunt him. He was not a man, but a devil. One does not hunt a devil. One waits.

"In a week I shall be in Paris. The twenty years I have lived since that moment she looked at me last will seem almost sweet when I face him . . . Panini. . . . With my hands."

SUCH a story as the Marvelous Sarastro told does not leave one's mind easily. I continued to wonder about it, and went so far as to write a number of letters to people I knew in Paris asking them to let me know all they could find out about a magician named Enrico Panini and to keep me informed.

It was fully a month before my inquiries bore fruit. I received a long letter from one of my friends. After chiding me for my susceptibility to "yarns," it went on to inform me that a man named Sarastro and answering in detail to my description of him had been removed to a sanitarium.

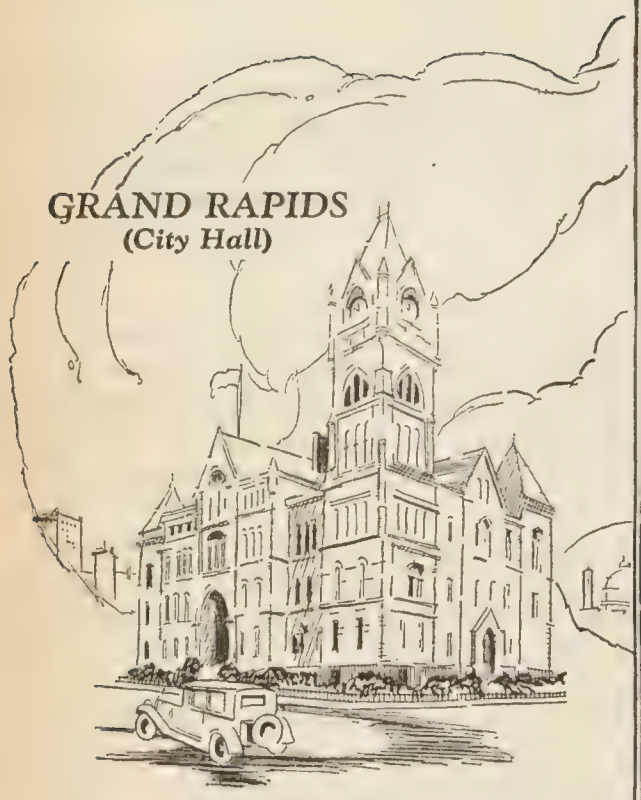
"It appears," wrote my friend, "that this Panini—who is not a magician, by the way, but a wigmaker—lured your friend Sarastro's wife from him a number of years ago. She is, however, far from dead. I found her a very interesting woman—stout, middle aged, and blind. (That part was true.) She told me that she had been married to Sarastro in her girlhood and that she had left him for various reasons and married Panini. The 'various reasons' are obvious despite her present matronly and unflowery appearance. I like your thinking of women aged forty-five as 'pale flowers,' for you surely couldn't have believed the story.

"From the way she talked, however, I gathered that she had been captivated by her present incumbent, the dashing wigmaker, and run away with him, leaving your Marvelous Gentleman flat. She got a divorce several years later and married Enrico.

"As for Sarastro, he appeared at their house about three days after I managed to locate them. He began babbling at once and threatened to murder M. Panini. Madame stuck her head out of the window, called for the police, who arrived and arrested your friend and, after examining him in the psychopathic court, dispatched him to a sanitarium—or whatever it is they have here for such cases.

"And, for God's sake, don't send me on any fool goose chases with your melodramatic hints again."

THE END



At *the Left*—Hotel Rowe, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Inset—Ernest W. Neir, Manager.

Hotel Manager Doubles Income . . . Thru Home-Study Business Training

IT took years for Ernest W. Neir to come up thru the ranks in hotel work by the "experience route." Then he took up home-study training with LaSalle. At about this time he was made manager of the Hotel Rowe, Grand Rapids—one of the city's finest hotels.

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Commenting on Mr. Neir's successful administration, Fred M. Rowe, president of the controlling company, says: "He has given the hotel an individual atmosphere that pleases guests, ***and yet he maintains the highest efficiency.***"

Mr. Neir, in turn, is frank to give credit to LaSalle for this latter achievement. ". . . That training," he writes, "added greatly to my hotel knowledge, ***and it also gave me my first real insight into business.***"

His experience made him a good hotel man. LaSalle helped him to become a good *business* man.

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In contemplating Mr. Neir's experience, one's first thought is to classify him as exceptional. But he is *not* exceptional—at least, in so far as the practical application of LaSalle training is concerned. On the contrary, thousands and thousands of LaSalle-trained men have doubled, tripled, quadrupled their earnings thru the self-same methods Mr. Neir pursued. And this is what they discovered:

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(Signed) ERNEST W. NEIR.

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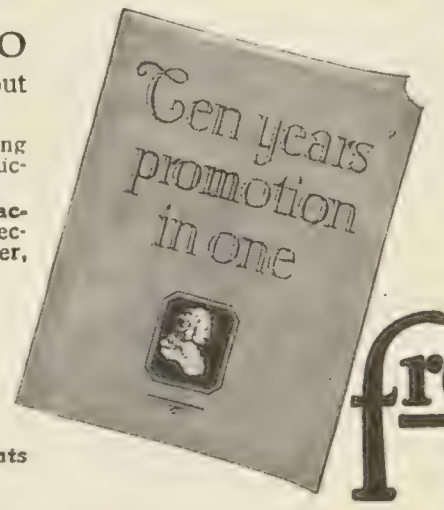

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Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story

MANNEQUIN

A Serial of a Girl's Destiny and the Law

By FANNIE HURST

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"GOOD Lord, Orchid," Martin whispered, "they're all looking at us. At you. The whole world is looking at you. The whole universe!"

No wonder the people at the garden party stared. It was Orchid's supreme hour of triumph. Never had she looked so lovely, for she was wearing the famous Drecotte frock called "Ariel," her silhouette standing out against the green of terraces.

This high moment of success at the fashionable May Day Fete at Innesbrook was but a glint of sunshine in a life often darkened by shadows. A life of dramatic vicissitudes.

As a baby, when she was too young to remember—and was named Joan—Orchid had lived in a cosy apartment with her parents, John and Selene Herrick. Then one day furtive child-hungry Annie Pogany— the nursemaid Selene had engaged—kidnaped her.

While the Herricks searched vainly, sly Annie, hidden away in a New York slum, had changed her last name to Sargossa and Joan's name to Orchid. In the tenements, the child, believing Annie to be her mother, grew into lovely girlhood.

Annie sank into vice and finally vanished without a trace. Orchid, left alone, got a position as mannequin with the exclusive firm of Drecotte. While there she met Martin Innesbrook, whose uncle, Max Innesbrook, was owner of a powerful group of newspapers. Martin and Orchid fell desperately in love.

At a party she gave to her mannequin friends, Orchid met Terry Allen—wealthy and dissipated.

As the most beautiful of the mannequins, Orchid was chosen to exhibit for Drecotte, at the season's most important fashion show. She won much applause in a French frock called "Ariel." It was not long after this that Martin impulsively took Orchid out to the May Day Fete at Max Innesbrook's estate.

By a dramatic coincidence, the Herricks—Orichid's real father and mother, though strangers to her—were at the fete.

When Orchid and Selene Herrick met, they were drawn irresistibly to each other. To Orchid's disgust, Terry Allen, too, was at the garden party. Martin was obliged to finish an article he was writing for his uncle, condemning American juries for refusing to convict women killers. He reluctantly left Orchid in Selene's charge, little realizing that during the next few hours a dark tragedy was to change the whole course of her life.

ORCHID could not help laughing at her voice as she answered the telephone. It was like a little dried pea rolling around in a little dry pod.

CHAPTER NINE

EVENING lay over the Herrick estate. While there was dancing and fireflies came out that reminded one of dangling topazes, a Madame Navarro, almost with the fluty edge of her voice, sang a lullaby: Jocelyn. The lullaby that Selene, in days long past, had crooned to her little Joan.

It was during that song that Selene went suddenly forward, in a swoon. Suddenly, of course, the evening was at an end.

Calls for motor cars. Wraps. Missing members of families and parties. For the moment, just for the moment, Orchid stood on the edge, wondering, in a little panic, if she were forgotten. But not a bit of it. There was Mrs. Herrick, herself, pulled together again. Gracious, regretful.

"My dear child, I'm so sorry. Now let me see. Almost any one of these groups will be happy to drive you in. Where do you live?"

"I'll drive her in, Mrs. Herrick. I'm putting up in town tonight at the club."

"You? Nonsense, Terry. You've too naughty a record for fast driving."

"Nothing of the sort. Besides, I've the lim-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Thirty-five]

ousine and chauffeur. Not even driving myself tonight."

"I—please——"

"I'm sure, Terry, the Dyers will be very glad to tuck Miss Sargossa in with them. Where do you live, dear?"

"I know where she lives. Right on the way to my club in Gramercy Park."

"You know—where she lives? You?"

"Sure. I've been to your place, haven't I, Miss Sargossa? Do I know where you live? Well, I've occasion to. One of the liveliest parties I ever attended took place in—Seventeenth Street, isn't it? I've reason to remember gay times at that number. Seventeenth Street, West. Am I right—let's see—twenty-seven, isn't it?"

"Why—yes——"

"Oh," said Mrs. Herrick. It was as if someone had lowered a shade. Or turned down a light. "Oh. Why, yes, of course, Terry. How good of you to see Miss Sargossa home. So nice of you to have come. Good-night."

As if someone had lowered a shade. Or turned out a light.

THE scalding tears. Orchid tried to bite them back and did, so that they lay against the surface of her eyes and stung.

Allen's was a huge closed car, with just one window slightly opened. The stuffiness was like fog and she asked to have it lowered more.

"Surely," said Terry, and with the car whirring and low branches of the trees over the driveway lashing about them like a storm, leaped up, jerking at the strap until the window fell with a clatter.

"How's that?"

"Better, thank you."

Gravel spun up against the guards. For at least ten minutes, with the lashing of tree branches and the clatter of the gravel, they wound out and out of the Herrick estate. And then, suddenly, the open road. Clear, swift, noiseless, and Orchid sitting straight and remote in her corner of the car and succeeding with all her strength in forcing back the miserable impulse to cry.

At the last moment like that to have had an intangibly perfect thing crumple like a house of cards. And Allen, young Allen had done it.

"I—I think you were horrid, Mr. Allen. Just horrid, horrid, horrid. Putting things that way."

"What do you mean, horrid?"

"Oh, as if—as if, instead of just the one party—over which I had no particular control—there had been many. As if—oh, you know what I mean. About the address. There was something deliberate about your seeming to want to place me in that light—with—with Mrs. Herrick."

"Show me the man, if he is a man, who wouldn't want to brag about the fact that he'd known you before," growled Allen, and lit a cigarette so that by the flicker his face rose and fell.

Allen was tipsy. It was difficult to judge just how tipsy, except that, by the flare of his match, Orchid could see the same little thickening red rims under his eyes that had been there the night of the party. Heavy looking red rims the color and wetness of the inside of an eyelid.

"What is the idea of the corner? To invite me to come—hither?"

Ugh, he was losing no time with his tiresome parryings about propinquity and laying-on-of-hands.

"I won't bite."

"Who said you would, Mr. Allen? Come, let us make the best of this ride in. Isn't Mrs. Herrick just too lovely?"

SEEING red, Orchid was literally astride him, battering against his back with her fists, pummeling him between the sobs of her hysteria.

"There was no one on those grounds today lovely except you. You're gorgeous and you know it, and dammit, you're as cold as an egg."

"Please—please—can't we be friends, Mr. Allen, on this ride in? Let's make it a game. Like two human beings. Won't you please let it be just that. Once. Human being to human being. Not man to mannequin. How's that for a determined if not highly successful effort to be funny. Man to mannequin. Treat me the way you would treat any of those—those secure girls out there today."

"Do you think there was one on the place I would trouble to treat one way or another?"

"Don't, Mr. Allen!"

"What?"

"I hate being—touched."

"Fire can melt ice."

"I must ask you again, please—don't."

"Well, then, don't put thoughts into my head. By being standoffish. A girl like you starts this kind of thing every time by putting the idea into a man's head. What are you off there in that corner for, like you are afraid I'm contagious?"

There might be something to that. It was politic to manage Terry Allen. Suddenly he was seeming so much tipsier than at first. In all her dreary experiences with these men who looked so curiously into her world, there was only one state she could not calmly cope with. Tipsine Men with lolling heads. With red threads a red rims in their eyes. There might be so thing to what Allen had just said. Putting thought into his head. And more than all, ting him know that she feared or detested.

"I'm sorry. It's just that the window do makes it airier in the corner. There. Is t better?"

Dammit, you think I'm drunk, don't you?"
Are you?"
I don't know. I seem to be. I wasn't very
n I started. It's the opal water and old
ncoop's bootleg gin. I don't think I'm so
nk on that as I am on you. Dammit. Dam-
. I've been drunk on you since I clapped
s on you this afternoon. Why do you think
tuck around that old ladies' frolic? Ten
utes is my limit at those neighborhood fests,
I stayed five hours. You. You know why
driving in town tonight. You. Dammit.
. You. You."
t was easier to think if you closed your eyes
gripped the seat and made sure not to
e move from his nearness or let him feel any
he repulsion shudder through you.
You're talking nonsense, Mr. Allen."

MAYBE I am, but it's great to be mad over you. I could have killed young Innesbrook ry moment he stuck with you. I could have cked the head off that pie-eyed explorer and ano and the whole pack of them every time laid an eye on you. I could even have mur-d the Judge and his wife, fussing over you way they did. I'm mad over you, Orchid. 're made out of ice and I'm fire to melt you."
Don't you," she said, without moving, but h her hands gripping into the upholstery and head moving slowly and slowly away from breath. "Don't you!"
How do I know you're not egging me on?"
I couldn't bear—your touching—me——"
Too fastidious—eh——"
You're drunk——"
Drunk on you."
You're talking nonsense."
Maybe, but I'm seeing red with it."
Don't!"

ALLEN MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Why not, Orchid? I want to be friends with and you tease me. You frighten me by hold-me off. I've thought of you since that night d seeing you today made me realize how I've thought of you. Orchid, since that day e Ritz that I asked Toto to fix it—without ving it, I've been crazy for you. Crazy for " Grinding each word of the three against averted face with his lips.

Even then Orchid could keep her voice low under her rising and rising fear, not daring to move from him, almost as if by change of position the flame that was hovering beside her might be fanned into even more horrid propinquity.

Her voice was cool even while the scorched place where his lips had touched the clear line of her jawbone ran along her face.

"If you do that again," she said, "I'll call. I'll call your chauffeur to stop the car."

"You ought to be clever enough to know that my chauffeur knows better than to obey an order like that."

Orchid *was* clever enough to know, and that was part of her rising terror. Allen must be pretty tipsy to have let his tongue run away with the saying of that.

Then Orchid, with nausea upon her and more panic than she would admit to herself, began to parry. For the twenty-two miles of a drive with a man whose body and whose breathing she could feel with the tense, rigid side of her own, and with whom she kept sparring. Sparring for time:

"You're rather more difficult to understand than most of the men a girl like me comes in contact with, Mr. Allen."

And under her panic, to herself: "Idiot. Idiot. Idiot."

"You said it, that time, Orchid. It's because so few interest me."

"The only way a girl can get very far with you is to realize from the first that you're different." ("Idiot. Idiot. Idiot.")

"You said it. My governor—my family—not one of them ever realized that about me. Now, do you think that I could rush around a girl like you, just to show myself a good time the way nine out of ten of the fellows of my set do it? I want the girl I like to like me as much as I like her. I want you to like me, you hear, and dammit, I'm willing to pay for it."

The fanning breath on her face and the lips that presently, unless she could endure through it, fight through it, suffer through it, would presently, unless she parried long enough, surely, inevitably, try to mash up against hers.

"Don't you dare. Don't you dare—or I'll jump!"

"What?"

"Oh—nothing—I—I just say, I'm slower than most girls. I have to get used to an idea."

"Look at me. I'm tired of the tip of your ear. Look around at me."

"Yes——"

"Say something to me. Call me by a love-name that will burn into me, like you do. I'm drunk, all right. But I'm drunk on you."

"Don't. Don't do it that way, unless you want to spoil things. The best way to manage me, Mr. Allen, is to—to let me get used to an idea first——"

"I'm wild for you, Orchid. Get used to that idea."

"That's because you're different from most and don't—frighten a girl in the beginning." ("Idiot. Idiot. Idiot.")

"Are you spoofing me or are you——"

"What do you mean?" . . .

Miles of the talk. Miles of the talk. Miles of the futile, parrying talk—holding him off with the tenseness. The tenseness of curled toes, and clenched fingers, and body rigidity that was giving her shooting pains. Miles and miles of the parrying. Spuyten Duyvil. One Hundred and Forty-first Street . . .

"Kiss me, Orchid. I'm crazy for you."

"When Toto promised me I was going to meet you, she said you were a difficult fellow to understand."

"I am. Ask anybody who knows me. But you—I'm not the same in your hands. I'm putty. I tell you—I tell you, turn that face around. I'm crazy for it. . . ."

"Now you're talking like every other man (Idiot. Idiot. Idiot.) who thinks he's talking to just another mannequin. Remember our game. No mannequin nonsense."

Miles and miles of the parrying. One Hundred and Sixteenth Street.

"I don't care how I'm talking. I'm crazy. I want to be crazy—I'll pay—give me that face. Stop treating me to an ear. Give me that face. Dammit, I think you're trying to make a fool out of me."

"Don't—don't get that way with me if we're to get on." (Martin—dear Martin—why didn't I leave with you? Martin, help me—help me to endure this ride.)

MILES and miles of the parrying. Ninety-sixth Street—Forty-ninth—miles and miles of the parrying.

"Look here now, you beauty, you. I'm drunk enough, now, to have the nerve, even with you. I'm going to kiss you. I'm going to grind those gray-black eyes of yours in with kisses. I'm going to kiss you, and the more you resist the more I'm going to——"

Grinding of brakes. Blessed grinding of brakes. Curb of Seventeenth Street. Brownstone stoop.

Long, narrow—lean. Gleam, even through darkness, of the brave little array of the season's first geraniums in window boxes on little iron balconies. . . .

"How dare you do that? Take your hand away. I'm home. Let me out, or I'll call. If your chauffeur is trained not to heed, someone else will, here. This is my house. Let me out."

"What the—your house?——"

"Yes, you fool, you. Didn't realize that, did you? One as tipsy as you wouldn't. Let me out."

The chauffeur swinging solemnly the door. Like a dart Orchid up and out in a swirl of the fine raiment. And, strangely enough, with alertness for one so befogged, Allen out and up the steps after her.

"Look here, Orchid, you don't think I'm that big a fool, do you, to let you get away with——"

"I do. I do." The door key that slid so around in the bottom of her handbag. Her frantic fingers after it. "I do. I do."

"You don't think I drove you all the way to town to be made a fool of like this. . . ."

"You drove me in to torture me. To humiliate me. To degrade me. No, don't you dare. I can unlock it."

"Give me or I'll——"

"No, I say."

"When we get indoors I'll explain."

"When we get indoors. We're not going to get indoors! You had me intimidated during the hideous period of that long drive, but now I'm at home. And if you make one step in after me I'll shout. Don't you dare!"

"You little——" Allen with his foot in between the opened door, but Orchid, like a flash before him and with the strength of her little frenzy, hurtling his shoe from between by kicking it with hers and slamming the door. Slamming the door on him, standing there befuddled.

The breath coming in a long sort of moan from her as she stood fumbling again in the dim hall so full of its old odors, the red glass globe with warts blown into it emitting a feeble, quiet light from a newel post on the stair.

The fresher air of her own room flowed at her, as finally, she unlocked one of the solemn double doors that led into it. She entered it with the tears raining down her face. She entered it precisely as Terry Allen, after dismissing his

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Popular with the Railroads

THE railroads of this continent are the world's greatest railroads and surely they know transportation. Their opinion of any truck should be a good indication of that truck's worth—good advice to follow!

These great railways buy hauling units on a cold dollars-and-cents basis per ton-mile of service delivered, and they buy Internationals. Seeking operating economy and truck stamina that lasts for years, they rely on Internationals.

These railroads own International Automotive Equipment—Trucks, Coaches, Industrial Tractors

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul		Canadian National
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy		Baltimore & Ohio
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe		Norfolk & Western
Missouri, Kansas & Texas		St. Louis, Southwestern
Pennsylvania System		Union Pacific
New York Central Lines		Nickel Plate Road
Southern Pacific		Chicago & Northwestern
Minneapolis & St. Louis		Canadian Pacific
Elgin, Joliet & Eastern		Great Northern
Illinois Central	Soo Line	Monon Route

And not only the railroads, but the leading express companies of the United States and Canada, working hand-in-hand with the railroads, use International Trucks.

Read over this list of names and you will realize that here is evidence of confidence in International Automotive Equipment thoroughly in keeping with the confidence commanded by other products of the Harvester Company for almost a hundred years.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

The International line includes a Speed Truck for 2000-pound loads; Heavy-Duty trucks ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds, maximum capacities; and Motor Coaches for all requirements. International has the largest Company-owned truck service organization in the world—112 branches in this country alone—the farther you go from one the nearer you get to another.

Our 112 branch houses are located in the cities listed here; and in addition there are dealers located conveniently from one end of the country to the other.

Aberdeen, S. D.
Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
Amarillo, Tex.
Atlanta, Ga.
Auburn, N. Y.
Aurora, Ill.
Baltimore, Md.
Billings, Mont.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bismarck, N. D.
Boston, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Camden, N. J.
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Charlotte, N. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill. (3)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Texas
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Helena, Mont.
Houston, Tex.
Hutchinson, Kan.
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Jackson, Mich.
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Jersey City, N. J.
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Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Lincoln, Neb.
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Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
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Newark, N. J.
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Ogdensburg, N. Y.
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Richmond, Ind.
Richmond, Va.
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San Antonio, Tex.
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Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Mo.
Springfield, O.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kan.
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kan.
Winona, Minn.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

chauffeur, swung one leg over the balustrade and, stepping onto one of the little ironwork balconies of the window boxes, entered the room from the open window and took stationary position behind one of the full length cretonne curtains that shrouded it.

II.

IT was not so much the reaction from the horribleness of Allen. Although never in her experience with a world of men, with whom the warding off of such horror was frequent enough, had the whole degrading performance so seemed to besmirch her. But it was not that alone.

It was the general let-down. The general tawdry spectacle of herself in the borrowed finery, as she stood there before the pier glass, back once more in an environment that flowed up about her as murky as old water.

Nauseous reaction from a peep into an environment that had seemed to fit her as closely as a silk glove. The old slit of street once more. The old odors. The pretentiousness of the borrowed finery. The eyes of Mrs. Herrick. The clear, goose-fleshing eyes of the woman who, for a time, had shone upon her like a sun, turning cold at the last moment, there.

As if a shade had been drawn. As if a black veil had dropped over everything.

Trembling, crying a little, and yearning for just an ordinary good grin from Martin, who could make the reality of life something sweet and humorous again, Orchid took off her wrap: the filmy one edged in fur. She fumbled a little at unfastening the shoulder ornament in the shape of a jeweled dagger and, with an inherent fastidiousness, folded the wrap, with a clinking of the released dagger from its scabbard, across a chair. Then she slid out of her dress as slimly as a calyx stripped of petals.

It was a leisurely process, the undressing of Orchid. A procedure that was a ceremonial of solemn little dainty doings. The folding back of the couch covers so that the sheets formed the cool envelope of bed. The fitting of ribbon-bound trees into the long, slim slippers. The laying away in their tissue and sachet of the oddments and endments of her finery. Sheer little lace things she sometimes made out of fragments of remnants picked up at sales.

The brushing out of her hair and, finally, in her pink slip of the simplest of nightgowns, standing before the pier glass, a little spent, chilled with the sense of degradation and enormously depressed at the memory of the eyes of Selene Herrick, that, at the last moment, had gone out like lights.

Orchid, standing before the mirror there, brushing out her hair and seeming, suddenly, in her little pink slip—and her hair down—some one very small and very hurt, with the shimmer of the flesh glowing through her gown and her neck and shoulders even more luminous.

It was then that Terry Allen, whose breathing she must have heard except for the sobby little noises in her own throat, stepped out and, before she could call out or leap back, had his lips and his hot, close, fumey little mustache against the warmth of her shoulder.

"You cannot call out now," he said quietly, with his lips against hers and almost a little druggily for one whose head was spinning and spinning. Spinning from the perfume, from the nearness, from the luminosity. "You daren't call out now. Look how they'll find you—here—with me—this way. I love you."

He was like a vise and she was in it with her arms crushed up against her body so that the hairbrush dug into her from the bristle side as he tightened his embrace.

He was a vise and he was crushing. . . .

"Let me go," she said, under a whisper—the old whisper of her childhood protection of Nana against neighbors. "Let me go, Mr. Allen. Won't you please. Quietly. Let me go. Or Mrs. Snuggs——"

"You're beautiful."

"Mr. Allen, I'm not going to call out. I—I understand. You're just a little—a little dizzy from the drinks—the heat. Mr. Allen, won't you please—quietly—let me go?"

"I can't. I'm crazy for you."

"Mr. Allen. . . ."

Suddenly, with a wrench of her body, the hair brush clattering to the floor, she was free of him and close enough to the chair to grasp the fur-edged cape in an effort to throw it across her bare shoulders.

The gleam of her shoulders. Even in her panic Orchid was instinctively trying to blind him to the gleam of her shoulders, there above the pink slip of gown . . . by thrusting onto herself, somehow, the filmy cape——

He could have had no sense of the spectacle of himself standing there, making feints after her in every direction she dodged, in his effort to recover her nearness. . . .

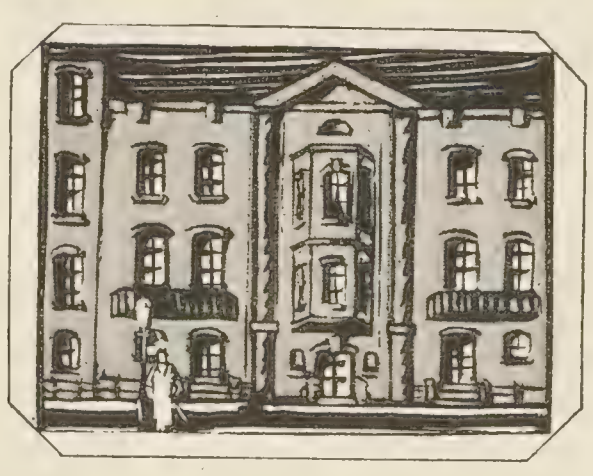
"You maddening devil——"

"Mr. Allen—please—Mr. Allen—please!" Still under her breath, frantically conscious of the need to keep under her breath and trying in a desperate, breathless way to throw the cape over her shoulders—the gleam of her shoulders.

BUT he had her again, and this time, with a superhuman strength which the moment seemed to give her, when she wrenched free again she left him standing there, a little sillily, swaying to the clinking of the ornament and clutching only at the empty wrap he had torn from her shoulders.

And again, in the stealthy, terrible, melodramatic fashion of one crazed with desire, he had her backed into a corner.

Orchid did not want to be backed into that corner. Orchid was afraid of being



backed up like that. Orchid was beginning to be incoherently, insanely afraid.

"Don't you! Don't you!"

"Elusive, maddening piece of upstaginess, you."

"Don't you dare. You. Give me my cape. Give it to me, I say. Don't you—dare—come—don't you dare come!" cried Orchid, full of the need of covering her shoulders—full of the imperative need.

Afraid of his eyes and the cunning of the way he approached her. Orchid was unreservedly afraid, now. Afraid of being backed into that corner!

"If you touch me—if you——"

"You darling——"

"Give me my cape, Mr. Allen. Give me my cape! Don't you dare come nearer—I couldn't stand it—I—no—no—my cape——" She lunged out and caught at it where he held it against his chest, and as she leaped he turned away with the sheer thing gripped, and on that flash of his back Orchid, wild with her fear of him, leaped.

Leaped upon him so with the force of her body, so with the force of her frenzy, that Allen, befuddled young Allen, tripped and fell forward on his face. So that, on that instant, a triumphant, frenzied instant of seeing red, Orchid was literally astride him, battering against his back with her fists, pummeling him between the sobs of her hysteria.

"You dog. You drunken wretch. How dare you! How dare you!" cried Orchid, unstrung now to the point of laughing through her frenzy, and there, with him prone on his face, pummeling and pummeling him with her two rather futile little hands—pummeling and pummeling him just for the sheer relief of something to do with her hysteria.

STRANGELY enough, when Allen in his befuddlement pitched forward from the suddenness of Orchid's hurl at his back, he did so with a cry.

A long, thin gurgle of a cry that stuck in the air as if a knife had been hurled into a board, and then, in a curious, feeble way, he fought back. Breathing down with little gurgles into the chiffon wrap as he clutched it, and somehow—somehow—struggling.

Struggling against the feeble pummelings of Orchid, and finally, with another gurgle into the chiffon wrap, lying there limply and horridly, and letting her pummel. . . .

"You—you—I want you to get up. I want you to get up and get out of here. I want you never to let me see your horrid, your drunken, your degenerate face again. If you do—if you do—you hear me, I'll tell the man I'm going to marry. A man in your own social class. And unless you get up and get out of here quietly—quietly, without my landlady or anyone seeing you, I'm going to tell him—you hear me—my fiance—and he'll kill you—only killing is too good for you. You get out. Get out, you. Get up and get out."

Orchid sitting there on her knees beside him and beating and pummeling him with her frail wrists, and the tears lashing, and her mouth twisted into a rhomboid, and the tears running into it. Her face blanched. Her face twisted. Her face crucified.

And strangely, and a little horribly, Allen did not get up.

It was almost as if, sitting there on her knees and toes beside him, she could feel, rather than see, the faint creep of limpness over his body.

"Mr. Allen!" she cried, poking his shoulder with a gingerly held finger. "Mr. Allen!" Rolling him over with no resistance, to a stark face-up. To a stiff face with the eyes and mouth open. To a stiff face. . . .

"Mr. Allen!"

There was something widening and widening on the pink chiffon cape as he clutched it to his bosom. Something widening. Something wet. Something sticky.

"Mr. Allen," called Orchid again on a little shriek, and reached over with stiff fingers that plucked gingerly, of horror, to lift the cloak. It came partially off in a little cloud of pink, but then it resisted.

Literally, with the garment grasped to his heart as he had jerked from her, Allen had plunged forward onto the dagger. The rose

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

Foot pains vanish in 10 minutes or *—this test is free*

Millions have found a new way to have strong, normal and shapely feet. No more pains and aches. We invite you to try it. Specialists urge that you do. Pains disappear or this test costs you nothing.

ONCE again science adds joy to living by a new discovery. And this discovery is so far-reaching that it will benefit over twenty million people.

Almost everyone at different times suffers from aching, paining feet and legs. Many think their pains result from being tired or that they come from rheumatism, sciatica or other similar diseases. But in thousands of cases there is an even more serious cause. Only recently has science discovered it. Now for the first time medical authorities are realizing how serious foot troubles may become. They tell you not to neglect the slightest twinge of pain—nature's warning.

When certain muscles weaken

The foot is composed of innumerable muscles, sensitive nerves and tiny bones.

The bones are arranged to form two arches. One is a hidden arch few people know about, extending across the foot from the little to the big toes. The other extends along the foot from heel to toes, forming the instep. It is the function of the muscles to hold the bones of these arches in position.

Now, say the specialists, modern shoes, and other things, too, cause the muscles to weaken. As a result the bones spread from overstrain and arches begin to sag.

The forward arch falls first, throwing the entire foot structure out of balance. Then the instep breaks down and completely gives way. Bones crush delicate blood vessels and sensitive nerves. Pain becomes unbearable.

Science corrects misplacements Pains vanish like magic

Difficult as this might seem to correct, science has found a simple yet astonishingly effective remedy. To strengthen the muscles exercise is necessary. So science provides a thin, strong, super-elastic band to assist the muscles in holding the bones in place. It takes the pressure off the nerves and helps nature strengthen the muscles through constant use. This band is the Jung Arch Brace. Its success lies in its correct tension, in its scientific contour and design.

End These Pains

Pains, aches or cramping in calf of leg and knee.

Pains or aches in ankle, heel, arch or instep.

Pains or cramps in toes, callouses on ball of foot; spreading, causing bunions.

Other Symptoms: Tired, aching, burning sensations. Shooting pains when stepping on uneven surfaces. Shoes feel uncomfortable and seem too small. Feet become sensitive.

Permanent relief

Rigid supports merely offer temporary relief and tend to further weaken the muscles by supplanting their natural functions. But this soft, pliable band can soon be discarded entirely, so quickly does it do its work. And from the instant you slip it on you can dance, run, walk or stand without the slightest twinge of pain.

So light and thin is this band that it can be worn with the sheerest hose, the tightest and most stylish high-heeled shoes. Physicians say that it is the one scientific way to restore the natural structure of the foot. They urge you to make the test offered you here, without hesitation or delay.

Make this amazing 10-minute test

Over a million men and women are enjoying normal, healthy feet as strong as an athlete's. Make the test that performed a miracle for them.

Go to any druggist, shoe dealer or chiropodist and be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Make this free test. If not delighted with the instant and lasting relief, take them back and every penny will be returned.

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you. With a strip of paper ½ inch wide, and with foot off floor, send us measure around the smallest part of your instep, where the forward edge of the brace is shown in the circle diagram, or send us size and width of shoe.

The same day we will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" Style.) Simply pay the postman $1 and postage.

For people having long or thick feet, for stout people or in severe cases, we recommend our "Miracle" Style, extra wide, $1.50. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted return them and we will send every penny back immediately.

Write for this free book

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains quickly.

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JUNG'S
The "Original"
ARCH BRACES
End foot pains in 10 minutes

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.,
241 Jung Building; Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked.
☐ Wonder Style, $1.00 ☐ Miracle Style, $1.50
I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. I enclose foot measure or shoe size.

Name.....
Address.....
P. O.....State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

quartz and filigree dagger of the unsheathed ornament.

The cape would not lift. It was pinned there in the little widening stain to the heart of Terry Allen.

Pinned to the dead, punctured heart of Terry Allen. Pinned there by the jeweled sword that, when unfastened, dangled from its scabbard.

It may have been moments, it may have been days—actually it was one hour and fourteen minutes—that Orchid sat there on her knees beside the stiff, upturned face of Terry Allen with the eyes that were so terribly wide open.

Just sat, with her hands laid out in open shells on her lap, and the silence of her face like a silence that had been carved into the face of a graven image.

Tick tock, went a clock on her dresser, as if every second were sucking her in on the tick and ejecting her on the tock.

Tick. Tock.

The stain had stopped widening, and strangely, grotesquely, that made the silence seem bigger. The stain, stabbed there to the heart of Terry Allen.

After a while, remotely—oh, so remotely, like a tink in a brain too tired to record it—the telephone under its cretonne doll began to ring, and with that, seated there, Orchid began to laugh, crouching and looking at it and laughing at it, and dragging herself over on her knees to answer it.

"YES?" She could not help laughing at her voice. It was like a little dried pea rolling around in a little dry pod. "Yes?"

"Hello, darling. What's the joke? Home all right? Omigosh, but I've been kicking myself ever since for not asserting my he-man rights and bringing you home with me. Orchid, you there?"

"Yes. Yes." Oh, oh, the little dried-pea-in-its-pod of a voice.

"Sweetheart, what do you think? I beat the deadline by an hour. I'm down at the office. Just turned in my last article. The morning edition is on the stands already, with my full-page spread in it. Would your scorpion of a landlady mind, do you think, if I drop around with it? I'll ring twice and you open the door. It's only eleven-thirty. I want you to see it set up in print before you go to bed. It looks a bit sensational, colored illustrations and all, but it will make a dent. You were so darling today. Who brought you home? Worried a little. Listen, darling—you there?"

"Yes—yes——" Little dried pea rolling around in its pod. Couldn't help laughing. Couldn't help laughing.

"Don't mind if I pop around with the paper—won't come in—just hand it in—Orchid—"

Little dried pea in its pod—wouldn't even rattle its "yes"—and, suddenly, Orchid in a limp swoon on the floor, there beside the telephone doll.

"Hang this telephone! What the dickens fell? Did you drop the receiver? Orchid? Hello, operator—am I still connected? Well, the receiver may be off, but there is a balled-up connection somewhere. Hello, Orchid—that you? Hello! Hello! Funny—darn funny——"

It was two minutes before twelve when Martin hopped out of a taxicab without dismissing it, the bulk of the Sunday morning edition of the *Enquirer* under his arm, and ran a little worriedly up the steps of the brownstone house.

There was a gleam of light through the cretonne curtains. Two rings. And then two deeper and longer rings.

Silly to feel worried, but what the deuce——

AFTER a while, just as he was ready to plunge a really nervous finger into the button, the door was opened, but by Mrs. Snuggs in curl papers and the blue cotton wrapper.

"Mrs. Snuggs, I'm sorry. Most awfully sorry. But I was talking to Miss Sargossa just now over the telephone, and suddenly she disappeared off the wire in the most curious fashion. Might have fainted or got ill, or something. Still connected. Don't mind knocking, do you, and handing her this paper with my compliments——"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"A GIRL like you starts this kind of thing every time by putting the idea into a man's head. What are you off there in that corner for, like you are afraid I'm contagious?"

This might have been prevented

Bedridden because of infected teeth

Scientific research often traces rheumatism, heart disease, kidney trouble, even insanity and death, to bad teeth. Doesn't that prove the importance of preventive measures?

USE COLGATE'S. The recommendation of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream which you get both from your dentist and your druggist, is something more than mere casual endorsement.

These men know—and when they recommend Colgate's their endorsement is unbiased and professional. It is significant that, in the face of all sorts of "cure-all" claims and wonder-working promises, more professional men endorse Colgate's than they do any other dentifrice.

Colgate's is the modern dentifrice. It cleans your teeth safely and thoroughly. It *removes causes* of tooth decay. Thus it helps prevent tooth trouble, protects your health and safeguards the attractiveness of your smile.

Look for this new salesgirl at your dealer's

Large tube 25c. On sale everywhere

Special Trial Tube Offer

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 655
581 Fifth Ave., New York City
I enclose two cents in stamps. Please send me a generous trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

This offer good only in U. S. A.

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Forty-one]

Mrs. Snuggs did mind. "She's home, all right; seems to me I've heard a commotion in there for the last half hour. Step in a minute and I'll knock. Goings on . . . "

"Seems to be nobody there now."

"But there is, Mrs. Snuggs. I just spoke to her."

"No answer. . . . "

"Here, let me. I'll rattle the knob. She may have dozed off. Water may be running—Orchid—hey—say—it's Martin and Mrs. Snuggs. Never mind opening if you're not dressed or something. We just want to know you're all right. I've brought the morning edition, Orchid. I'll leave it right here against the door. Must have been cut off. Orchid—I say, Orchid!"

Suddenly Martin turned to Mrs. Snuggs, his horn-rimmed glasses burning strangely into the gloom.

"We've got to force in, Mrs. Snuggs," he said. "Something is wrong."

SOMEHOW, even after the noise began and the telephonings and the hurrying of feet and the nerve splitting wringing of hands of Mrs. Snuggs and the pop-eyed peering in of neighbors and lodgers and Orchid lying there in the huddle of her swoon beside the telephone doll, and Allen, with his face up and the chiffon wrap pinned to his heart by the ornament, one thought, in the daze and in the pain, kept racing around the inside of Martin's head like a white rat in its cage:

The thought of the Sunday morning paper there on the floor at his feet. Open, ironically enough, as some one must have kicked it in passing, to the first of his series of feature articles. Here was the first of them, staring at him in print, and Monday's and Tuesday's and Wednesday's already set up—beyond recall.

Why the devil was that landlady letting the crowds into the room?

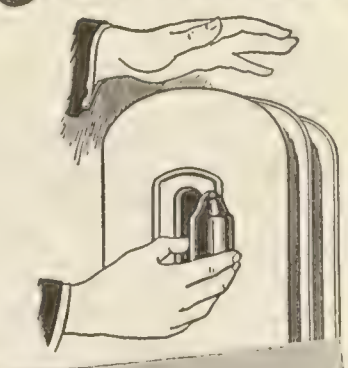
It was devilish and it was ironical that now, standing there in the daze of the coming of coroners, the howling of Mrs. Snuggs, the groups crowding up the room, that the paper, kicked in by one of the curiosity mongers, should have fallen open, there at his feet, to his article:

SEXLESS JUSTICE

GIVE THE WOMAN MURDERER HER CHANCE TO ATONE FOR HER CRIME

Orchid, on trial for her life! And Martin's articles stirring up popular sentiment against women murderers. Can the girl prove her innocence despite this handicap? You'll find a stirring crisis, involving both lovers, in next week's dramatic installment.

let cold radiators get HOT



AIRID Air Valves are attached easily to any steam radiator without tools—need no adjusting—never leak—make no noise. Sold at heating and plumbing stores. Only $1.60.

AIRID AIR VALVES
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AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
1809 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send me a trial Airid (one only). (Guaranteed 5 years.) (This will be mailed C. O. D., or enclose check or money order for $1.60.)

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Let the Air Service CRASH!

That's the Attitude of the War and Navy Departments According to the Flying Colonel, Who Is Willing to Scrap His Career to Help the Nation

By COL. WILLIAM MITCHELL

P. & A. Photo

Above, Colonel Mitchell and his youngest daughter, taken after the recent court martial in Washington. At the left is shown the battleship Alabama, target for the bombing plane indicated by the arrow. The explosion on the bow is that of a lightweight phosphorus bomb.

Army Air Service Photo

OUR appeal to the people in regard to our national defense was resorted to only after every other means of attempting to better conditions had failed.

When we entered the war in 1917, we had neither organization, training, a military system, proper artillery or guns, nor any air force to speak of.

It is a question whether we are any better off, relatively, now than we were then. Certainly we are not stronger in our air force—and, as war is made now to a very great extent through the air, we would have to go abroad to obtain our airplanes in case of a quick crisis. This would put us into the hands of strangers and really make us incapable, in a way, of determining our own destiny.

Nations almost always enter wars with a system similar to one used in a former conflict. The military mind, born to conservatism, almost always looks backward instead of forward.

One thing which the World War showed was the futility of expecting a rapid decision from slow-moving infantry columns.

In an armed contest, the will of the hostile nation to resist must be subdued and this is accomplished only by reaching the nation's vital centers, paralyzing them and making it impossible for the population to carry on war or live in peace.

Heretofore, these nerve centers have been protected by an army, covered as it were by their flesh and blood, and that is why the doctrine has been preached that the hostile army must be defeated before the enemy can be brought to terms.

Now, however, aircraft can fly straight over the armies to the vital centers and with comparatively few men cause as much damage in a short time to these areas, without previously destroying thousands of lives, as was formerly accomplished by armies after years of warfare, during which time both nations, conqueror and conquered, were reduced to complete exhaustion.

Many military men today still consider that the infantry dominates the whole scheme of a nation's defense.

A modern infantry attack, based on the experience of the World War, is nothing more nor less than the phalanx of Philip of Macedon.

The conception of our naval strategists is no more nor less than the strategy and tactics of the Punic wars, in the contests between the Romans and Carthagenians, when the triremes, impelled by their oars, sought to close with their opponents and determine the combat at the point of their weapons.

The basic trouble with the development of our national defense has been that those in charge of the Army and Navy have been incapable of realizing the changes which aeronautics has wrought in present methods.

Those of us in aviation who are developing a new science have tried in every way possible to induce those in authority to take a serious interest in aeronautics. We have tried it officially, we have tried it personally, we have tried it through Congress. We have never had any marked success with either the Army or Navy—in fact, the improvements that have come about have resulted from the legislation recommended by individuals in the Air Services, not by the War and Navy Departments.

Conditions continued to grow steadily worse after the war and by the present year had become so bad that it was perfectly hopeless to expect any improvement of our system under the divided control of the Army and Navy.

To stand by longer without making an effort to correct such conditions was to see our national defense ruined by lack of modern methods. The only possible way to better the conditions was to appeal directly to the people, no matter what consequences ensued to individuals, and bring our country to a realization of what it meant to continue leaving the whole national defense in the hands of organizations and individuals who, in their conception of the needs of America, had scarcely passed the bow-and-arrow stage in their military ideas.

When we came back from Europe in 1919 aviation was practically an independent bureau of the War Department. It had its own personnel; the men were commissioned directly into it; it had its own purchasing and supply departments, its own schools and its own flying units. These were all directly under the Chief of Air Service, who in turn reported to the Secretary of War. The General Staff had comparatively little to do with it. This air organization had been

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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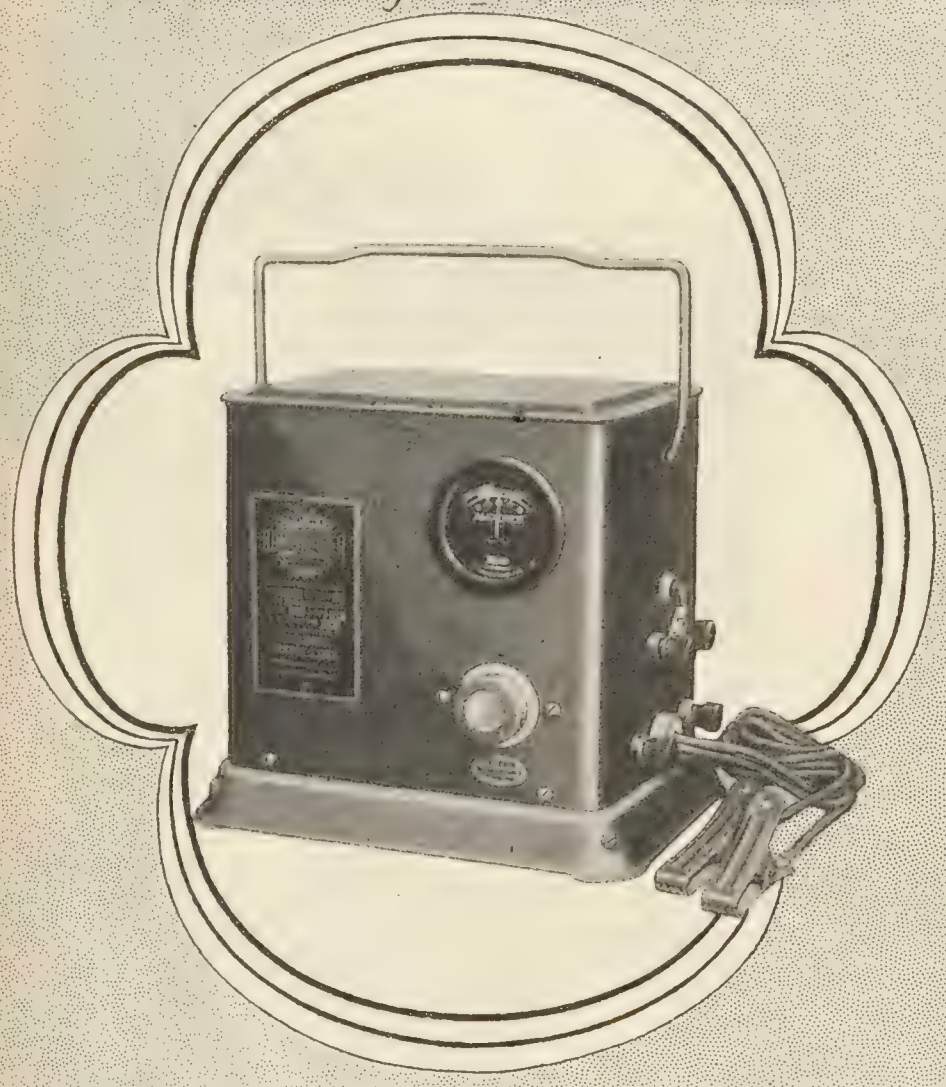

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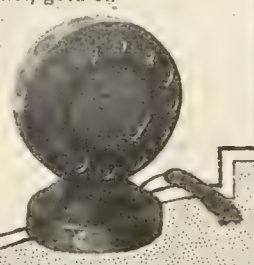

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[COLONEL MITCHELL'S ARTICLE Continued from Page Forty-three]

brought about because the War Department, as such, had been entirely unable to handle the rapid expansion which was necessary during the war.

Those of us who had been fighting on the front in Europe and were entirely familiar with conditions there applied what we had learned to our particular conditions in America. We laid out airways from New York to San Francisco and proved that we could fly uninterruptedly throughout the year on this line. This led to the establishment of the air mail service. We flew to Alaska in 1920, from New York to Rome and back again, without losing a man or a ship. We projected an airway around the world and could have gone at that time had we been allowed to.

ALL this time we were studying methods by which to sink battleships from aircraft and show that our air forces were capable of defending the coasts and of eliminating the danger of hostile surface fleets. In actual demonstrations we covered distances so rapidly that it showed we could defend all of our Atlantic coast from a few central positions, and that a corresponding organization could be adopted for our Pacific coast. Always we met increasing opposition from the Army and Navy.

Our operations threatened the Navy's coastal defensive organization, which was practically that of the Civil War. Its navy yards were distributed along the coast combined with their organizations for defense of the coast—this instead of lumping all of its energy, money, and material for work on the high seas, away from shore.

The Army saw its system of coast artillery, which was scattered up and down the coasts in concrete emplacements costing millions upon millions of dollars, suddenly made useless.

Both the Army and Navy, forgetting they were merely agencies for carrying out the wishes of the people regarding national defense, saw their prestige as ancient institutions lessened and menaced by the advent of air power.

During 1919 two studies were made of aviation, one being by a board composed of four Army officers, all of whom belonged to the artillery. They played true to form and recommended that aviation be kept in the Army and used as an auxiliary to other troops.

The other was an aviation mission, composed of Army officers from separate branches, of a naval officer, of civilians both in the government service and in the aeronautical industry, and of those who had helped mobilize industrial forces during the war. This board, under the leadership of the Assistant Secretary of War, turned in a unanimous report that a Department of Aviation should be created, co-equal with the Army and Navy.

The lines then were sharply drawn between the air people and the War and Navy Departments. From that time to the present the War and Navy Departments have worked together for the suppression of the idea of a Department of Aviation.

The seriousness of this condition was made manifest in all our work of development.

Unable to obtain battleships as targets for airplanes through the War and Navy Departments, I reported to Congress in the winter of 1920 that we were then in a position to sink any battleship afloat and wished Congressional assistance in getting these targets.

Representative Anthony in the House of Representatives and Senator New in the Senate put through a provision of law requiring the President to turn target vessels over to us. But our troubles increased and obstruction after obstruction was put in our way.

A MONTH or six weeks before the attacks on the ships were to be made the then Chief of Air Service requested that I be relieved from duty, as I had offended the Navy by what I had said and was not looked on favorably by people in the Army—because, in short, I was developing something new. The utter absurdity of the attempts by the Army and Navy to stop any development of the plans was so apparent to the Secretary of War that he stopped this attempt to put me out and allowed me to carry on preparations to sink the war vessels.

© Army Air Service

The Alabama enveloped in the peculiar fumes of two twenty-five pound phosphorus bombs dropped upon her deck by planes.

Instead of putting these vessels close to the coast they were placed out in the open Atlantic about seventy-five miles from shore, and as we had to fly in our land-planes twenty-five miles

across the Chesapeake Bay, it made a total distance of about one hundred miles from our base at Langley to these ships.

Our equipment, in some cases quite primitive, had never been tried before at such a distance across the water and it involved a great risk to expose our personnel to such danger.

In spite of this every ship was sunk, and sunk in rapid succession, by dropped bombs. The effect was tremendous, and had much to do with the success of the Conference on the Limitation of Armament in 1921.

IN spite of its misgivings the joint board of the Army and Navy reported that "airplanes, acting from land bases or sheltered harbors, could sink any battleships which had been built or which could be built."

In the fall of 1922 I had obtained permission to build speed airplanes and, as a result, we were the first ones in the world to establish records around 220 miles an hour. I wished to carry on this work and develop it, but I was not allowed to continue it that year, and since then there has been comparatively little of this development.

After sinking the battleships in 1923 I asked for and obtained permission to inspect our defenses in the Pacific and the Air Service and military systems of countries in the North Pacific area, to and including India.

I found our own defenses, particularly in Hawaii, in a primitive state of development. The Air Service in Hawaii had been reduced to a state of hopeless inefficiency through lack of a proper understanding of principles governing its training, organization and handling. There was very little coordination between the land, air, and water forces.

After leaving the Hawaiian Islands I inspected the Island of Guam, the Philippine Islands, Java and the Dutch possessions, Singapore and the Straits Settlements, India, Siam, China, and returned by way of Japan. Everywhere I found great activity in developing air power and a thorough appreciation of its value by the foreign countries concerned.

Army Air Service Photo

Two three-hundred-pound demolition bombs dropped by planes hitting the Alabama and throwing off "cottony"-looking fumes.

Submitting my report in 1924 I asked permission to deliver lectures on the subject of military conditions in the Pacific. I found that no one in the War Department wanted even to discuss the matter, the idea being to let well enough alone and to keep up the old systems.

During the winter of 1924-25 the House of Representatives conducted an inquiry into the whole aircraft situation. Officers from the Army and Navy were called before it. The dense ignorance of air matters that pervades these establishments is exposed and proved by the misleading, incorrect and false information furnished by them in their testimony.

Naturally, these officers from the Army and Navy selected to appear before Congress have rank and authority sufficient to lend weight to their views, whether true or false. Flying officers, young men who really know the game, have great difficulty in advancing their side of the argument. They are subject to such pressure that it is difficult for committees of Congress to obtain their real views on this subject, as their opinions are either influenced by their superiors, or they are afraid to express their thoughts, feeling that their advancement will be interfered with.

FOR these reasons, inquiries before Congress on the subject of aviation rapidly come to a stalemate. Whenever an inquiry is started, the War and Navy Departments stuff the committee full of testimony from admirals and generals which is worth little more than the paper it is written on, except as it applies to the Army and Navy; that is to say, it has practically no value from an aviation standpoint, because they know next to nothing about it.

The special committee of Congress investigating aviation last winter (1924-25) carried out the most exhaustive investigation on this subject that has ever been made in this country. It was made in an intelligent and efficient manner. Political parties, however, hesitated to take up the matter because the investigation had been started by members of Congress who were not in regular standing in the old party organizations.

The War Department, unable to stop some officers from telling the truth before these committees and being incensed at their behavior, took measures to repress them in the future. In my case, I was sent away from Washington, which in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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CED-O-BAGS are made from rubberized fabric which has been chemically treated. They are patented; nothing else like them. Instead of a small, easily torn paper bag or a clumsy, expensive cedar chest, a CED-O-BAG provides adequate space for two or four garments. And yet, with all these distinctive advantages CED-O-BAGS are priced for quick sale.

Ced-O-Bags Offer Big Profits

There is a chance for you to clean up a lot of money in your town at once just by taking orders for CED-O-BAGS. L. H. Green went out and made a clear profit of $12 in one afternoon. J. V. Davis took five orders in one evening and was $5 richer. Edith Phillips made $53 in one week's spare time (evenings). You can do as well, or better.

No Experience Needed

You don't need experience or training. Every home in your town is a live prospect.

All you have to do is show the housewife a CED-O-BAG and take her order. We deliver and collect. You get your profits at once, and move on to the next house and take another order. Everyone buys. Geo. Jones took 22 orders in two days' spare time and had a clear profit of $22.

How Much Money Do You Want?

Would you like to make an extra $100 or $200 a month, in your spare time? Would you like to gather a lump sum of $500 or $600 in a couple of months? If you would, here is your chance. Mail me the coupon and I will tell you all about this money-making proposition. I will show you how you can make $15 a day or more in this easy, pleasant, engaging work. I will show you the way to quick profits—big profits. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. Comer, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 207-F Dayton, Ohio

Mail This Now

C. E. Comer, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 207-F, Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sir: Please send me full details of your money-making proposition by which I can make $15 a day in cash. No obligation to me.

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Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

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[COLONEL MITCHELL'S ARTICLE Continued from Page Forty-five]

itself was an excellent thing, but which on the other hand was designed to stop my giving evidence before Congressional committees or further agitating the development of our air power. As we had been stopped, therefore, from developing our air power either through the War and Navy Departments or through national legislation; as all attempts along this line had ended in stalemate, it became increasingly evident that the people must know what was happening, and made to understand that only through pressure of public opinion expressed through their legislators could we hope to rescue our National Defense as a whole from the dangerous condition into which it had fallen and the relatively worse condition it would occupy as time went on.

The mere condition of staying in the service had to be looked on as secondary to the welfare of the country. As I was the ranking officer in the flying forces, it was incumbent on me to take the initiative and bring the country to a realization of conditions.

I BELIEVE the disinterested actions of aviators in this regard have marked a new epoch in the development of national defense. I believe from now on the people will take a more personal and active interest in these matters, and that the interest which has been so greatly aroused in things aeronautical will not be diminished.

Air power pervades every part of the country, is represented in every city with any pretensions to importance. The younger generation is growing up versed in flying lore. Every father in this country, every man who has a son, thinks over what will happen to him and his family in case of future war, when every part of the country will be subject to attack.

Business men look to the future, when aircraft will be the great transportation medium.

Air power is something which touches the interests of everyone. Armies and navies, in attempting to keep down its development and restrict it to certain channels, have not judged the sentiment of the people, who are the ones to decide what shall or shall not be done with our national defense and our governmental agencies designed to carry out what our policies require.

Every good American may be trusted, therefore, to study not only the question of aviation, but also its relation to our national defense and to the development of our civilization, and to see that our legislators enact laws which shall bring about conditions to insure its growth and proper functioning.

THE END

Big 3 ft. Telescope

Has unusually powerful lenses — **magnifying over 8 times.** Makes people and objects miles away seem close. Brings new pleasures to home, farm, camp, sport. See moon and stars as never before. New Ferry "Wonder" telescope has 5 sections—opens out over 3 ft. long measures 12 inches closed Big, Strong and powerful yet light, compact, easy to carry. Body and draws fully **brass bound** with knurled edges. Covered with black leatherette.

FREE

YES ABSOLUTELY FREE! Handsome leatherette covered Carrying Case, light, strong, complete with strap. Case is 12 in. long, 2 1-2 in. in diameter. Handy for farmers, auto tourists and hikers.

3 ft. long open — 12 in. long closed — FIVE SECTIONS — 8-power Lenses

Read These Letters

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"I am delighted with the 'Wonder' telescope. Today I have been watching submarines 3 miles off the coast."—Philip Brush. "I can see across the Mississippi 3 miles and see people fishing."—M. L. Thorn. "I am nearly 80 years old and if I could not get another would not take $10.00 for it."—A. R. Walker. "I can tell time on the church clock 5 miles away."—Edward Foster. "Could tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away."—Mrs. L. M. Yarbrough. "I saw a Light House 18 miles away."—Clyde Scribner."

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Sign and mail coupon below and Ferry Wonder 3 ft. Telescope with free Carrying Case will come by return mail. Pay postman special price of $1.85 plus few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send coupon today!

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Send me 3 ft. Ferry Wonder Telescope and Free Carrying Case. I will pay postman $1.85 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied you will refund my money.

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SICK HEADACHES, Constipation, Biliousness are promptly relieved by Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), mild, thorough and without any tendency to produce a habit requiring increased or continued doses.

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Bunked into Success

By Harry Reichenbach

How a Lion Spread Panic in a Hotel and Made a Film Play Famous— Further Confessions of a Publicity Man

THIS is the famous lion, Jim, and his owner, Walter Beckwith, aides to a press agent.

WILLIE KEELER, the most scientific batsman that ever graced a ball diamond, used to say that the secret of successful batting was "to hit 'em where they ain't." The secret of successful publicity is making news where it ain't. But news does not of necessity have to be printed news. Sometimes it travels by word of mouth.

Take, for instance, the case of Over the Hill, perhaps the most successful film ever shown. It was playing at the Lyric Theater on Forty-second Street when William Fox, the film magnate, engaged my services as publicity man to boost the show.

"We are selling all our fifty-cent and one-dollar tickets," said Fox, "but we are flopping on the two-dollar seats. Those are the ones I want you to fill."

Over the Hill had been running six weeks, so there were no news angles to develop. Newspapers tire quickly of a subject, especially when that subject is a moving picture. So I launched an intensive advertising campaign in the big dailies.

After each performance I would interview the most prominent persons attending the show and incorporate what they had to say about Over the Hill in big display ads.

My next move was to engage twenty-four motion-picture extras—the well dressed, comely young men and women one sees in the drawing-room scenes of big productions. Every night these twenty-four extras, working in sets of two couples each, would start from six different points and head for the Lyric Theater.

All were in evening clothes. They were instructed to go to the crossings of Fifth Avenue, Broadway and Forty-second Street, where pedestrian traffic was heaviest, and, as the couple in the lead reached the curb of intersecting streets, to halt and turn. The girl in front would shout back to the couple in the rear, "Where are we going?" The man with the other girl would call back, "We're going to see Sally, aren't we?" One of the other couple would then say, "No! I thought we were going to see Over the Hill!"

The two well dressed couples would then stop and a heated argument would ensue. Traffic would be blocked and invariably a crowd would gather to listen to the "swell argument."

"I don't want to see a picture tonight," the first man would say.

"We've been intending to see Over the Hill for several weeks," one couple would insist. "We came down tonight to see that picture and that's where we're going."

It was amusing to stand in the background and watch the people gather about the fussing couples.

Finally, one couple would say, "Well, you can do as you please, but *we* are going to see Over the Hill." And away they would go in the direction of the Lyric Theater. The other couple would hesitate for a second and then the man would say, "Oh, well, let's go with them. I've heard it's a good show."

Reaching the Lyric Theater the four extras would walk around in the lobby for a few minutes to flash their evening clothes, then walk into the theater and out an exit on Forty-third Street to do their stunt all over again.

Before these stunts began the greatest number of two-dollar seats sold to Over the Hill in one week was three hundred and fifty-four. Two weeks later there was a forty per cent increase in the sale. The week before Christmas—the box-office man's bugaboo—our gross receipts were $3,000 better than they were when the special publicity began.

Over the Hill enjoyed a sensational run at the Lyric and later at the Broadhurst Theater. It had a run of better than a year in other New York theaters, and became one of the biggest money makers in the history of film production.

The dog has long enjoyed the distinction of being man's best friend, but the best four-footed friend I ever had was a lion named Jim. He was the means of getting for me more publicity for one event than any other animal—or man or woman for that matter—I've ever encountered.

I was in California, doing some special work for Clara Kimball Young, when I received a telegram from Felix Feist. It read: "Goldwyn has just taken The Return of Tarzan for distribution. If you are at liberty what do you want for six weeks' work on it?"

I wired my terms and was told to report for work.

The Romance of Tarzan, the second Tarzan series, had slipped in and out of New York without causing a ripple along Broadway, and this, the third of the series, didn't have much in it to attract favorable attention. It was somewhat sensational, however, and, as a lion was the principal actor, I saw possibilities in it from a publicity viewpoint.

AFTER seeing the picture I talked with Feist and told him I had a stunt in mind which ought to land Tarzan on the front pages of the New York newspapers. I told him it would cost about $500 to put the plan over and with characteristic impulsiveness he said, "Shoot!"

On Saturday morning, May 23, 1920, a big, broad-shouldered man with a breezy, Western manner, went to the Hotel Belleclaire, Broadway and Seventy-seventh Street, and registered as T. R. Zann, Leavenworth, Kansas. He asked for a suite of rooms on one of the lower floors, explaining that he had a piano which he wished hoisted to his quarters. He was given Suite 117 on the second floor outside.

That afternoon a piano box was hoisted by block and tackle to his room.

The following morning Mr. Zann called for a waiter. In due time a colored *garçon* arrived, passed the time of day, and proffered a menu. The guest looked it over, ordered grapefruit, two medium boiled eggs, toast, coffee "and fifteen pounds of raw beefsteak."

"*Raw* steak?" queried the darky.

"Raw steak!" repeated Zann. "The steak is for my pet who is in that room." With that, Zann went to a door and opened it. Just

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

as the colored waiter peeked into the room a huge lion which was reclining gracefully on the floor opened wide his mouth in a yawn, giving the waiter an unobstructed view of a huge throat, a perfect set of long, white teeth and a livid tongue.

That was enough. That waiter went away from there speedily. He made the office in nothing flat. His eyes were bulging when he buttonholed Albert Flather, then manager of the Belleclaire.

"Mis-mis-mister Flather!" said the negro. "They's a elephant up in Room 117!" and then sank into a chair, his knees refusing to function.

Flather shook the darky and said: "Come, come! Better lay off the gin, boy. You're seeing things. Take the order the guest gave you and keep sober from now on!"

"Mr. Flather," said the negro, "I wouldn't go above the ground floor of this hotel if you give it all to me!"

FLATHER went to Suite 117 to make a personal investigation. He, too, left the room hurriedly. He didn't stop until he reached the Sixty-eighth Street Police Station. A cop was sent back to the hotel with Flather. Together they went to Mr. Zann's rooms.

As they entered the cop saw Zann seated on the floor patting the lion's head. Jim, the lion, seemed to be enjoying the party. The cop stayed not long. He went to a telephone and called his superior, reporting that this was not a police case but one for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He told the desk sergeant what he had seen.

More cops from the Sixty-eighth Street Station appeared. With drawn revolvers and followed by reporters, they repaired to Suite 117. Keeping a respectful distance, they stood around watching Zann and his pet and demanding of Zann, "What does this mean?"

Zann explained: "I bought this lion from a traveling circus when it was five days old and it has never been out of my sight for more than a few hours. He—his name's Jim—has slept in the same room with me for years. We're pals. Jim is kind and gentle. See!" And to prove it, Zann put his head between the jaws of the beast. Then he induced Jim to sit up, roll over and shake hands, just to prove that he was a playful pet. The cops seemed unassured. Zann went further. He got astride Jim and rode him, jockey-wise, around the room.

"I have been reading a lot of stories," Zann continued, "about a boy in South Africa who was kidnaped by an ape, and who made a pet of a lion and a tiger. I'm on my way to South Africa to see if I can't do what that boy did. I'm going to live in the jungle with Jim here, just like that boy did. I've made a lot of money in the lumber business and can afford to go out in search of thrills. I've even changed my name to resemble that of the character in the book I'm telling you about, and I'm sailing next week on the Union Castle Line for South Africa."

The reporters questioned Zann about his plans, interviewed Flather and the negro waiter and went away, happy in the possession of a good feature for a dull Monday morning paper, but not before the police ordered Zann to take his lion out of that room and that hotel and their city limits just as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements. While they were giving him orders officers of the S. P. C. A. arrived. They could find no indications of cruelty. On the other hand they admitted Zann was taking excellent care of his pet.

P. & A. Photo

At the top, a scene from Over the Hill, a motion picture that looked like a "flop" until a press agent's trick made it a success. Below, Elinor Glyn, whose novel, Three Weeks, had a meteoric career under the spur of manufactured protests from reformers.

The news-reel weeklies arrived, took pictures of Zann and Jim, and everybody was having a good time when a wire was received from Robert D. Blackman who had been made acquainted with the situation by telephone, ordering Zann and his beast from the hotel.

Every newspaper carried the story of T. R. Zann and his pet the next morning. The Times used the story on its first page, the Tribune gave it a double-column play on the last page, the World a good splash on an inside page and the others considerable space in prominent positions. The news associations carried the story.

Two days later the newspapers carried display advertisements announcing that T. R. Zann in person and the LION FROM THE BELLECLAIRE HOTEL would appear on the stage of the Broadway Theater during the showing of The Return of Tarzan. And, just as promised, "T. R. Zann" did appear, rode Jim about the stage, and put his head in the big beast's mouth.

Packed houses demonstrated the success of the ballyhoo.

The lion was the property of Walter Beckwith, and it was he who played the part of T. R. Zann. He is a prominent animal trainer who had his animals quartered at Yonkers that spring.

II.

THE press agent must be versatile, ready to turn his hand to any kind of ballyhoo. Fame can be manufactured not only for persons, motion-picture productions, circuses, plays and animals, but for books.

There occurs to me in this connection the work I did for the Macaulay Company, publisher of Elinor Glyn's famous Three Weeks.

The book received only mild reviews from those critics who noticed it at all, and Three Weeks was headed for the limbo of forgotten things when the Macaulay Company sent for me, and asked me if I thought I could popularize the book.

I had never heard of Three Weeks nor of Elinor Glyn, its author, but I took the book home with me, promising to give the publishers a decision next morning.

With the aid of much black coffee and the exercise of will power I managed to finish the tale before going to bed.

When I had read about Paul's pink adventures in the realms of love I concluded that no more valuable asterisks had ever been placed on book paper.

Next day I told the publishers I would undertake the job. I advised them, however, to get plenty of copies to the book-sellers before I got busy.

Three weeks later the Post Office Department at Washington must have thought that Three Weeks was a combustible article liable to burn up the government's mail bags. The department began receiving protests against Three Weeks from all sections of the country. The postmasters in the small cities and towns also received letters of protest. These, I presume, were forwarded to Washington.

A week later the Postmaster General issued an order barring the book from the mails. Instantly, it seemed, everybody in America rushed to the nearest book store and bought a copy.

In a month it was the most talked of book in this country.

Newspapers sought interviews with Miss Glyn. Three Weeks became a byword.

During the course of my work, which has taken me into almost every state in the Union and over a large part of the globe, my respect for publicity, which was never small, has been steadily increasing.

Every year the mail boxes of the nation are stuffed with bank statements upon which are engraved the names of the boards of directors.

Publicity!

Publicity is simply a special form of advertising—and the whole world knows what advertising can do!

THE END

No other portable typewriter has all these modern features

THE keyboard has four rows of keys—the same as office typewriters. No shifting for figures.

Instead of a six-yard ribbon, Corona's two-color ribbon is twelve yards long. When it gets to the end it reverses itself automatically.

Corona has a shift key on each side. Back spacer and margin release are located *on the keyboard.*

Its large self-spacing carriage return lever is right up where you want it for quick action. And it is the only portable with a *real* variable line spacer. There is also a modern stencilling device.

The type bar action operates on exactly the same principle as that employed on all the best full-size machines—the type comes *up* to strike the paper.

The full width carriage takes a No. 10 envelope—just like any office machine. A release at each end lets you move the carriage back and forth with either hand.

You can see what you are writing without moving your head an inch. The visibility is perfect—and at right angles to vision.

Over 700,000 Coronas, more than all other makes of portables combined, prove Corona's durability.

Corona—*the only portable with all these big machine features—*

HAVE you ever used a regular office typewriter? If you have, the column on the left will tell you why you should choose Corona as your own "private" typewriter. No other portable has so many big-machine features. You'll be at home on it in five minutes.

If you have never used a typewriter, that column will give you a dozen good reasons for making Corona your first and last choice. While you are getting a personal typewriter you may as well have the one that is most like a big office machine —except for weight and bulk.

Use Corona morning, noon and night—you can't overwork it. Take it with you, typewrite anywhere — it will travel easily in its own handy case, ready for instant use.

There's a Corona dealer near you who will be glad to bring Corona to you for examination. Look for Corona in your phone book, or mail the coupon.

Models *and* Prices

The price of this standard keyboard Corona is $60, with case. There are other models at $50. Special keyboards are available for all foreign languages and for technical writing.

CORONA

The Standard Portable

Mail this today

CORONA TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
168 Main Street, Groton, New York

☐ Please send me latest information about Corona.
☐ What will you allow me on a No. .....model
.....typewriter in part payment.

Name.....

Address.....

What Makes a $50,000 a Year Man?

Gen. Coleman du Pont, Superexecutive, Tersely Tells the Qualities He Considers in Choosing His Associates

By WALTER DAVENPORT

SOME years ago an abrupt young man called Andy Smith played fullback for the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Smith was a large, angular person of incisive nature and without subtlety. Hand him a ball and threaten him with eleven equally large and energetic opponents and Mr. Smith was happiest. Also he achieved his best results if the eleven foes were of a determined character.

On one Thanksgiving afternoon Mr. Smith found himself standing upon his own goal line, sorely pressed by Cornell. It was the fourth down, and Pennsylvania had twenty yards to gain. Mr. Smith was irritable. Football tradition called for a punt, and the quarterback began calling the signals for that calamity-stalling operation.

"Six—twenty-six——"

Mr. Smith bathed Cornell with a look of intense dislike. He spoke:

"T'hell with the signals," said he. "Hand me that ball."

So they handed him the ball. Mr. Smith was so angry at the moment that he ignored everybody, friends and enemies. He trampled four Cornell sophomores to begin with. He followed that with socking two of his own side when they tried to form interference for him. He broke three ribs of the Cornell back field and the nose of a Cornell end.

There is no way of telling what Mr. Smith might have done had he not tripped over a discarded helmet at midfield. But he was feeling better. The two teams lined up again, and Mr. Smith resumed his offensive position at fullback.

"Whenever you can't think of anything but kicking the ball," said he to the quarterback, "hand it to me."

To a strikingly similar degree interviewing Gen. Coleman du Pont achieves in you a feeling akin to watching Mr. Smith take the ball. Ask him a question and you get definite and immediate results. If he doesn't know the answer he tells you so in three brief syllables. If he does know, and considers it a question worth answering, he lets you have it very much after the manner Mr. Smith let them have it.

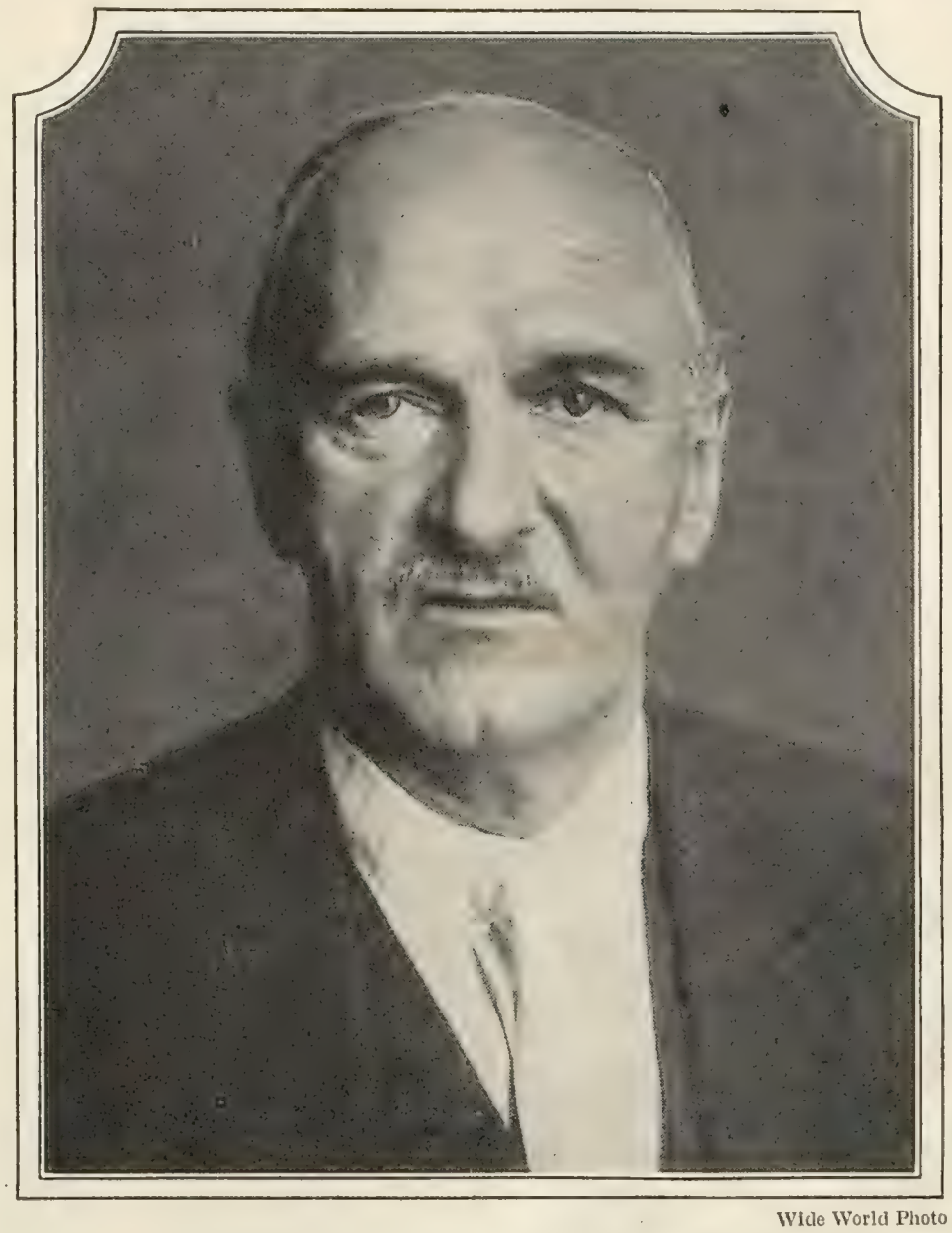
"If you were going to select a man to fill an executive job which paid fifty thousand dollars a year," I asked him, "what qualities would you look for?"

"Fitness," said the General.

That sort of answer leaves you flat, of course. You could have made that reply yourself.

"What qualities, according to your code, make for fitness?"

"Honesty, justice, results," he replied. "Honesty of purpose, as well as trustworthiness, in finance and effort. Justice in the largest sense—to his associates, to himself. And, equally important, results."



Wide World Photo

An intimate portrait of Gen. Coleman du Pont.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that you wouldn't pay him the fifty thousand until he had occupied the post long enough to warrant, by the results he achieved, that salary?"

"No. I would have looked him up and judged by the results he obtained in former places whether he was a result producer. It doesn't always follow that he who produces here can produce in like volume there; but a producer with the habit is apt to repeat here, there, or yonder."

General du Pont's views on such matters are not to be taken lightly. To begin with, his name alone is enough to inspire an audience with the comfortable feeling that comes to one when it is clear that the speaker is not guessing. For thirteen years he was president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., the most important manufacturers of explosives. He was the owner of the majority of the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. He is master of the Boomer-du Pont Properties Corporation, which owns and operates the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, the New Willard in Washington, the Windsor in Montreal. The list of his interests goes on.

"Are business methods undergoing the same radical changes as politics?" I asked him.

"What do you mean by radical?"

"Well, the rise of socialism after the war. The existence of the soviet system in Russia, the strength of the Labor Party in England, the threat of the Communists in France, Italy, and Spain."

"I don't know very much about conditions in those countries. Here, in America, business methods are improving. Business methods will continue to improve in direct ratio to the demand for improvement we insist upon. The consumer will get what he wants as he wants it. Business is dependent upon those who support it, and is therefore amenable to such demands as we make of it."

"Has there been a very great change in selling methods? Have what we call selling ethics altered commercial exchange to a great extent?"

"Methods have changed necessarily, as all things change, but the salesman's objective, which is to sell, never changes. A salesman's purpose is to take your money for his goods and in as large a quantity as possible. Furthermore, he, like you, is in business for gain. He assumes that you know your business and you will do well to go on the theory that he knows his.

"All other things being equal—such as making for a continuation of amiable business relations—he will sell you that which to him means the largest profit and in quantities as large as you will stand. It is not reasonable to expect the salesman to be the supervisor of your affairs or a censor of your business judgment. He is an imprudent salesman who tells you what to buy and in what quantities. He is courting, in such presumption, your disfavor, because you respect your own business wisdom and your personal knowledge of your commercial affairs. If you don't your early failure is assured."

Yes, I was strongly reminded of the determined Mr. Smith of Pennsylvania. The General is of similar spiritual pattern and physically even larger than the hero of that distant Thanksgiving afternoon.

And it was such a comfort to talk to a man who was not able to tell you what, if anything, is the matter with Russia, Italy, France, England, and Spain!

THE END

Vive *les* Americains!

"MAY I ask by what right you have taken it upon yourself to discharge my father's obligations?"

By

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

Pictures by OSCAR HOWARD

How Love, Fortune, and a Man's Good Name Were Corked Up in an Empty Champagne Bottle

"YOU really must see Brittany, Norma," exclaimed little Polly Latane, with her usual breathless exuberance. "It's the quaintest place. Mother and I have just done it thoroughly."

From the way she spoke one might have supposed they had brushed and scoured the lovely country of Anatole le Braz and laid it away in moth balls for the summer.

"I heard the most interesting story down there," Miss Latane continued. "A young artist, an American, told it to me, at a place called St. Mathieu, not far from Brest. He was living at the inn where we stopped overnight, and of course I met him. A perfect dear. And so good looking! I asked him to call when he came up to town."

"Has he?" asked Norma, brightening. So far she had found Paris rather dull.

"Of course not. Not yet. It was only last week. But about that story he told me. It seems that some wealthy American, on his way home from France last year, gave a party on shipboard to celebrate his fiftieth birthday, and put a note in a champagne bottle, written on the back of a menu card, promising to pay whoever found it five hundred dollars a year as long as he, the American, lived. Sort of offering to the gods, I suppose. Anyway, they sealed the bottle with red sealing wax and threw it overboard. And what do you think? A poor old fisherman who lives in the village picked it up, and now he's going to be the richest man in town. Luck's a queer thing, isn't it?"

Norma, shocked to a sudden and amazed interest, almost dropped the cup of tea she held in her hand. The story she had just heard had swept her to New York and back again, and in spite of the lightning-like swiftness of the journey, it held many weeks of suffering.

"Do you happen to remember the old man's name?" she asked, smothering the note of apprehension in her voice.

"Why—let me see." Miss Latane did not observe her friend's quick anxiety. "Lubel—Luzel—something like that."

She glanced up, caught the troubled look in Norma's eyes, made larger by the sudden pallor of her cheeks.

"But what difference does his name make? It's the thing itself that counts. Everybody around Brest is talking about it. They think, in that little village, that Americans are pretty close to saints now."

"Has the money been paid?" Norma inquired, her face paler than ever.

"Why—I suppose so. I really didn't ask. What on earth is the matter with you, anyway? It's no affair of yours, is it? Except, of course, that as an American you'd be glad to see such a promise kept. The French people haven't always had cause to look on us as saints, you know. It's a relief to find a place where they can still say *'Vive les Americains!'* and mean it."

She rose and, gathering up her gloves and vanity case, trailed daintily toward the door.

"Well, I've got to run along. Bob Weston

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[VIVE LES AMERICAINS! Continued from Page Fifty-one]

is going to take me to dinner. Drop around to-morrow if you have time. I got the loveliest hat yesterday at a little shop near the Louvre. Give my regards to your mother. Bye-bye."

Through the fragile lacework of her friend's chatter Norma's thoughts had darted in and out like pricking needles. As soon as she was alone she went to her bedroom and began a hasty search through her desk.

Presently she drew forth a dusty envelope, addressed in a bold American handwriting, containing a letter as well as a folded bit of cardboard on which a few words had been written in pencil. Norma stared at the letter with somber eyes.

"Dear Sir," it said: "I found the bottle containing your message to-day, and write to claim the reward of five hundred dollars you promised to pay the finder on your birthday, March tenth, each year, as long as you live. Your written agreement to this effect you will find inclosed. Since the first payment is now past due, I shall be very grateful if you will forward it to me at once."

Then in quite another handwriting, small and cramped, was the signature, "Pierre Luzel." Below, a brief postcript stated that Monsieur Luzel was to be addressed in care of Mr. Peter Wilson, at the inn of The Three Pigeons, St. Mathieu, Department of Finistere, France.

The cardboard, torn from a menu of the liner La France, bore in pencil the following words:

"March tenth, 1922. I am fifty years old to-day. To whoever finds this message I promise to pay on my birthday each year as long as I live the sum of five hundred dollars. May the fates grant me another fifty years. Mark Hopkins, Shoe & Leather Building, New York."

NORMA slowly replaced these singular documents in the envelope and laid it on her desk. Then she went down to the quaint old garden between the rear of the villa and the high brick wall behind it. An older woman, gracefully slender, bent over a bed of geraniums.

"Mumsie," the girl said, in a voice pleasantly crisp. "I've got to go to Brest."

"For heaven's sake," the mother replied. "What for?"

"To see a man"—Norma gave her mother a sudden kiss—"to see a man named Peter Wilson. And that's every blessed thing I'm going to tell you—now."

The mills of the gods grind slowly, since it took them over twelve months to churn Mark Hopkins' red-capped champagne bottle from mid-ocean to the nets of old Pierre Luzel.

The business journey which had taken Mr. Hopkins abroad had been successful, and by the time he and his jolly party had consumed the first case of champagne a vast desire to share his good fortune with his fellow men rose in his breast.

Along with it, too, came an impulse to make a sacrifice upon the altar of the great god Chance. He would be only too glad to pay five hundred dollars a year to some less fortunate human being as long as he lived—the longer the better, as far as he was concerned. The bottle was tossed overboard to the strains of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow and the party went back to its champagne.

By morning, the weather having turned suddenly rough, Mr. Hopkins found himself unable to give the events of the night before any consideration. The promise in the bottle became of minor importance; in all probability he would never hear of it again.

Among the rocks and reefs of Pierre's far-off land, life moved more slowly than in Mr. Hopkins' world, yet to much the same tune. If Mr. Hopkins thought of shoes, and the profits to be derived therefrom, Pierre Luzel did the same thing of sardines.

Pierre, rugged and hard as a bit of his native granite, demanded few luxuries for himself, but he needed money, it happened, for other things.

Just what these things were he alone knew. That they were of an importance his fellow villagers had long ago decided, since they necessitated frequent borrowing on the old man's part against the frail security of his boat, his nets, his cottage. As a result his ownership of these had fallen into question.

It was only the bobbing red cap upon the champagne bottle that caused Pierre to seize it as it swirled toward the reef. His keen eyes discerned through the green glass, as he held it up, a roll of paper, and ancient stories rose in his mind concerning treasure trove cast up from the sea on the tide of fishermen's luck.

The message, extracted later on by means of a bit of wire, puzzled him. Its penciled words might have been so much Chinese, save for

Why I Use Lemon For a Hair Rinse

By Estelle Taylor

"A sticky curd from soap, remaining on the hair after shampooing, leaves the hair comparatively limp so that curls and waves won't stay. Ordinary rinsing with plain water, even though repeated, won't remove it.

"That's why I now use lemon juice. Its mild acid cuts the curd, so that the water of the rinse takes it out completely. My hair is then lustrous, soft, and enhanced in color. And it holds a curl or wave—a boon to women who wear bobs.

"This is the harmless and effective way. Just feel and see the difference in your hair after you have tried it. Hair isn't really *clean* until you use this rinse."

Estelle Taylor.

Get a dozen California lemons now and try it next time you shampoo. California lemons give the best juice for a rinse. Learn other ways in which these lemons aid in beauty culture.

Send coupon for free book that tells all about it.

Estelle Taylor

How To Do It

Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary wash-bowl of water (about 4 qts.) and rinse with this, following with thorough rinse in plain water.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 801-A, Los Angeles, California

Please send me free book, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Feminex

Tasteless tablets that end pain

Girls nowadays, and women, have more to do. More social and business activities. Every hour of every day counts for something in this day and age.

Banishes Pain in 10 Minutes

To lose even a part of a day is no longer necessary. Feminex saves those days that were regularly lost through pain or fear of pain. Saves them *safely* and promptly, and for only 50c. Keep Feminex always with you. The small bottle is as easy to carry as a compact.

Equally Effective for Other Pains

Feminex also immediately relieves other pains that discomfit girls and women—backache, headache, neuralgia, neuritis and other similar distress, and without detrimental effect on heart, stomach or other organs.

Feminex is absolutely safe, inexpensive, tasteless, and effective at once . . . easy to buy in drug stores.

Liberal Sample for 10c

We will gladly mail a small container in plain wrapper for 10c. Just tear out this advertisement, write name and address on the margin and mail with a dime to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

©1926 DSP,I

"ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER"

"Fisher of empty bottles!" he roared. "Maker of promises! Concocter of lies! You owe eight hundred francs! We give you two weeks more!"

the magic "New York" at the bottom. That solved everything, of course. The thing was American.

His thoughts flew at once to Monsieur Wilson, who dwelt beneath the roof of Jules Monier, proprietor of The Three Pigeons, and spent his time making pictures of the rocks and the sea. To his namesake, then, Pierre decided to go, remembering that the young man spoke quite understandable French. He took the bottle along to prove the truth of his story.

He found Peter in the inn.

PETER listened to the old man's story, examined the bottle, read the penciled message. Then he gave a shout.

"Hell's bells!" he exclaimed. "You've struck it rich!"

"*Comment?*" said the old man, not understanding.

"Why, man," Peter continued in French, "some crazy countryman of mine has promised to pay whoever finds this card five hundred dollars a year as long as he lives! At the present rate of exchange that's over six thousand francs! You're a millionaire!"

A thick silence fell upon the room. Old Pierre retrieved the precious message with trembling fingers. He could not speak.

"All you have to do is to write this chap a letter and demand the money. Let's see—today is the twenty-fifth of March. The money was due on the tenth—two weeks ago. By the middle of April you should have six thousand francs in your pocket! I congratulate you!"

"But," Pierre asked, "do you think he will pay?"

"Of course he will pay! My countrymen, monsieur, are men of honor. This rich Monsieur Hopkins has amused himself by a game of chance. You win. All you have to do, I tell you, is write him a letter."

"Unfortunately, monsieur, I cannot write."

"Then I'll do it for you." Peter called for pen and paper. Over the other tables hung a profound and speculative silence. Six thousand francs a year! A fortune! Old Pierre, whom they had hitherto laughed at, despised, treated with contempt, had suddenly become a figure of the first importance. Of such a man one must make a friend.

"Here," said Peter, having completed the letter, thrusting the pen into the old man's hand. "Sign it. I'll put my name at the bottom and tell them to address you in my care."

As Pierre painfully scrawled his name the silence was broken. Monsieur Monier and his excited customers crowded about the table offering congratulations, advice.

As the news spread the affair rapidly developed into an occasion. Pierre's creditors, Monsieur Depuy, the notary; Monsieur Bisson, the druggist; Monsieur See, the fish broker, all assured him that his credit was unlimited—that they considered it an honor to lend him money—offered him more.

By mid-evening The Three Pigeons was crowded to the doors, and when at last Peter accompanied the old man home they were followed by cheers of "*Vive Pierre! Vive les Americains!*" It was the greatest night the town had known since the armistice.

II.

THE whimsical smile which normally shone in Peter Wilson's gray eyes began to fade a bit as April waxed and waned. If Pierre sang at his work, Peter did not. He was too worried to smile. Four weeks had passed since the dispatch of the letter to Mr. Hopkins and still no reply had come. It seemed to Peter that not only his own good name but that of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Does Your Watch Tell Time in the Dark?

Ingersoll

RADIOLITES

Tell Time in the Dark

These are the days—with their long nights and dark mornings—when you especially appreciate the comfort of an Ingersoll Radiolite under your pillow. You can find out the time almost without waking up. Models $2.75 to $6.50. Wrist Radiolite, $4.50.

The Secret that changed everything

She was once to be pitied. Though beautiful, well bred and educated, she suffered—unknowingly—from the hideous thing that all women have to combat. However her friends knew. And her girl chum told her—the secret, two centuries old:

And now she is one of the thousands of dainty women who depend on *Eau de Cologne-No. 4* as their personal deodorant. *Eau de Cologne-No. 4* neutralizes—but does not check natural perspiration. It is delightfully refreshing in the bath; a touch of finesse after. It has become the absolute necessity in feminine toilette.

Eau de Cologne No. 4

Eau de Cologne-No. 4 cleans each tiny pore of the skin—removes all excessive oils; leaves the surface fresh—girlishly soft . . . a perfect base for powder. Its winsome fragrance will delight you. Won't you, too, depend on *Eau de Cologne-No. 4*?

At Your Dealer's 2 oz. 65c; 4 oz. $1.25; 8 oz. $2.

Send for This Sample!

USE THIS COUPON

Service Laboratories, Inc., 1926 W. 18th St., Chicago

I am enclosing 25c to pay postage and packing charges. Send the GENEROUS SAMPLE of Eau de Cologne-No. 4 at once!

Name.....

Address.....

My Druggist is.....

(Please PRINT in Pencil) EC6

[VIVE LES AMERICAINS! Continued from Page Fifty-three]

his country depended upon that reply.

For the first two weeks old Pierre had been the most distinguished citizen in town. He was pointed out as a celebrity to visitors from the country, from Douarnenez, from Brest. With his customary diffidence he went his way as silent and dour as before.

"The American gentleman may forget," he said.

As the days passed, Monsieur Lassigny, the postmaster, was beset by countless inquiries. Should not Pierre's letter have arrived? Had not letters been known to go to America and back in two weeks?

The matter was discussed on every corner. If the letter did not arrive by the fifteenth, surely the sixteenth or seventeenth would witness its appearance. Next week, perhaps.

BUT when next week had come and gone Peter's smile went with it. Pierre's stock had begun to go down, and with it the public's estimation of the honesty of Americans in general, and of Mr. Mark Hopkins in particular.

To Peter the hurt was very deep. He had boasted of the honor of his countrymen, and it began to appear that he had boasted in vain. It was impossible to pretend ignorance of the veiled sneers, the crooked looks, the ironic smiles which greeted him on every hand.

The few tradesmen who had given Pierre credit for some modest purchases declared they would have their money if they had to turn the old man into the streets. Pierre at last went to his namesake for advice.

"I am afraid, monsieur," he said grimly, "this countryman of yours has made me the victim of an unfortunate jest."

Peter squirmed. He was beginning to think so himself. Yet faith in the honesty of this unknown Mr. Hopkins still clung in his breast.

"I hope not, Pierre," he smiled reassuringly. "We must be patient, my friend. After all, it is not yet four weeks."

"It is not for myself that I care, monsieur," Pierre said at length, his old eyes very bright and proud. "For me it is nothing. But there is another, of whom I will speak, if you promise to respect the confidence of an unhappy old man.

"You have perhaps heard, monsieur," Pierre went on, "of my daughter Blanche, whom the good God took from me six years ago. She went to Paris during the war to nurse those who gave their blood for France. While there she loved, monsieur—a good boy, who was killed at Verdun. They were not married, it is true, although they were to have been had he lived. But they loved. You understand, monsieur?"

"Yes," said Peter, his own eyes suddenly dim.

"Their child, the poor Elise," Pierre continued softly, "is being cared for in Paris. When my daughter came home to die we did not speak of the child to our friends here. In Brittany, monsieur, the women are not careless of their honor. War—that makes a difference, yes, but here it was not the same as at the front. We lost our men, it is true—twelve, monsieur, from this village alone—but we did not listen to the bombs—see the red blood. And so, since they would have called my Blanche a bad woman, we remained silent.

"Elise is now seven, monsieur. She has not been well for a long time. There is need of money for many things. Not much, perhaps, to a rich American like yourself, but to a poor fisherman—that is a different matter. This winter there have been no fish, as you know. I have been obliged to pledge my boat—my house. It was necessary. That is why I had hoped your countryman would redeem his pledge to me. For myself I care nothing, monsieur. I have thought only of her."

"I will write another letter," said Peter, and watched him go, greatly moved. A brave old man, truly, this Pierre.

Black looks, sneers, greeted Pierre as he went down the street. At the corner Monsieur See met him, his face red with anger.

"Fisher of empty bottles!" he roared. "Maker of promises! Concocter of lies! You owe Monsieur Bisson, Monsieur Depuy and myself eight hundred francs! We give you two weeks more! If by then you have not paid"—he made a violent gesture.

THE first of May was dismal with rain, and Peter, unable to paint, spent the afternoon in his room, reading.

About five o'clock he became aware of a commotion outside his door, and, opening it, beheld Monsieur Lassigny on the threshold, a letter in his hand. Behind him a chattering line of villagers wound down the narrow stairs to the floor below.

"Monsieur!" the postmaster announced, "I have the honor to deliver to you this letter. From the inscription on the envelope we have the courage to believe"—he included his followers in a magnificent gesture—"your countryman has at last decided to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SANFORD'S PASTE

Dries Quick Sticks Tight Never Stains

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

honor his obligations to a citizen of France!"

Peter took the letter, read the name of the New York bankers in one corner of the envelope.

"Send for Pierre Luzel!" he said.

When Peter entered the cafe a few moments later he found it packed with an excited crowd, which grew suddenly silent as he appeared. In the open doorway stood old Pierre, his clothes dripping from the rain. His pride would not permit him to come in; only the day before Monsieur Monier had indicated, with considerable warmth, that until his score—a trifling enough sum—was paid his presence at The Three Pigeons was far less than desirable.

"You sent for me, monsieur?" he asked, looking at Peter.

"Yes. I have just received this letter. It was addressed to me, but it concerns you. It comes from a firm of bankers in New York. I will read it." He drew a sheet of paper from the envelope.

"My dear Monsieur Wilson," he translated freely: "Our client, Monsieur Hopkins, has instructed us to send you, in reply to letter of March twenty-fifth, signed 'Pierre Luzel,' the inclosed check for five hundred dollars. For reasons of safety it is made out to you. If you are satisfied that Pierre Luzel is the actual finder of Monsieur Hopkins' message, and is therefore entitled to the money, you are authorized to indorse the check to him. Sincerely yours, BROWN & WATSON."

As he finished Peter drew a thin slip of paper from the envelope and extended it toward Pierre.

"It is already indorsed," he said.

Some one pushed the old man forward. Monsieur Lassigny sprang upon a chair.

"*Vive les Americains!*" he shouted, raising his hands. The roar that followed shook the roof.

III.

A BRILLIANT May sun greeted Norma as she drove up to the door of The Three Pigeons. Monsieur Monier, lacking customers at this hour of the morning, sat on a bench before the inn, reading with moving lips Peter Wilson's discarded Paris paper. When he saw the shining car he arose with alacrity and executed his choicest bow.

"This is the inn of The Three Pigeons?" Norma asked, and added: "I wish to see Mr. Peter Wilson."

Monsieur Monier was desolate. Monsieur Wilson had left an hour before to catch the morning sunlight on the rocks. Mademoiselle understood, of course, that he was an artist.

"Is there an old man named Pierre Luzel in this town?" she asked.

"But yes!" Monsieur Monier's face fairly beamed. "Pierre Luzel! *Voilà.*" His outstretched hand indicated the figure of a man bent over the brown tangle of a fish net some hundred yards away. "You have come, is it not, to hear his so strange history?"

"I—yes," said Norma, taking a seat on the bench.

The innkeeper posed himself dramatically before her. This romantic tale of old Pierre, properly told, would bring many curious visitors to the door of The Three Pigeons. He made the most of it, being careful, however, to omit any mention of his own harshness toward the old man because of a few bottles of wine.

"Is it not of a strangeness, mademoiselle," he concluded, "that one should have such good fortune? To-day without a sou—to-morrow the richest man between here and Brest! Six thousand francs a year! And all because of the whim of one of your countrymen! Mademoiselle, I salute you! *Vive les Americains!*"

"You mean to say he has the money?" Norma said in astonishment.

"*YOU dear," she whispered, her gaze still fixed on Peter. "I'm going to see that she gets the money every year."*

"Yes. Of a certainty. Only last night it came—the first payment. Have I not always said the Americans were men of honor?"

Norma arose, her head whirling. Without another word to the astonished innkeeper she strode across the sands to Pierre Luzel.

The old man glanced up as she approached, smiling warmly. There were smiles in his heart. The good God had indeed been kind to him. He could look the world squarely in the face. But when the lovely lady, clearly to his eye an American and therefore of a race akin to saints, addressed him, he understood her not at all. But when she drew from her handbag a letter, and from the letter a bit of folded cardboard with a penciled message on its back, sudden terror smote him. Had this girl come to snatch away the gift fortune had so generously bestowed? Some of the words she had spoken now began to have meaning. With a look of dismay he turned to the boy who had been helping him mend the net.

"Go, Francois," he said. "At once. And ask Monsieur Wilson to come here."

The boy set out along the beach. Norma, with sudden decision, followed him, leaving Pierre staring after her.

PETER, poised on a camp stool a quarter of a mile away, did not on this particular morning look the world as squarely in the face as did old Pierre. Although his brush swept over the canvas as steadily as ever, he found himself regarding life a trifle obliquely.

When one is in possession of an income of two thousand dollars a year, payable in installments of five hundred dollars quarterly, it is apt to be inconvenient to have to live through one of the quarters without any income at all.

The exultation, the madness of the night before still echoed in his brain; he smiled as he laid in a broad patch of turquoise sky. If art was long, time was no less fleeting; the three months until the next installment of his income fell due would soon roll by. As for the future, he refused to consider it at all. Pierre would have to be paid his five hundred dollars each spring, indefinitely, but what of it? A trifle in the great scheme of existence.

A sudden shadow upon his canvas caused him to turn. Norma stood facing him, her eyes dark and troubled. It seemed to him he had seldom seen so marvelously attractive a girl.

"Are you Mr. Peter Wilson?" she asked with disconcerting abruptness.

Peter rose and bowed before her, his ruddy hair glinting like bright gold against the even ruddier hue of his skin.

"Why—yes," he replied, a bit confused. She was such a pretty girl.

"I have come to ask you some questions about Pierre Luzel. Is it true he found a message in a bottle entitling him to a reward of five hundred dollars a year?"

"It is," said Peter, his confusion increasing.

"And the first installment has been paid to him?"

"It has." What did this breathless young woman want?

"Who paid it?" Norma demanded hotly.

"Why—who should have paid it but the man who put the message in the bottle, Mark Hopkins?"

Norma measured him with scornful eyes.

"I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Wilson," she said, "to tell such frightful lies—and deceive a poor old man."

Peter stepped back so suddenly that he almost fell over his easel.

"I—I don't know what you mean," he gasped.

By way of reply Norma took the letter addressed to Mark Hopkins from her handbag and held it out for his inspection.

"This letter came for my father early in April," she said quietly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[VIVE LES AMERICAINS! Continued from Page Fifty-five]

"Your father?" Peter's brain was going around like a pinwheel.

"Yes. I am Norma Hopkins."

Peter's confusion approached panic. What the devil was he to do now? Nothing better occurring to him, he put out his hand.

"Glad to meet you, Miss Hopkins," he said.

Norma looked straight through him, a bright anger flaming in her eyes.

"May I ask by what right," she asked curtly, "you have taken it upon yourself to discharge my father's obligations?"

For one gasping moment Peter stared at her, his cheeks very red. Then his own temper snapped.

"I considered it necessary," he retorted, "since for some reason he had failed to discharge them himself!"

"Oh!" The girl drew back with a little hurt cry. There were tears in her eyes now, although Peter in his anger did not see them.

"My father," she said, in a voice like white fire, "died from pneumonia last February. He did not live out the year, and therefore owed this man Luzel nothing. I meant to have written to him explaining the circumstances long ago, but in the confusion which followed my father's death—our sudden moving to Paris—I—I forgot it. It is a great pity, but it did not occur to me that any one would ever question my father's word. I am sorry you have spent this money on our account. My mother will return it to you as soon as I get back to Paris. Kindly explain matters to the old man. Good day."

She turned and went quickly down the beach, leaving Peter, for the moment, utterly stunned.

"For the love of Mike!" he whispered, which was as near as he could come at the moment to expressing his feelings.

NORMA HOPKINS, cool white against the green of the garden, was suffering agonies of self-reproach.

It seemed to her now, especially after having discussed the matter with her mother, that she had been much too hard on Mr. Peter Wilson. After all, his motives had been unselfish enough—even worthy of praise.

The old man was desperately poor—the landlord of The Three Pigeons had told her that. And there was no doubt that both her father's honor and that of his countrymen in general had been at stake.

All she had remembered, then, was that Peter had questioned her father's honesty—had paid the money because of the latter's failure to pay it. And the whole fault had been her own for not having written Pierre Luzel long before telling him of her father's death.

A call to the telephone interrupted her meditations. The breathless voice of Polly Latane greeted her over the wire.

"Norma!" she exclaimed. "What do you think? The young artist I met down in Brittany, Peter Wilson, is in town! Yes. He came to see me as soon as he got off the train. And what do you think was the first thing he asked me? If I knew your address. Why didn't you tell me you had met him? I never was more astonished in my life. Of course I gave it to him. Not very complimentary to me, though, I must say. He dashed right off again, in a cab, as soon as he had found out about you. I guess he's on his way to see you now. Call me up, dear, won't you, later on, and let me know what it's all about."

Norma hung up the receiver, her brain whirling. She had thought it out of the question for Peter ever to find her—had not supposed, in fact, he would want to find her. And now he would probably arrive within the quarter hour. She dashed up to her room, spent five minutes before her dressing-table mirror, and then returned to the garden, her heart beating a trifle faster than usual.

PETER, escorted by a maid, came into the cool little inclosure somewhat haltingly. There was a letter in his hand and Norma saw at once it was the one her mother had written him transmitting the check for five hundred dollars. There had been no address in the letter—she had insisted on that. If it had not been for Polly Latane——

"How do you do, Miss Hopkins," said Peter, with a faint smile.

Norma regarded him coolly. Even if she had been reproaching herself, it was not necessary to let him know it.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"It—it's about this check." He held the letter toward her. "I can't possibly take it, you know."

"Why not? You paid the money for my father, thinking that he——"

"Please," Peter said, reddening beneath his tan. "I'm sorry for the way I spoke the other day. I guess I lost my temper for the moment. I hope you'll forgive me. And I want you to know I paid that money to old Pierre because I felt sorry for him. I just couldn't bear to see him disappointed."

"I know." Norma leaned forward eagerly. "And there was some question, too, wasn't there, of the honor of—of our country?"

"Why, yes—in a way. I'd told everybody the money would surely come—sort of guaranteed it, you know—and when it didn't, they naturally looked to me. Nobody had sense enough to think that your father — that something might have happened to him. So you see I'm really the one that owes the money, not you."

He laid the letter in her lap.

"I suppose you realize," Norma told him, "that the five hundred dollars must be paid every year."

"YES. And while I'm not rolling in wealth or anything like that, I'll be able to manage—as long as Pierre needs it. You see, it isn't the old man himself I'm thinking of. He has a granddaughter—a lovely girl—living here in Paris. I'm tremendously fond of her, although I've only known her a short time. In fact, she's waiting for me outside in my cab right now."

"Indeed," Norma said, with a bleak smile. "Please don't let me detain you."

"Why—I thought you might care to meet her," Peter said, grinning. "She wants to thank you for—for all you've done for her."

Without waiting for an answer he hurried down the vine-covered walk that led to the street.

Norma, her back to him, did not see him as he went, nor did she turn as she heard the sound of approaching footsteps on the flagged walk. The gold of Peter's hair against his tan, of which she had been dreaming for three days, seemed suddenly to have turned to brass.

He came toward her, followed by Pierre Luzel, who held a pale and fragile but very lovely child by the hand. She was gray and cold, like Peter himself, on whom her large eyes were fixed confidingly. When Norma turned, Peter's hair shone as brightly as ever in the sun.

"They have come to thank you—for your father," he said simply. "They think he is in America. May we not let them continue to think so?"

Norma caught his eye and nodded. Then she held out her arms to the child.

"You dear," she whispered, her gaze still fixed on Peter. "I'm going to see that she gets the money every year."

"I insist on my rights," he said. "Couldn't we—couldn't we do it—together?"

The look he saw in her eyes answered both that question—and another.

THE END

He Knows He Is GOING *to Be* KILLED

Dick Grace performing one of his hair-raising stunts at the end of a rope ladder.

One by One the Stunt Flyers of the Screen World Have Met Death. Dick Grace Is Among the Two or Three Survivors. He Tells Here of His Narrow Escapes in the Fatal Game

Dangling upside down in midair provides a neat thrill if your legs don't let go.

By

DICK GRACE

I'VE been thrust into a new game—a sporting game—and for the life of me I can't understand, much less explain, what it's all about. It is called "You're 'It,'" a sort of game of tag, only when you're "it" you haven't the slightest idea that you are.

You can only be "it" once, then they say "it was a horrible accident" or "it couldn't be helped."

Perhaps you already have guessed that the game of tag is one of death. The only qualification necessary to join in the game is that you be engaged in furnishing aerial thrills for motion pictures.

Among those of lesser or greater prominence who have been "it" are Omar Locklear, our famed "King of the Air," who lost his life during the filming of the last shot in his second starring vehicle; Wesley May, probably the cleverest acrobat the sky has ever produced; Gene Perkins, Dick Curwood, Buddy Burgess, and a host of others. Now the field has so narrowed itself that with the exception of myself there are but two or three who are still successfully dodging.

Our time will come, for I believe that we all figure in the calculations of old General Average, and no amount of brain can outwit his unerring adding machine.

During the filming of my last picture, Wide Open, an incident occurred which convinced me that the General was checking up on me as well as my playmates.

It had been a week of thrills. From a hanging position I had dropped from one airplane to another twice, had been landed on the top of a building from a "ship," and had taken a two-hundred-foot dive over a cliff with a motorcycle.

On the last day of the picture there was little left but to take "still" pictures of those stunts which we failed to get during the production. With a camera man in one airplane and myself and pilot in another we took the air for those last but most necessary pictures. Four were successful.

Then I climbed to the undercarriage or landing gear of my ship and hung by my knees as if about to make a "change" to a lower plane. At this particular moment, with the photographic plane dangerously close, we hit a terrific bump or air pocket and without the slightest warning the two ships collided.

Instantly I saw catastrophe and I think I murmured "somebody's 'it.'" At any rate, I scaled the gear and reached the lower wing of my plane just as the propeller on the other ship struck and cut off that part of the undercarriage on which a few seconds previously I had been performing.

MIRACULOUSLY the ships separated and we came to a landing. The one in which the camera man was seated made a perfect landing, but our plane, being shy one wheel, careened drunkenly and came to a stop on its back, a total wreck.

I was thrown clear and as soon as I could gather myself I hastened to extricate the pilot, who was hopelessly entangled in a mass of wires, linen, and broken spruce. I was greatly relieved to find him unhurt.

Suddenly a series of hideous whoops pierced the calm stillness and beauty of the scene and, to our wonderment, the camera man, cavorting like an ungainly calf turned into a spring pasture, bore down upon us. "I got it! I got it! I got it!"

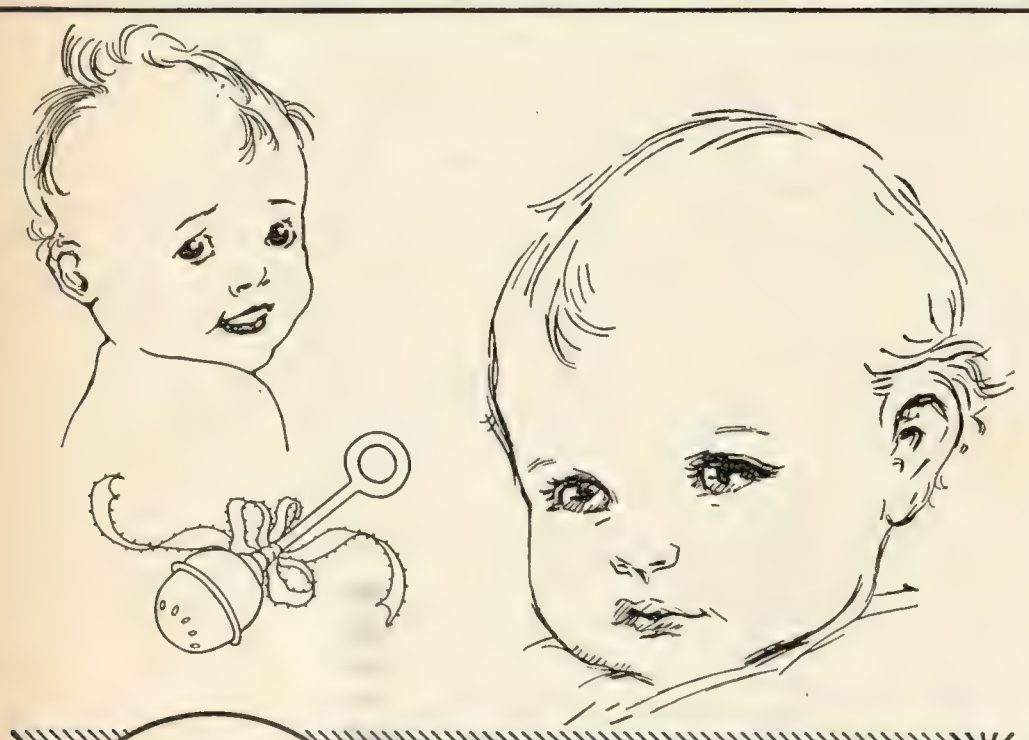
The pilot and I exchanged glances.

"I got it! The picture of the crash. It's great; couldn't be better. I just panned over and caught it as it flopped over on its back!"

Camera men are like that—they have a game of their own, too, but it is called "I've got it," though what it is that

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

Dick Grace (at the left) and his director, John Gray, discussing a difficult maneuver.



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[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

they have no one knows and they say they can't tell until they see it in the projection room.

Which reminds me of a certain camera man who photographed an exceptionally hard change from airplane to automobile for me. We went some hundred miles to the location and spent two days before we found the right weather and flying conditions for the thrill.

The two automobiles, traveling less than thirty feet apart, were making slightly more than sixty-five miles per hour, with the camera car in the lead. With me hanging from the wing-skid, the pilot swooped down over the rear car and, when approximately over it, I let go. I hit the boards on the tonneau floor with sufficient shock to render me unconscious. We all were certain that we had photographed the greatest "change" ever made and drove home elated.

Seated in the projection room on the following day, we saw the shots we had taken previous to the change. The transfer was evidently last—the laboratory saving the best for the most important place. Finally there was but that one spectacular shot remaining, and we all awaited tensely. To our dismay, nothing was forthcoming but a plain piece of pure white unphotographed film. The camera man had neglected to open his iris—he had photographed nothing!

SOME years ago, when plane changing was still all conjecture on the part of the pilots, I was engaged to do a most ordinary transfer, although at the time it was considered very unusual because I agreed not to use a rope ladder. At an altitude of seventeen hundred feet we struck positions, with the camera plane to the front and right of my ship and probably fifty feet above it.

I was standing on top of the upper left panel, waiting for the third pilot to bring his ship in close enough to allow me to take off. Although I had never worked with this third man, he was rated exceptionally high in aviation circles, and so I held no qualms about his qualifying for the work. Imagine my dismay when I saw him start to dive into us from the rear, apparently expecting me to accomplish my task at a difference of speed of about forty miles per hour.

I tried to signal him back, but it was useless. Closer and closer he came. It looked as if the two planes were certain to crash. I flattened as much as possible on the top wing, giving no thought now to the change. So close did he come that the wing fitting caught me on the back of the head. My scalp was torn and I was thrust over the leading edge of the ship. I dimly remember grasping a strut, and then everything passed into blacks and whites.

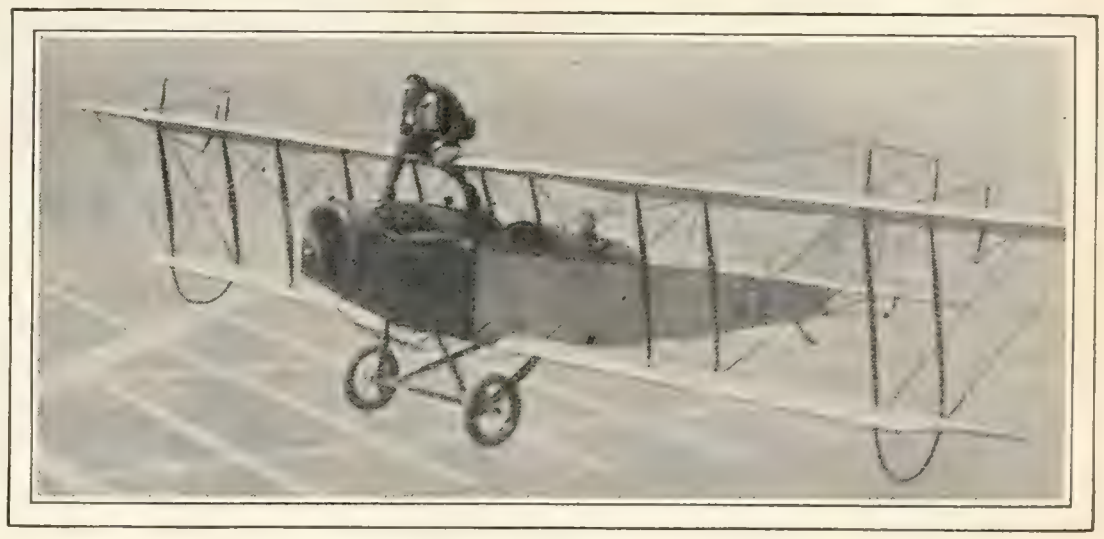
WHEN I awoke I was in a hospital and was told that my escape was nothing short of a miracle. Apparently I had slid from the top to the lower wing of my plane after losing consciousness and had only been saved from a seventeen-hundred-foot fall by the fact that in grasping the strut I had locked my arm in it so that the pilot had been able to land with me still in this position.

I received a call from the studio recently and was told to report for instructions—meaning that they had selected my next story. Hardly had I been there five minutes until we had the thrills arranged. All I had to do was to lasso one airplane to another and then be dragged off to do a hundred-foot swing in midair, climb the rope, have a fight with the villain, and get knocked off at an altitude of twenty-two hundred feet, from which I escaped death by a parachute jump. The picture also included a change from airplane to automobile, flying under the Pasadena bridge, and between two trees sideways, as the trees are not far enough apart to permit the passage of the wings in a lateral flying position.

These, outside of a few jumps and high dives, and flying a scout plane through a tunnel, were all the stunts allotted me.

If this game of "You're 'It'" doesn't tag me—then I'll have some more thrills to make for the next; but that's it. Old General Average also keeps following *me* around—though I think I have paid in full.

THE END



What next?—Mr. Grace thinks things over.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

HAUNT OF LAWLESSNESS HAS RESPECTABLE REBIRTH: a striking night view of the August Apfelmus Brewery, which was recently padlocked by Government Agents for manufacturing 2 per cent beer, re-opened and running in night shifts as a factory branch of the Smith and Westchester Arms Company to supply the north-middle-western district with revolvers.

THE BLESSINGS OF FREEDOM UNDER SOVIET RULE: A citizen of Moscow snapped by our cameraman in the act of being exhorted by a policeman to cast off the oppression of the old regime and feel free in thought and deed.

BRYN MAWR GIRLS HIDING BEHIND RADNOR HALL, a hundred yards from President Marion Edwards Park's officially designated smoking room, trying to work up a little enthusiasm over a cigarette.

"MISS CONGO," Winner of the All-Africa Beauty Contest, arrives on board the S. S. Paris to take part in the International Elimination Contest to be held at Boca Raton, Florida, this month.

"RED" GRANGE, PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL STAR, congratulates Dr. J. J. Abel, of Johns Hopkins University, on having won the Research Corporation of America's prize of $2,500 a year for having "done most to promote human enjoyment."

Alice Higgie, a 13-year-old Chicago girl, makes $75.00 a week in vaudeville. Her musical act is constantly in demand for clubs, lodges, hotels, radio studios and private entertainments. For a 15-minute act she receives $15.00—*a dollar a minute!* Read what she says—"Playing a musical instrument is lots of fun. I wish everybody knew how easy it is and how quickly you can learn, especially with Wurlitzer instruments—they are so easy to play."—Alice Higgie.

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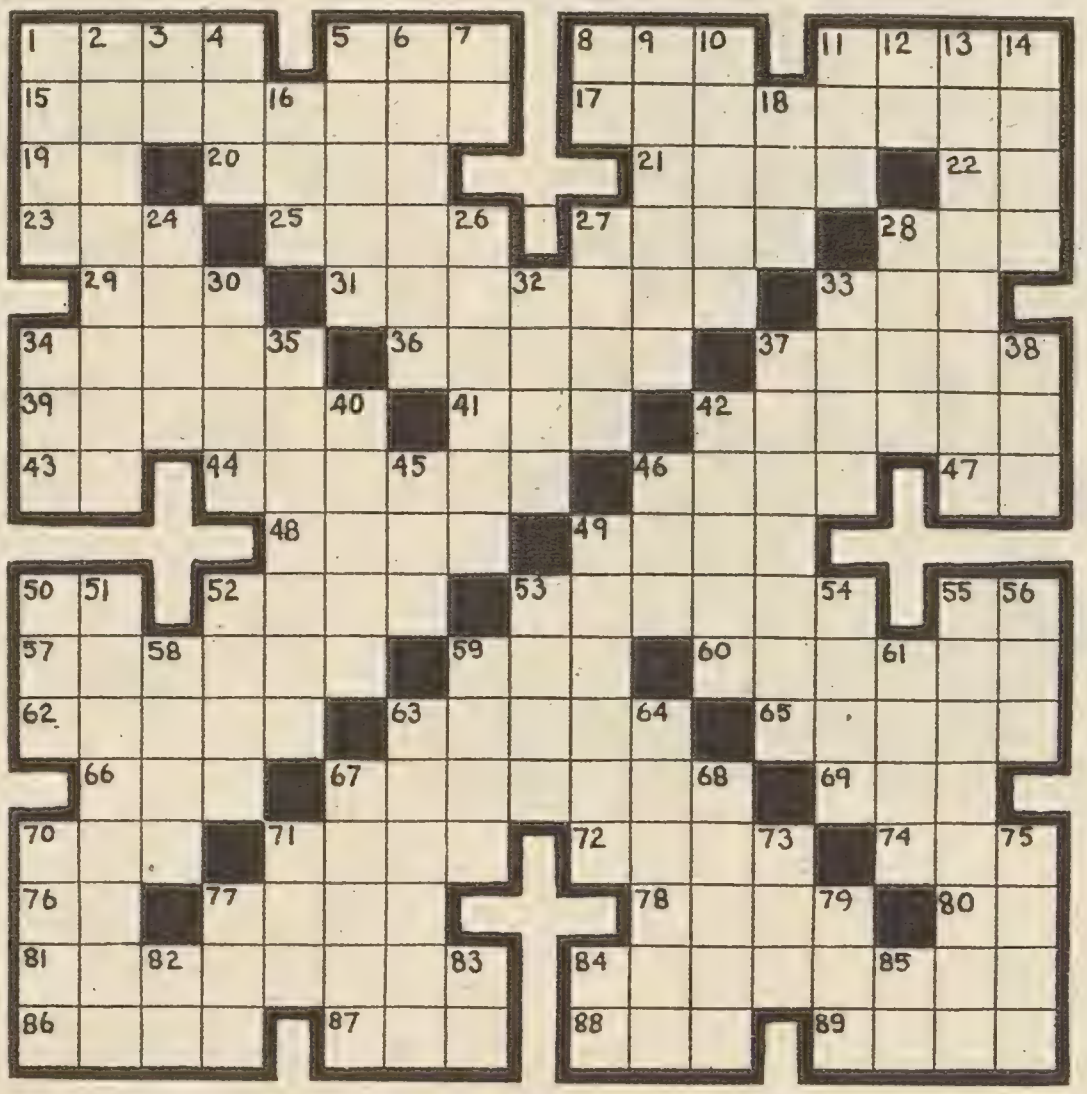
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 53

WHEN you come to 84 horizontal we expect that you'll scratch your head and sigh despondently and so we're going to send you off with a head start. The word is *garroted*—ever hear it before? Sounds like the Spanish Inquisition, doesn't it? Lots of success, Liberty-puzzlers, when you tackle 53! We think it's a peach—and when you've caught the last little word we're betting that you'll agree with us!

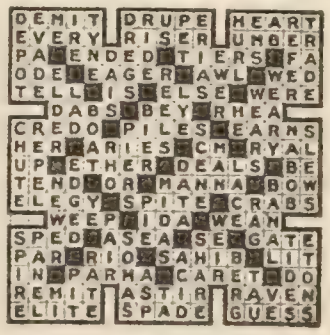


HORIZONTAL

1 Metal plate on the hoof of a horse
5 A river in Switzerland
8 A cloth woven from the hair of camels
11 Vipers
15 State of being merged
17 An Athenian historian and general
19 A syllable denoting hesitation
20 Auricular
21 Italian coins
22 A Japanese measure of length
23 Peruke
25 Malt liquor (Plural)
27 To percolate
28 A child's toy
29 A small bird
31 Obtains freedom from detention
33 A form of to be
34 A shot in the game of billiards
36 Preserved
37 One of an Indian race found chiefly in Brazil
39 Gleaming
41 A measure of length
42 Signify
43 A pronoun
44 One of extremely untidy habits
46 Quarry
47 An old method of printing "the"
48 To provide a gun with ammunition
49 Articles of merchandise
50 A degree in arts
52 Dispatched
53 Progenitor
55 Very
57 Showers fine driving icy particles
59 An article of apparel
60 Embezzled
62 Dwellings
63 Plate used in the Communion service
65 Frugal
66 To gain success
67 Venerated
69 A title of respect
70 Likely
71 Hither
72 A large flat bottomed boat
74 Choke up
76 Chinese measure of length
77 Prefix; partly
78 Species of duck
80 In the direction of
81 Adage
84 Strangled with an iron collar tightened by a screw
86 Ovule
87 A demonstrative word
88 Units of one hundred square meters
89 Spacious across

VERTICAL

1 A fish-eating duck
2 An inheritance
3 Else
4 Self
5 Imbecile
6 Admittance
7 A prefix indicating repetition
8 A chopping tool
9 Gave the lie
10 Plants from which indigo is obtained
11 Monkey
12 Hush!
13 The state of being porous
14 To cut off suddenly
16 A letter of the Greek alphabet
18 Morsel left from a meal
24 A maid servant
26 Possessed by terror
27 Hastened
28 Root from which Hawaiian poi is made
30 Digits
32 River associated with the place of Shakespeare's birth
33 Diminish
34 The cry of a crow
35 Wooden hammers
37 Unites firmly
38 An insect
40 Wanders abstractedly
42 Ventures
45 Large container
46 A fish
49 Irrigates
50 A tree
51 Instrument for directing a jet of air or gas into a flame
52 Observed
53 Part of the head
54 Goes over the top
55 Notched or toothed
56 A cardinal number
58 Give forth
59 Possess
61 Placed
63 To die
64 The chief source of honey
67 To forgive
68 Those who act
70 Expression of lament
71 A pronoun
73 Strife
75 Fashion
77 Turf
79 Humble in rank or station
82 The man referred to
83 Myself
84 A Southern state (Abbr.)
85 A Polynesian tree of the lily family



Answer to Puzzle No. 52

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ALL the instruments of the orchestra, as well as choral singing and the spoken word, are re-created in their original, living vividness with full resonance, color and shading.

Hear the Tower Speakers exclusively equipped with this marvelous Diaphragm. There's a model for every taste and pocketbook.

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Only Tower Speakers equipped with this New Diaphragm

WORLD'S GREATEST SPEAKER VALUES

A SMILE, a BOW, and a CLOSE-UP

By QUINN MARTIN

WOMANHANDLED

Directed by Gregory La Caba A Paramount Picture
From Arthur Springer's Story

THE CAST:

Bill Dana.....Richard Dix
Mollie.....Esther Ralston
Aunt Abby.....Cora Williams
Gwen.....Olive Tell
The Kid.....Eli Nadel
Uncle Lef.....Edmund Breese
Lucille.....Margaret Morris

THE new Richard Dix picture is a burlesque-satire based upon the present-day wild and woolly West. It is a bright and rapid running piece, with the star and Miss Esther Ralston, that good looking blonde young woman who played the part of Mrs. Darling in Peter Pan acting the two, and practically the only, parts of importance. It will give the Easterner a pretty accurate impression of what he is likely to find when he goes into the ranch-lands of Arizona and Texas at this time.

Esther Ralston

Mr. Dix, a polo player who frequents the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, is discovered loafing in Central Park (I suppose) and meeting the beautiful Miss Ralston after he has saved this lady's niece from drowning in the lake.

Miss Ralston, with a volume of Emerson Hough's North of 36 under arm, has been attacked with an overwhelming desire to know a man who is "not one of these Eastern coddled, pampered and womanhandled creatures." She wants, as she tells Mr. Dix, to meet a gentleman with callouses on his hands and the spirit of the great open spaces in his heart. Which sentiment sets the young polo player thinking. Indeed, it sets him speculating upon ways and means of accommodating this irresistible person. He solves the problem by going to the Texas farm of his uncle, where he hopes to absorb sufficient roughness to carry back to New York and win the girl.

Arriving in the sand country he is confronted with a situation quite opposite from that which he has been led to expect. He finds, in fact, the ranch yard is equipped with a tennis court and golf course. The house is steam heated and electrically lighted. The cow-herding is done by Eastern gunmen riding in flivvers. Not one of these "hands" can stay on the back of a horse. Existence there, he finds, is fully as "modern" and as comfortable as that which he has left. So in a few weeks he prepares to return with a thorough coat of tan and a story of colorful exploits among the men of nature.

Richard Dix

At this juncture, Mr. Dix receives a telegram from the girl saying she is on her way there to visit him for a few days. So that it occurs to him he must stage a Wild West show for her benefit, and her's alone. This he achieves. And here is the fun of the story. I liked it.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES

Directed by William A. Seiter A Universal Picture
From the play by George Broadhurst

THE CAST:

Tom Jones.....Reginald Denny
Lucille Bigbee.....Marian Nixon
Mr. Bigbee.....Melbourne MacDowell
Mrs. Bigbee.....Frances Raymond
Ebenezer Goodly.....Otis Harlan
Mrs. Goodly.....Emily Fitzroy
Marjorie Goodly.....Margaret Quimby
Richard.....Ben Hendricks, Jr.
Henry Fuller.....William Austin
Minerva Starlight.....Nina Romano
Hilda.....Zasu Pitts

STUD poker, a midnight raid, gentlemen caught like rats in a woman's reducing parlor, a bishop's gown, a fake wedding and other things go to make up this latest hodgepodge of comics in which the Universal Company has cast Reginald Denny, star of the Universal comedians, and as busy a lad as the pictures have known this season. I liked this one. Principally because it had pace and no attempt at form.

Mr. Denny simply portrayed the part of a young man about to be married who, slipping into a friendly game of cards on the eve of the great occasion, found himself engaged in feverish activities throughout the night and following day—activities which imperiled the success of the wedding party and wound up with the groom-to-be performing, by force, a mock wedding between his fiancee and the man whom the girl's parents had set up for her.

Freulich Photo
Reginald Denny

In the end, Mr. Denny, throwing off his mask, grasped the pretty thing in his arms, bowled over a half dozen attendants, frightened the guests out of their wits, and raced through the churchhouse door, bride-to-be in his arms, to happiness.

There is nothing much in What Happened to Jones to recommend it as a completed play, and still I can understand how, incident by incident and episode by episode, it would be considered by most persons as an acceptable and diverting two hours in the picture theater. Mr. Denny is a player who believes in restricting his monkey-business to things which are decently wholesome, and on this count, of course, he is to be recommended as an entertainer.

"A riot of laughs and chuckles!" is the modest comment as to this film's merit by the Universal Company, itself.

Freulich Photo
Marian Nixon

I should like to give credit for a nicely turned performance to Marian Nixon, a lady whom I have not seen in the pictures before, and to Margaret Quimby, who was handsome, not over-eager and exquisitely in control of herself. Zasu Pitts, as a maid, was as always, interesting, capable, and attractive.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD

Directed by Malcolm St. Clair A Paramount Picture
From a novel by Carl Van Vechten

THE CAST:

Countess Elnora Natatorini.....Pola Negri
Gareth Johns.....Charles Emmett Mack
Richard Granger.....Holmes Herbert
Lennie Porter.....Blanche Mehaffey
Sam Poore.....Chester Conklin
Lou Poore.....Lucille Ward

POLA NEGRI, the Magnificent Pole, will appear to disport herself playfully if and when you attend a theater exhibiting A Woman of the World. In this, her latest, starring comedy-drama, the leading woman of Passion, and many a subsequent vehicle, for the first time on record so far as I know, lends herself to the fashioning of a motion picture which is almost entirely in the lighter vein. And so it comes about that this is, unless a mistake in judgment has been made, one of the most satisfying things which she has done this year or last.

Pola Negri

Not that Miss Negri actually participates in the slapstick. She, for the most part, merely looks on, patronizingly amused. She hesitates now and again to glance down upon these coarse goings-on after the fashion of a bored queen at a cock fight.

At any rate, A Woman of the World is a right entertaining low comedy, given a touch of class hither and yonder by the appearance every so often of the languid, dark lady.

Charles Emmett Mack

We discover the Countess Natatorini (of Italy) disappointed in love (in exquisite Italian backgrounds), which leads to her journey to the New World to forget it all. She goes, indeed, to visit her small-town cousin, Sam Poore, who lives somewhere in Iowa. And it is in this latter locale that much of the action of the play occurs.

Cousin Sam Poore is a hick. In the town there exists one of those rocking chair choruses. Also at the moment of the Countess' arrival, a tall, open faced one hundred per cent American District Attorney is busily engaged cleaning up the community. His first view of Natatorini is obtained as she sits comfortably in a taxicab, her French heels upon the seat before her, smoking nonchalantly of a perfumed cigarette which reposes in a gold and amber holder of no common design, shape or size.

In time (perhaps a day) this dashing parcel of wickedness has electrified the village with her manner. She also has, in the bargain, attracted the eye, also the heart, of the district attorney. And from this point forward the formula is pretty much the same.

The picture is done in the mood of burlesque and ought to make a success for itself. I almost forgot to mention the fact that Miss Negri is getting fat.

"A cut above the ordinary"

IF, LIKE MOST MEN, your taste runs to Turkish Blend cigarettes and you are seeking one a cut above the ordinary because of the finer grades of tobacco it contains, then learn from Fatima *what a whale of a difference just a few cents make*

WHAT A WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE JUST A FEW CENTS MAKE

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Liberty's Nut-Cracker Contest!

SOME more Christmas Presents! The readers whose names appear below have been awarded prizes by the judges for their skill in completing the Nut-Crackers published in the December 26 issue of Liberty. Checks for $100 will be sent to each of them. There are still twelve more winners in the Nut-Cracker Contest to be announced. Keep a look-out for your name if you have sent in a clever answer.

The Winners!

$100 Coupon No. 1

The snores of a *man* in a flat
Annoyed *all* the neighbors so that
One cold *night* as he lay
Sawing wood *in* the hay,
Chloroform did the trick, and that's that!

C. R. HOUSE, JR.
Dixie Highway, Box 72, Covington, Ky.

$100 Coupon No. 2

For a dollar *and* cents eighty-nine,
A girl bought *some* shoes that looked fine,
But she very *soon* found,
When she walked on *wet* ground,
She'd been "soled" by a salesman's slick line.

R. E. BUCHANAN
United Fruit Company, Pier Nine, North River
New York City

$100 Coupon No. 3

"How glad," said a man, "I *would* be
"Could I live like *an* ape in a tree,"
Then his wife's laugh *rang* out,
As *she* answered, "No doubt
"*And you'd hang by the tales you've told me!*"

MRS. JENNIE R. SIMMONS,
Court House, Plymouth, Mass.

$100 Coupon No. 4

To Hollywood once *went* a sheik,
A job in the movies to *seek*,
And it's told *as* a fact
That when Cruze saw *him* act,
His eyes filmed and he reeled for a week.

MRS. M. CORDES ERICKSON,
6 Grand Street, Norwalk, Conn.

Next Week: Winning Solutions of the Nut-Crackers in the January 2 Issue

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Oh, Boy, What a Threat!

Jack, aged about six, was developing alarming pugilistic tendencies. His father, on several occasions, found it necessary to administer severe reprimands. Last summer the family was traveling through Wisconsin on a train, and during the trip Jack's behavior was such that his father threatened to put him off the train.

"Well, if you do," said Jack, "I'll lick every kid from here to Milwaukee!"—L. B. D., Madison, Wis.

* * *

A Cat Tale

While living on a farm, I sent my small daughter to the barn to feed some kittens. When she returned, I asked her what the kitties did. She replied, "They knelt down, folded up their tails and went to eating."—Mrs. W. G. B., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

A Pardonable Error

Arthur, aged three, had heard the new hired man speak of his bride as "my wife." Standing at the window one day, he saw her coming up the path. Turning to his mother, he said, "Mother, here comes my wife."—M. E. L., Kalamazoo, Mich.

He Saw Her Churning

Little Johnny went to visit a neighbor one morning and upon his return was asked, "Well, Johnny, what was Mrs. Lester doing?"

"She was just standing there jabbing milk in a barrel with a stick," replied Johnny.—J. D. S., Winston-Salem, N. C.

* * *

Why He Stopped at Four

Jack had just returned from a boys' Sunday school social.

"My, I had such a good time!" he exclaimed. "I ate four hot-dog sandwiches."

"Well," said his father, "I'm surprised that you didn't eat six."

"I should have," said Jack, "only I took the last one."—Mrs. M. M. F., Oak Park, Ill.

* * *

Fire in a Milk Bottle

My little nephew was on his first visit to his grandma, who lived in the country. Being used to electric lights, the kerosene lamps were new to him. He looked and looked after they had been lighted, and finally said, "Oh, grandma, there's a fire in the milk bottle."—Mrs. J. M. W., Wyalusing, Pa.

Alfred Donofrio and the prize he won selling Liberty Magazines.

Boys! get all these FREE PRIZES

Would you like to have a Rolls Racer like this boy has? You can have it. It's easy. Let us show you how you can get a bicycle, radio, football outfit, skates, kodaks, musical instruments—or any one of 200 different prizes Free. And also show you how you can

Earn spending money every week, besides

You don't need any money or experience to start. Simply work during spare time in your own neighborhood. Thousands of other boys all over the country are selling Liberty and getting these free prizes, and earning money every week. Send the coupon. We'll supply carrier bags, magazines, everything you need. Free Prize Catalog and a copy of The Liberty Boy Salesman will also be sent to you.

– – – – – – –Send this coupon at once– – – – – – –

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue,
New York City, New York.
Gentlemen:
Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

The Blondes Have It

By RICHARD HALLIDAY

Arnold Genthe Photo.

Jaeger Photo.

EVER since Rudolph Valentino began his screen career the public has demanded the Latin type of movie actor. There were many young men who rode to fame because they had dark eyes, slick hair and reminded us somewhat of The Sheik. This year a great change has taken place. The country has been invaded by blonde men and women—most of them hailing from Sweden.

At the upper left we have the latest picture of Greta Nissen. She is probably the best known of the new type of actress. She came to this country to dance in a New York theater about three years ago. In her first picture shown to the public she had the feminine lead, playing opposite Adolph Menjou.

Greta Garbo, at the upper right, is the latest Swedish star to come to America. Many who have seen her claim she is a blonde edition of Pola Negri—she has all that fire and individuality. She will make pictures for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.

Lars Hanson, lower left, a stage and screen idol in Sweden, will appear in the picture Lillian Gish will make after she completes work on La Boheme, in which she plays the role of *Mimi* to John Gilbert's *Rudolph*.

Benjamin Christianson, lower right, is another of the Swedish directors in this country. He will write his own stories and also direct them. His next will be Light Eternal with Carmel Myers in the lead.

Listeners Ask Menus and Styles from

Liberty's Radio Station

What Do YOU Want on the Air?

WLIB Invites You to Help Plan Its Programs

YOUR suggestions for improving Liberty's Radio Station are welcome, folks! WLIB recently adopted many new features suggested by its listeners, and is open to your ideas. If you would like to have it broadcast your favorite entertainment, don't hesitate to write a letter to the Radio Editor, telling what it is. All letters received are examined for new ideas. We want to make WLIB a station for everybody!

Here is another page of letters. For each one selected for publication $10 will be paid.

Liberty wants to know what you would like WLIB to put on the air. A few minutes reflection may recall to your mind something you have heard in the past that would make an ideal selection for broadcasting. Also your helpful suggestion, opinion, or constructive criticism is invited.

Station WLIB, located at Chicago, is fully equipped and powerful enough to reach all parts of the country. It broadcasts on a wave length of 302.8 meters and is on the air week days from 7 to 8; 9 to 10, and 11 to 12 P. M., and on Sundays from 4 to 6:30 and from 8 to 9 P. M., Central Time. Like all other stations in Chicago, it is silent on Monday nights. Write to the Radio Editor today!

$10 *for* Every Letter Published *on* This Page

YES

Dear Sir: Will you take a suggestion from an old man? As you know, old people live in the past. We always enjoy meeting again the friends of our younger days In like manner we like to hear again the old songs and recitations that we loved when we were young. Can't you give us some of the old songs like We're Tenting Tonight, Juanita, and others like them?

McKee Thomson,
229 Washington St., Princeton, Ky.

THE AMERICAN HOME

Dear Sir: In this age of multitudinous artificialities the walls of the home in many instances have threatened to crumble. The radio is the savior that has come in time of dire need. Now, sitting at the fireside, the entire family can be instructed or entertained: jazz for the young, old melodies for the old. The radio indeed meets a great need and Liberty can diversify its programs to suit every member of the greatest audience in the world—the American home.

Mrs. M. F. Bennett,
4541 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

TAX FREE!

Dear Sir: We Canadians who are fortunate enough to be in receiving distance of the American stations, are appreciative of the entertainment that comes through the air—a gift that no government can tax.

Radio can be made the means of bringing Americans and Canadians into closer friendship. But the American announcer should remember he is being heard by his neighbors in Canada, and should include us in his greetings.

Carl Lucia,
Box 19, Nobleford, Alberta, Canada.

DIRECT TO THE GROCER?

Dear Sir: Why not broadcast a menu for the evening meal each morning around nine o'clock? We housewives are often puzzled as to what we will serve for dinner. Just imagine how nice it would be to have this information direct from the Liberty Kitchen each morning. It would solve one big problem for us.

Edith Warner,
147 Forrer Boul., Dayton, Ohio.

DISCOVERING NEW SONG HITS

Dear Sir: Why not do everybody a good turn by calling on the amateur song writers of the country to submit their songs to WLIB? No prizes, mind you. It wouldn't be necessary. Any aspiring—and perspiring—song writer would be tickled pink to have his song sung by a good singer. Surely out of all those received there would be a gem that would surprise us.

Frank Romano,
339 N. Lincoln Park Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

TRAVELOGUES

Gentlemen: Think of the thousands of people who have never had the opportunity of traveling here in our good United States or in foreign countries. Why not broadcast some good descriptive travelogues occasionally?

Mrs. J. M. Spalding,
26 Fisher St., Dover, N. H.

BROADCAST STYLES

Radio Editor: Many of us, with our bell-bottom trousers and red neckties, are just as much "slaves of fashion" as are the ladies. Often do we find ourselves drifting along the main thoroughfare "window-shopping" to acquaint ourselves with what is stylish and up-to-date. Why not devote some time to fashions for men, giving pointers on the latest fads in dress?

R. W. Williamson,
1603 Milam St., Houston, Tex.

HOME STUDY

Gentlemen: My suggestion is that WLIB offer a few minutes daily to helping school children with their home study, much as some stations now give lessons in golf, bridge, and other games. Hints on study habits, mathematical games, the value of a high school education and other up-to-date information that will help them with their school work.

Edgar G. Weller,
President, Springfield Teachers' Association, Springfield, O.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Dear Sir: Why not make WLIB a means of spreading historical knowledge on national holidays? Good speakers could give biographical sketches of our great citizens, past and present. History could thus be taught in a most interesting way. It seems fitting that Liberty's station should broadcast information about our great Americans.

Mrs. Edward Gallagher,
74 Frost Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

ANGELUS

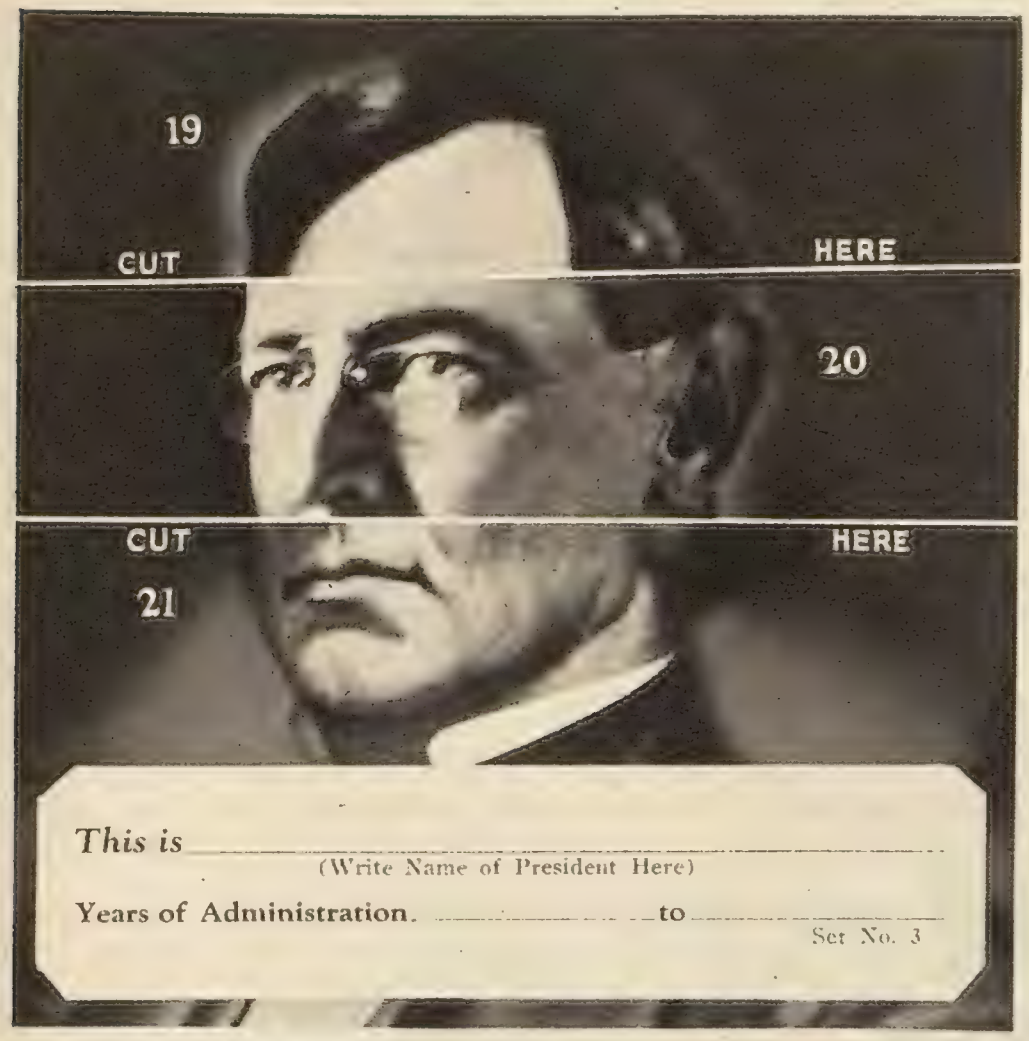
Dear Sir: So far as I know there is no station in the country that broadcasts a nightly Angelus. It seems to me that a great many people would enjoy such a practice very much. The Chiming of the Angelus is an universally appealing melody.

Raymond Burchard,
Greylock Terrace, Lee, Mass.

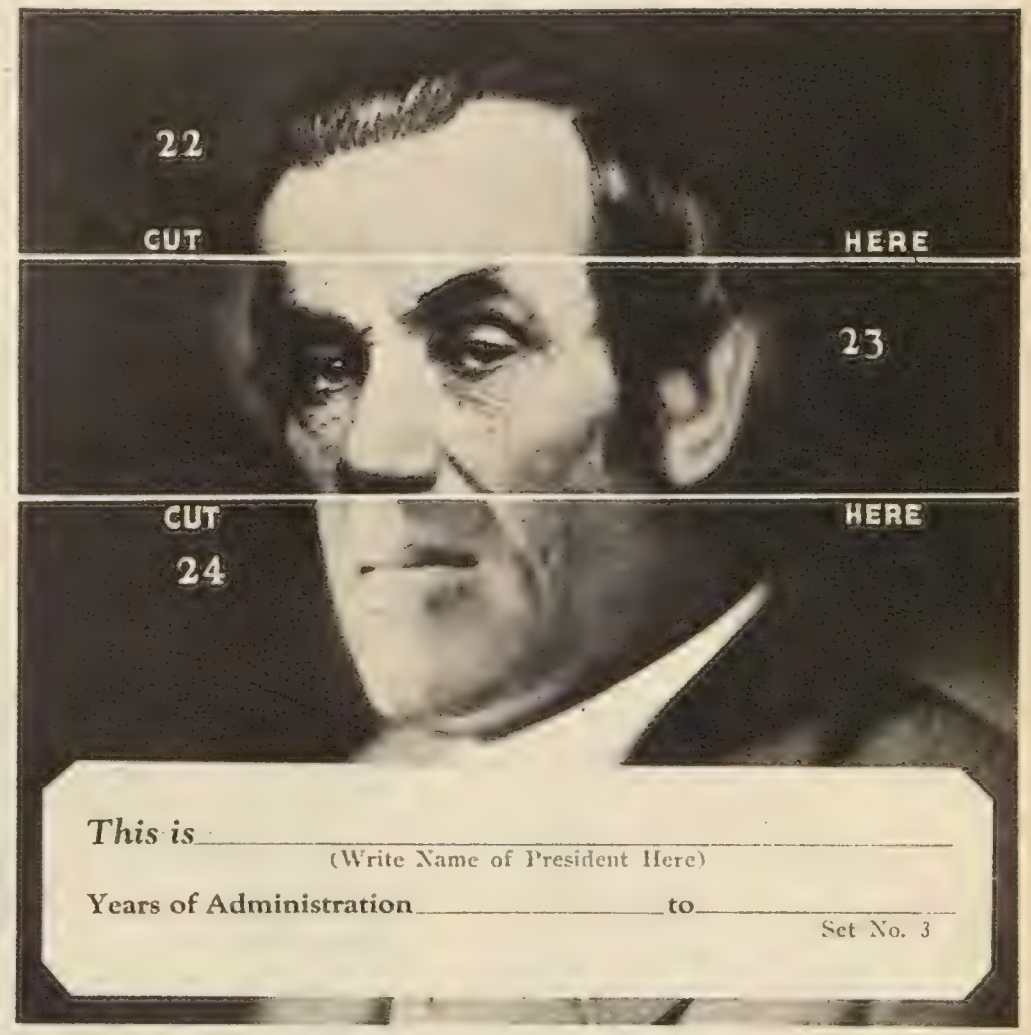
Write today to Radio Editor, Care of Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

WHO ARE THESE PRESIDENTS?

Can you rearrange these pictures correctly and name them?



The forehead belongs to a Captain of Volunteers; the eyes and nose are of a President who defeated two Presidents; the mouth and chin of one who was succeeded by his Secretary of War.



The forehead belongs to a United States Senator; the eyes and nose to one who made his chief opponent for the nomination, Secretary of State; the mouth and chin to a President who purchased land from Denmark.

CAN YOU cut apart the three Pictures of Presidents of the United States printed above and put them together right? Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes for best answers to The Patriotic Game of Presidents.

Try it! It's easy. Just an entertaining and educational patriotic game to familiarize everyone with all the Presidents in American History.

RULES

1. Every week for 10 weeks a Set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States is being printed in Liberty.

2. Each Set of Pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the Pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete Sets of Pictures.

3. This contest is open to everybody, everywhere — men, women, boys and girls—except employes of Liberty and their families.

4. The Composite Pictures must be cut out, assembled and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Warren G. Harding, 1921-1923.)

5. In all, 29 Pictures will be printed —one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of 29. Then send them to "Presidents," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York City. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Pictures must be in by midnight, 21 days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6. *Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by Post Office Department.* Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

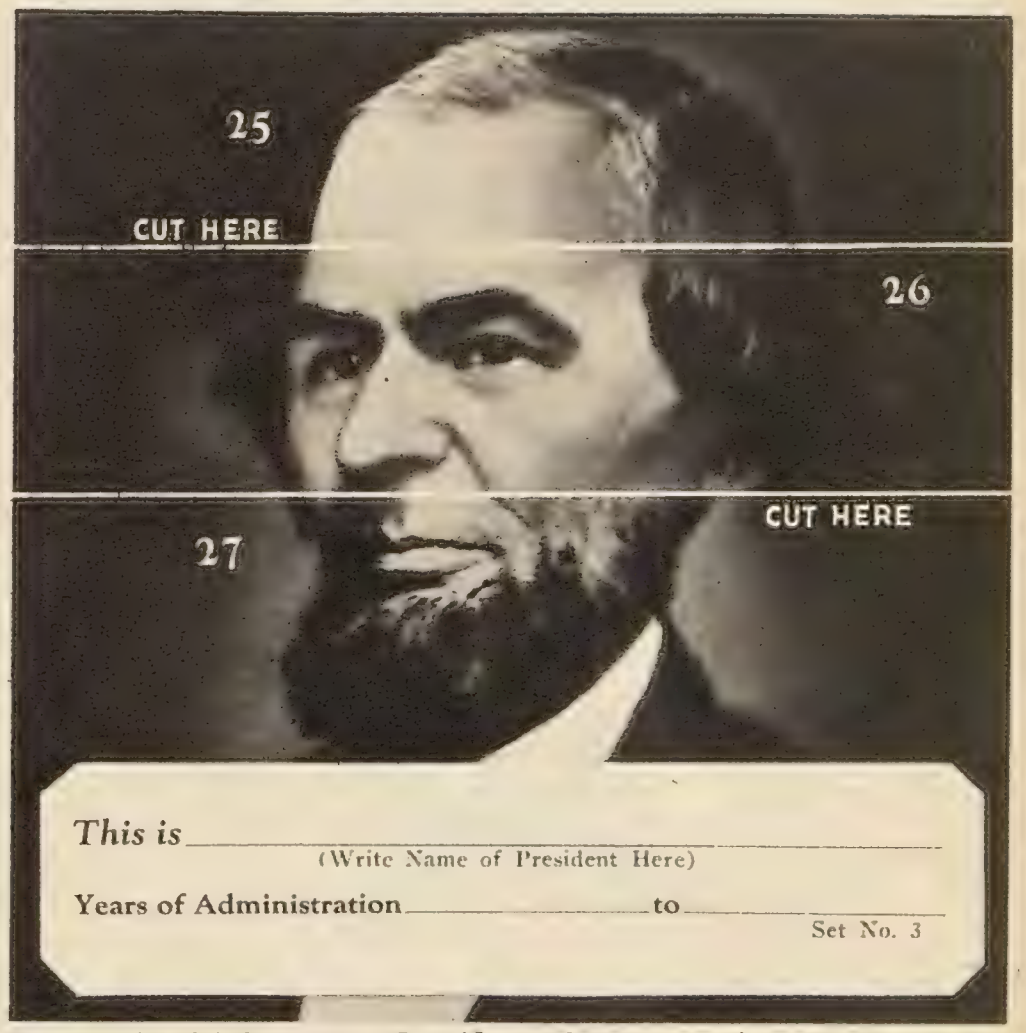
7. Accuracy and neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Pictures from the originals and assemble the Pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its Offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The Judges will be a Committee appointed by Liberty. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

The Prizes

1st Prize	$5,000
2nd "	1,000
3rd "	500
4th "	250
5th "	200
Next 80 Prizes at $25	2,000
Next 1355 Prizes at $10	13,550
10 Prizes to teachers at $250 . . .	2,500
1450 Prizes, totaling	$25,000



The forehead belongs to a President who was nominated by action of his Secretary of State; the eyes and nose to one who held his office by a vote of 19 to 35; the mouth and chin to a defeated candidate for United States Senator.

To Teachers One of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest the children in this educational game, and to inpire them to consult with their parents and their teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest, we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private and parochial schools, so when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher and his grade.

The 3 Presidents in Set No. 3 Are Among These:

Madison	Wilson	Adams
Lincoln	Jefferson	Johnson
Jackson	Roosevelt	Van Buren
	Polk	

A Set of Presidents' Pictures in Each Issue of

Liberty

for the Next Seven Weeks

The Bridge Party Menu

By ETHEL SOMERS

AFTER many dizzy rounds of Mah Jongg, the game of bridge is fast regaining its old footing; rightly, too, for it is a pleasant, friendly means of entertainment when company comes—a particular favorite with the men.

If you would entertain pleasurably and easily I would suggest an occasional evening at bridge followed with a man's type of menu — perhaps as featured herein, for the men enjoy not only the spirit of play but to eat, drink, and be merry as well.

The menu may be largely prepared ahead except, of course, for the last minute assembling of the club sandwiches, which would include the browning of the toast, the crisping of the bacon, and the brewing of the coffee. This will leave the hostess free to enjoy the game.

Cover each table with a service cloth which may be a bridge luncheon set or a thirty-six inch fringed or roll hemmed square of Japanese crepe (the latter in the more delicate colors, makes a very inexpensive and effective covering of which one can afford to have many for the occasional party). Place the silver in position at each of the four sides of the table, the fork with the tines up, to the left of a space reserved for the service plate; and the spoon, bowl up, to the right. At the extreme left beyond the fork place the napkin, folded triangularly, with the open corner up so that the napkin may be easily picked up and partially opened for use. If nut cups are used place these about ten inches from the table edge above the center of the plate. Put a centerpiece such as a lighted, shaded candle; a bud vase with a single flower; or a compote of candy, in the center of the table.

Bring in the first course, placing the plate bearing the club sandwich in the reserved space, from the right as pictured, and the cup of coffee with its accompanying saucer to the right of the tip of the spoon. Remove the plate after the guests finish the first course. Replenish the coffee by pouring from a fancy pot or urn while the cup remains on the table or by taking the cups one at a time to a service table to be filled.

For dessert place the French pastry from the right with the dessert fork in position on the right hand side of the plate, handle pointed ready for use (as pictured). If an assortment of pastries is being served, place the empty dessert plate in position as you remove the plate of the first course, putting the fork to the right of the plate.

Pass a large plate or tray of the pastries, each mounted on a lace paper doily, to the left of the one to be served. Hold the plate low that the guest may comfortably take the silver server by the handle and make his choice from the service.

The maid with her somber uniform freshened for serving with a crisp apron, collar and cuff set, is placing the club sandwich "according to Hoyle" from the right.

MENU

Club Sandwiches

Coffee *Celery and Olives*

Salted Nuts *French Pastry*

The complete directions for preparing the menu are given herewith to be followed by a future article on the so-called French pastry in variety.

Club Sandwich

24 slices bread, sandwich size
6 slices cold chicken or game
12 hot slices fried bacon
12 stuffed olives, sliced
½ cup Mayonnaise
Lettuce

CUT the bread into triangles of uniform size, crust removed. Toast lightly and keep hot until served. Lay two triangles of toast together. Place a crisp piece of lettuce on each, then a slice of cold chicken, topped with hot crisp bacon, then a second set of toast triangles spread with mayonnaise, then lettuce and olive slices. Top with a third set of toast triangles spread with mayonnaise, spread-side down. Serve on a crisp lettuce leaf garnished with stuffed olives. In season sliced tomatoes may be put in the layer with the bacon. Tartar Sauce may be used rather than mayonnaise.

Drip or Filtered Coffee

½ cup pulverized coffee 5 cups boiling water

PART of the enjoyment from the really fine cup of coffee is the aroma. Careful and correct preparation will preserve this. Filtered or drip coffee does this to the best advantage. To prepare same at its best the coffee must be *pulverized* and enclosed in a filtering bag, over which *slowly* pour the fresh, measured, boiling water. Remove the coffee bag, cover the pot, and serve *at once.*

French Pastry (Cakes)

½ cup butter
¾ cup sugar
2 egg yolks
1½ teaspoons baking powder
1½ cups flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon flavoring
2 egg whites

CREAM the butter and gradually beat in the sugar. Add the well beaten egg yolks and beat the mixture until smooth and creamy. Mix and sift the dry ingredients several times, then sift a small quantity into the creamed butter and sugar mixture, alternating the additions with milk. Beat thoroughly after each addition. When all the ingredients are used up beat the mixture for two or three minutes. Carefully fold in the flavoring and stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a sheet cake pan which has been greased and lined with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for fifteen to twenty minutes. Remove from the pan, remove the paper, and cool on a cake rack.

Put the cake together in thin layers (if necessary cutting the baked layer in half), with jam, jelly, or powdered sugar icing. Coat the outside with icing and decorate as desired.

Butter Cream Icing

¼ cup butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
2½ cups confectioner's sugar
1 to 2 tablespoons cream

CREAM the butter and gradually work in the sugar maintaining a smooth paste. Add cream as necessary to bind the mixture. Beat until smooth and solid enough to hold its shape when dropped from a spoon. Spread on the cakes.

Salted Nuts

1 pound shelled nuts Salt 1 pint salad oil

HEAT the oil to 360-870 degrees F. or until a one-half inch cube of bread browns in 50 seconds. Put one half cup of nut meats in a frying basket and immerse in the hot fat. Agitate the sieve to keep the nuts from browning unevenly. Lift them out from time to time in order to tell the true shade—the danger being to brown too thoroughly. When the nuts are a desirable light brown remove to absorbent paper to drain and sprinkle with salt. When cool shake in a bag that the salt may be evenly distributed.

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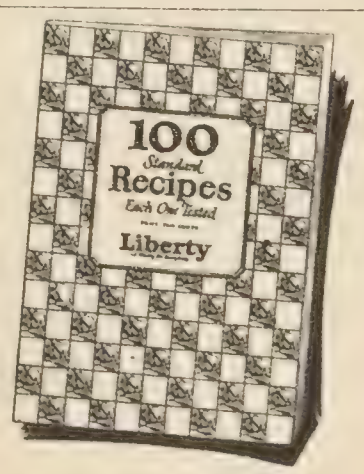

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Stanley Ketchel

THE MICHIGAN ASSASSIN

PART THREE

A Championship Won and Lost in Four Months and How a Mother's Pride and Love Shone Through the Glare of the Bright Lights

By Sid Sutherland

A WORD of history about the middleweight division is desirable in this story of Stanley Ketchel. When the immortal Fitzsimmons deserted the one hundred and fifty-eight pound ranks, whose championship he had won by knocking out Jack Dempsey, the Original Nonpareil, to become light heavyweight monarch by stopping Jim Hall, and heavyweight champion by knocking out Jim Corbett, he left the middleweight class in a muddled state.

The great Tommy Ryan and the superlative Kid McCoy ruled there for a while, and after them several good men claimed the title. Old Fitz, who never scaled above one hundred and sixty-five pounds, was content to let them quarrel among themselves while he wrought havoc in the more popular and profitable heavyweight division.

Ketchel resolved to end all the wrangling by mopping up the territory in dispute. So dissatisfied, however, was the new welterweight king with his purse for defeating Joe Thomas—he got seven thousand five hundred dollars!—that he fired Fred Bogan, his manager, and put himself under the management of Joseph R. O'Connor, a San Francisco photographer, who was a rabid fight fan. Then he thumbed his bank roll, found it contained about twenty thousand dollars, and decided to pay his family a visit. He reached Grand Rapids about the middle of September, 1907, and was gratified by the ovation the city gave him. His mother smiled as she folded her great arms about her son.

"Where's papa?" he asked.

"They wouldn't let him off at the factory," she replied.

Stanley hastened to the furniture house. The old man stared before he recognized his brawny son. Then they fell into each other's arms and wept, for there was ever a bond of fierce love between them.

"Come, dad," said the new champion. "Take off your overalls, wad them up, and throw them at the foreman's head. You're through working as long as you live."

A week or so later Stanley purchased the Post farm, two hundred and sixty-six acres fronting the county road and with riparian rights for three hundred yards on Pine Island Lake, eight miles north of Grand Rapids. He also bought the four-acre island.

In the farmhouse Stanley established his parents and four brothers, and bought new furniture, horses, cows, pigs, and chickens, and all the implements the place needed.

When his money was gone he wired O'Connor to give Thomas the promised return match, admonished the boys to be good and help their father and mother, and hastened back to the coast.

On December 12 he whipped Joe Thomas in twenty rounds, sent some of the money home for Christmas, and plunged headlong into the night life with which he was to be identified so conspicuously until the end.

Stanley was a high liver and a speedy one. Little censure attaches to him—he was young, a lovable boy when he wanted to please, a marvelous fighter, a handsome, reckless youth who tossed his money to the foggy breezes of the Barbary Coast, and he had reached unusual prominence in the fistic world before he was entitled to a vote. With the sycophants and parasites and business men and the ladies of his world fawning over him, it is little wonder that he was swept along on the tide that breaks so inevitably on the rocks of ruin.

BUT if Stanley lifted the cup that cheers one must not conclude that he ever became a hopeless drunkard. He loved his beer and his champagne and he loved to purchase it for his retinue, but it never mastered him. And he was only a laughing boy, curious to experiment with all the blossoms that Satan plants along the path of life to beguile and entice the loiterer.

Always experimenting, experimenting—trying to discover on his hurried journey, as if he knew he had not long to linger, some new sensation, native or exotic, some rare, strange pleasure to enthrall him. Yet it cannot be truly said that he ever became an addict to the cocaine he sniffed, the ether he inhaled, the opium he smoked, or the liquor he drank.

The topic of Stanley Ketchel is a green one to this day on the Coast. They sit and muse over the lad's amazing popularity, over his heartlessness in the ring and his savagery when provoked outside, his laughing, ever-tolerant experiments with life, his loyalties to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Albert Davis Collection Photo.

Ketchel (right) before starting one of his whirlwind battles, his opponent being Hugo Kelly. The fight took place in San Francisco in 1908, and Kelly succumbed to a knockout in three rounds.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

KETCHEL was after the middleweight championship. He had gained the welterweight title by beating Joe Thomas in San Francisco. Before launching his new campaign, he decided to go home for a rest—to Grand Rapids, where he was born and spent his early days. It was from there that he had started West and got a job as a waiter in a wide open dance hall and gambling resort in Butte. Then he entered various boxing bouts and rose rapidly to a point where he beat the welterweight champion.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

unworthy friends, his undeviating affection for his family back in Grand Rapids, his generosities—and his lady loves.

On February 22, 1908, he swung his right fist once and Mike (Twin) Sullivan went to sleep. Came, hastening, Twin Brother Jack to avenge the family name and to risk, on May 9, the middleweight title that the world conceded him.

This bout offered an example of Ketchel's ruthlessness.

In the fifth round he dropped his foe with a crushed cheekbone, and the reporters prepared to flash the knockout to the waiting presses.

Yet for fifteen rounds Ketchel carried the semi-hopeless champion along, the while he administered a beating that has seldom been equaled in the ring.

And with the twentieth and final round two-thirds gone he delivered the soporific wallop he could have handed out at any time.

That night, in the midst of a saturnalia in the Thalia on the Barbary Coast, Stanley sent this wire to Sporting Editor Dickerson in Grand Rapids:

I have now also won the middleweight championship, as I wrote you I would. Several dispute my claim. I'll show them. Then I'll take Tommy Burns, the false-alarm heavyweight champion. He outweighs me forty pounds, but I'll drop him in four rounds. Thanks for letters warning me against hitting the high spots. I'm hitting them, all right, but I've got no habits.

Billy Papke was next, a ten-round battle in Milwaukee that thrilled the Middle West; the Spring Valley (Ill.) Dutchman was beaten.

A SHORT visit home, with generous replenishment of the family exchequer; and afterward Hugo Kelly, mighty contender, and Joe Thomas, persistent hunter for revenge, were knocked kicking in three and two rounds respectively.

The wassail that followed these three victories made all Ketchel's previous celebrations seem like picnics. And on September 8, 1908, the great Papke pulled a hot one and grabbed the middleweight crown. The hot one consisted of driving his fist to the bridge of Ketchel's nose the moment the referee told them to shake hands. The blow closed both eyes, and in the twelfth round Stanley went down and out, having tried frantically to pry his eyelids apart with the tips of his gloves to find the gladiator who was beating him so unmercifully.

The bottom dropped out of Ketchel's world. The leeches wriggled away, the business men averted their eyes, the ladies looked elsewhere. One of them is said to have suffered painfully for her defection.

In the cups of his grief and rage, Stanley received a telegram: "Come home. Mamma."

Ketchel (left) as he looked in 1908, and his shrewd little manager, Willus Britt, brother of the famous Jimmie Britt.

A couple of weeks later, resting and recuperating on the Pine Island farm, his mother said:

"What comes next, son?"

"The middleweight championship, mamma, of course."

"Can you whip this Papke?" she asked.

"Mamma, I can break him in two and throw the pieces out of the ring."

"I believe you can, Stanislaus. But don't let your companions break you in two and throw the pieces in the discard."

"No danger, mamma. You've heard a lot of stories about me. They're true. But so far it hasn't hurt me. I've got years of championship fighting left in me."

"I'm afraid you're wrong about it not hurting you, my son. But you know best. One thing: Do you need any money? I've saved lots of what you've sent."

"Money? I've got plenty of money. Why?"

"I wondered. I thought you were broke when O'Connor sent me the wire collect telling you had been knocked out."

Ketchel bounded from his chair.

An hour or two later Joe O'Connor was at liberty to return to his photographic studio, since he was no longer Ketchel's manager.

Another telegram was dispatched that afternoon. It read:

Spread report that I have gone off on a big bat to drown my sorrow over defeat by Papke. Make it strong that I'm a complete wreck. Then try to get him for me Thanksgiving. I don't care what he weighs or what he makes me weigh, what his terms are, who referees, or what my end of the purse is. Get him. You take O'Connor's place as my manager. Am writing.

The message was addressed to Willus Britt, brother of Jimmie, lightweight champion dethroned by Joe Gans. Willus had been Stanley's closest companion for several years, and it was Willus who, in the final auditing, must shoulder a great deal of the responsibility for Ketchel's experiments that were, unknown to either of them, leading both of them to tragic finishes.

Uncle Bill Naughton, actually believing it, wrote sorrowful columns during the next few months about the pity of Ketchel's downfall in the ring and his subsequent misconduct. Other sports writers told mournfully, too, about how Stanley, drinking his head off somewhere, was going to fight Champion Papke on Thanksgiving afternoon, certain to receive the finishing touch to his career.

It was a vicious, perfectly geared fighting machine that wound up its secret training in the mountains and came down to Millet's a few days before the bout. Waving old Billy Jordan, the announcer, aside for a moment, Ketchel addressed the dumfounded Papke and his manager in the ring:

"YOU copped a sneak on me in Los Angeles, didn't you, Bill? Well, that's all right; anything goes with me, here or out in the alley. But you were sap enough to believe the stuff Willus handed out about me lushin' up, and jumped at the chance to knock me off again. Well, you're goin' to have the reputation of being middleweight champion a shorter time than any man in history. I'm going to murder you in the next half hour. You'll never put up a good fight again as long as you live. You needed twelve rounds to drop a blind man. I'm goin' to leave your eyes open so you can see the referee count you out in the eleventh. I'll show in the first I can stop you, but I'll wait till the eleventh.

"Sorry I talked so long, Bill," he turned to the veteran announcer. "But I got a kick outta watchin' this guy's face while I let him in on what's comin'. Let 'er go!"

In the final installment, to appear in next week's issue, Mr. Sutherland will tell of Ketchel's comeback in regaining the middleweight title, his career among Broadway's White Lights, his return to the West to recuperate, and of the tragedy of his death at the hands of a jealous farmhand.

Plaits Give Touch *of* Fullness *to* Slim Silhouette

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

I THINK of the present fashion note in the form of a little scene. The young French mannikin stood in front of the doubting American lady and protested: "But the skirt, Madame, is really very full." To prove her point, without bending her arms she took hold of the sides of it and then lifted them until the skirt described a semi-circle from the waist down. And yet when the skirt fell, it hung straight and heavy and scarcely strayed beyond the side lines of the bolster-slip silhouette.

The way of it was that the would-be purchaser had heard something about the skinned look having passed. It wasn't the thing any more to give the impression that you had run out of material before finishing your dress, and she knew it. She didn't wish to have any old stock put off on her.

But whereas she had heard this look had vanished and you were supposed to give the impression of having enough "goods" in the house before starting on your dress, news had not yet reached her that the silhouette did not always bulge with said material.

Many of the skirts are drooping and have a look about them as if dragged down. Unlike those going out of fashion, these new ones do not look as if the slightest puff from the outside or movement on the part of the wearer would send them up over her knees—if they hadn't ended there in the first place.

I think the present dimensions are much nicer (speaking always from the standpoint of beauty and not in the capacity of a moral tract), because in the old way, with skimpiness and shortness both, the proportions were violated. You shouldn't ever have your skirt short enough or skimpy enough or low enough on the hips to do that. Some of these earlier dresses made you think the wearer had forgotten to put her skirt on, and some made her look as if she had been picked, particularly when she had been starving herself to keep thin.

It is entirely out of style to give the impression that your skirts would blow up over your head except that they are too short to reach that far and too skimpy to slide over. This again spoiled the proportions. Your skirt ought for art's sake to look at least three times the circumference of your head, as even the straight ones do of today. Since we simply must have them short it doesn't hurt to have them a little fuller, and this is the silhouette which is at present contesting for supremacy with the one that flares.

The dress which the French mannikin was showing the American lady was for a young girl, and was a little exaggerated. The lady had wished to buy something for her daughter to dance in. She ended by taking that one and by being fascinated with it. But it would not do for all of us. Here are one or two of the more conservative models which follow the same lines.

The dress by Suzanne Talbot is exactly in this manner. It has a very full, gathered skirt, which falls heavily, and indeed almost as if weighted. Even when costumes are not in two pieces these days they must look as if they were. This one has a low waistline bound by a gold belt done in scales—like fish scales— that catch the light and scintillate.

The dress has a great deal of movement to it and saves the wearer all the business of keeping up the vamping movements herself.

It has a worldly look to it.

The next dress by Lenief falls even more heavily in real life than the artist permits it to do. It is a lovely thing. The material is all of georgette and as the designer phrases the description, it is in a medium of Alice blue. That is the color of the blouse and the skirt is the shade of midnight. The two are joined (married, as the French say it), with bands of varying tones of beads; the first light blue, the second darker, and the final one very dark indeed.

One gets a pleasant reaction as of a stream of color serenely flowing down the length of the silhouette.

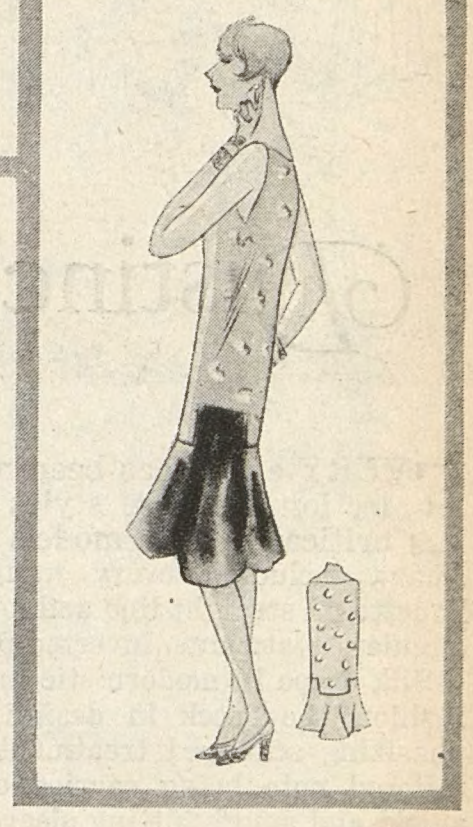
The next dress shows a version of Groult's art, and the fourth presents Madame Yteb's management of a skirt with fullness which does not go bouffante but falls. If a part of the game is to get a full skirt in the confines of the bolster slip silhouette, these stitched plaits will accomplish the feat supposing anything can.

AT THE LEFT is an evening dress of white crepe Romain with a low, gold fish scale girdle that catches the light and scintillates. Even when dresses are not in two pieces, they frequently look to be, as this one does. Suzanne Talbot.

A DRESS of broche crepe de chine which has a skirt front effect. This is one of those costumes that uses the drawn-up-in-the-front movement. Three box plaits lie across the front. Yteb.

AT THE left is a dress done in the Alice blue medium, the blouse being of this shade and the skirt the color of midnight. The two are joined with a belt made of bands of colored beads. Lenief.

A VERSION of the circular, rather full skirt in one of its moods to flare. The dress is of pink crepe with silver and blue embroidery on it. A black velvet ruffle cut in circular effect serves as skirt. Groult.



Distinctive Paris Styles Smart and Practical

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EVERY effort has been made in the selection of these styles to delight the critical. The models are definitely smart, including every wanted slender silhouette, in straight line and low flare, made by circular treatments, inverted plaits and godets.

Silk crepe in modernistic pattern is used to fashion the frock in design No. 2597, emphasizing scalloped treatment at waistline, a tailored note being carried out in the inset shield and snugly fitting sleeves. Printed silk crepe used in combination with plain fabrics, as in a model of black chiffon velvet for the skirt and contrasting, with the printed silk used for the waist and sleeves, is particularly new and smart. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3¼ yards of 40-inch material with ⅝ yard of 27-inch dark plain material and ¼ yard of 18-inch white material.

A straightline style, the becomingness of which you may rest assured, designed in accordance with the new mode, is expressed in the bright red wool rep frock No. 2618. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material with 3 yards of banding.

By PATRICIA

Soft silk crepe in cross-bar design, that is especially adapted to this tailored sports style, is used for model No. 2498. Navy blue Poiret twill is excellent for this model for general wear now, and for early spring there's nothing smarter or more practical. Cuts in sizes 14, 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3¾ yards of 36-inch material with ⅛ yard of 18-inch black and ½ yard of 27-inch white material, shown as contrasting.

A frock with distinctive air and slenderizing effect, is expressed in design No. 2594. A more lovely gown would be hard to imagine than this shimmering model of rust colored chiffon velvet. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A smartly new and effective frock with turtle-neck, novel pocket and fetching kick pleats at sides of skirt is exploited in design No. 2615. The skirt is stitched underneath the waist, forming a tuck effect. This is an ideal type for sports wear. In the sketch, it is shown made of light weight tweed in Dresden blue. Crepe satin, flat crepe, balbriggan and crepe Roma are also adaptable. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3¼ yards of 40-inch with ⅜ yard of 27-inch contrasting material.

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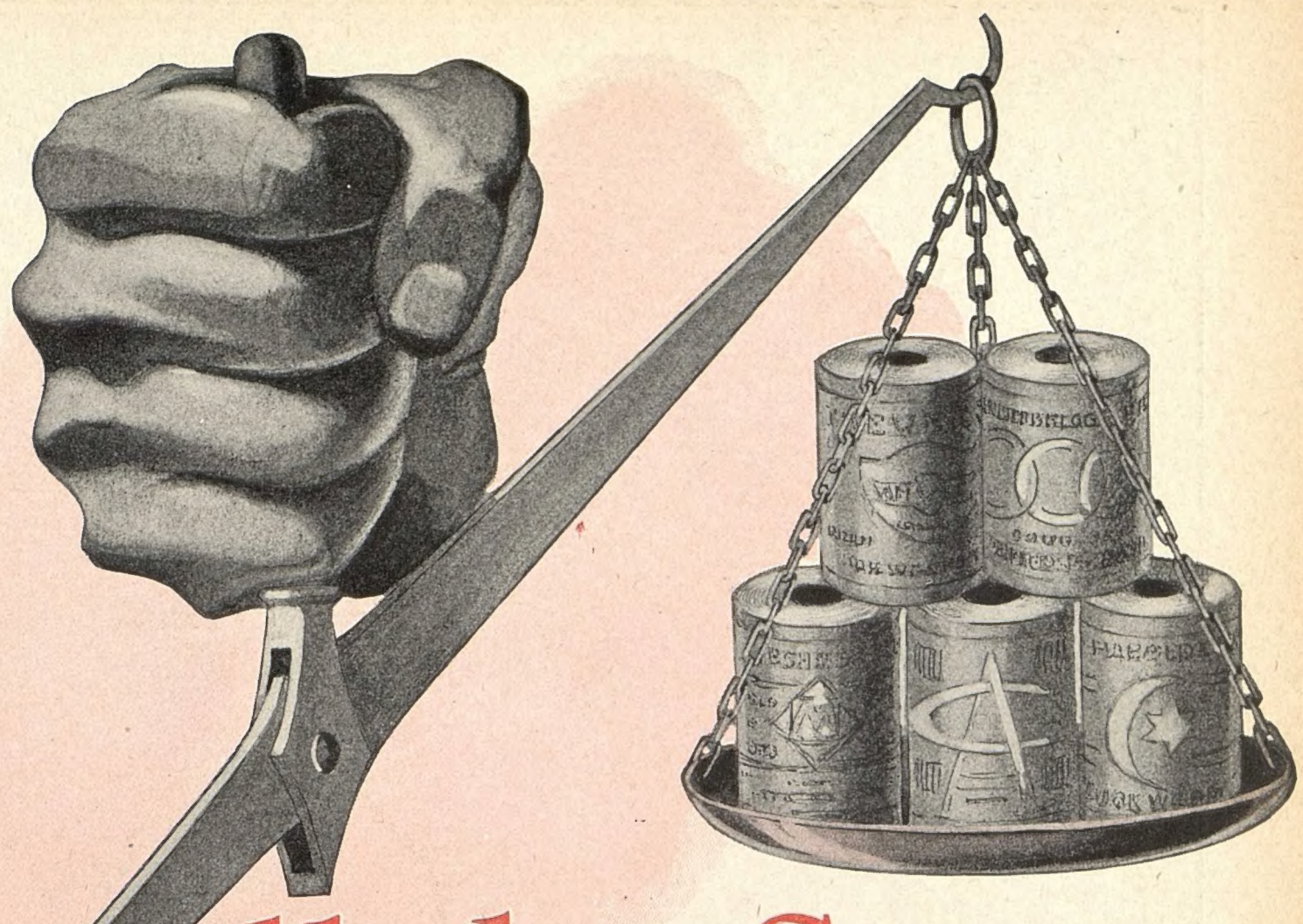

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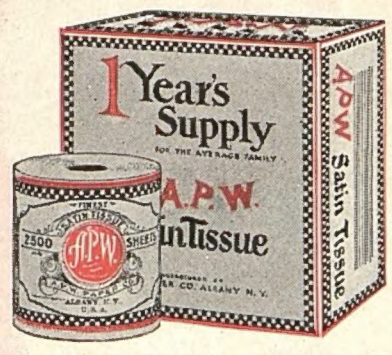

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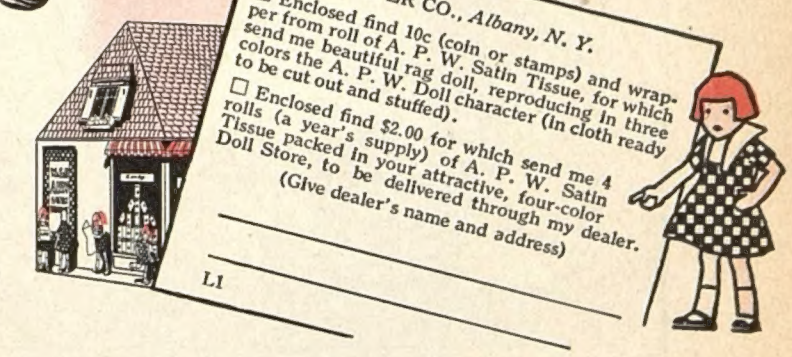

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